THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD · THIS PRINTING 670,000

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE
1944

FICTION · SPORTS · HUMOR
CLOTHES · ART · CARTOONS

INVEST IN WAR BONDS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

ARTICLES
PAUL GALLICO
JOSEPH WECHSBERG
STANLEY FRANK
J. GEORGE FREDERICK
BROADHURST JACKSON
JOHN WILSTACH
MORTIMER J. ADLER
HARRY SALPETER

FICTION
ROBERT GOLD
THEODORE PRATT
GEORGES SURDEZ
PETER B. KYNE
EDWARD L. McKENNA
S. A. TANNENBAUM
DAVID FRIEDMAN

ART
JOHN FALTER
ROBERT GWATHMEY
ALEXANDER LEYDENFROST
LESLIE SAALBURG

PHOTOGRAPHY
ANTON BRUEHL
GEORGE HURRELL
HENRY WAXMAN
GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF
JON ABBOT
OTTO DYER
SYDNEY RAVITZ

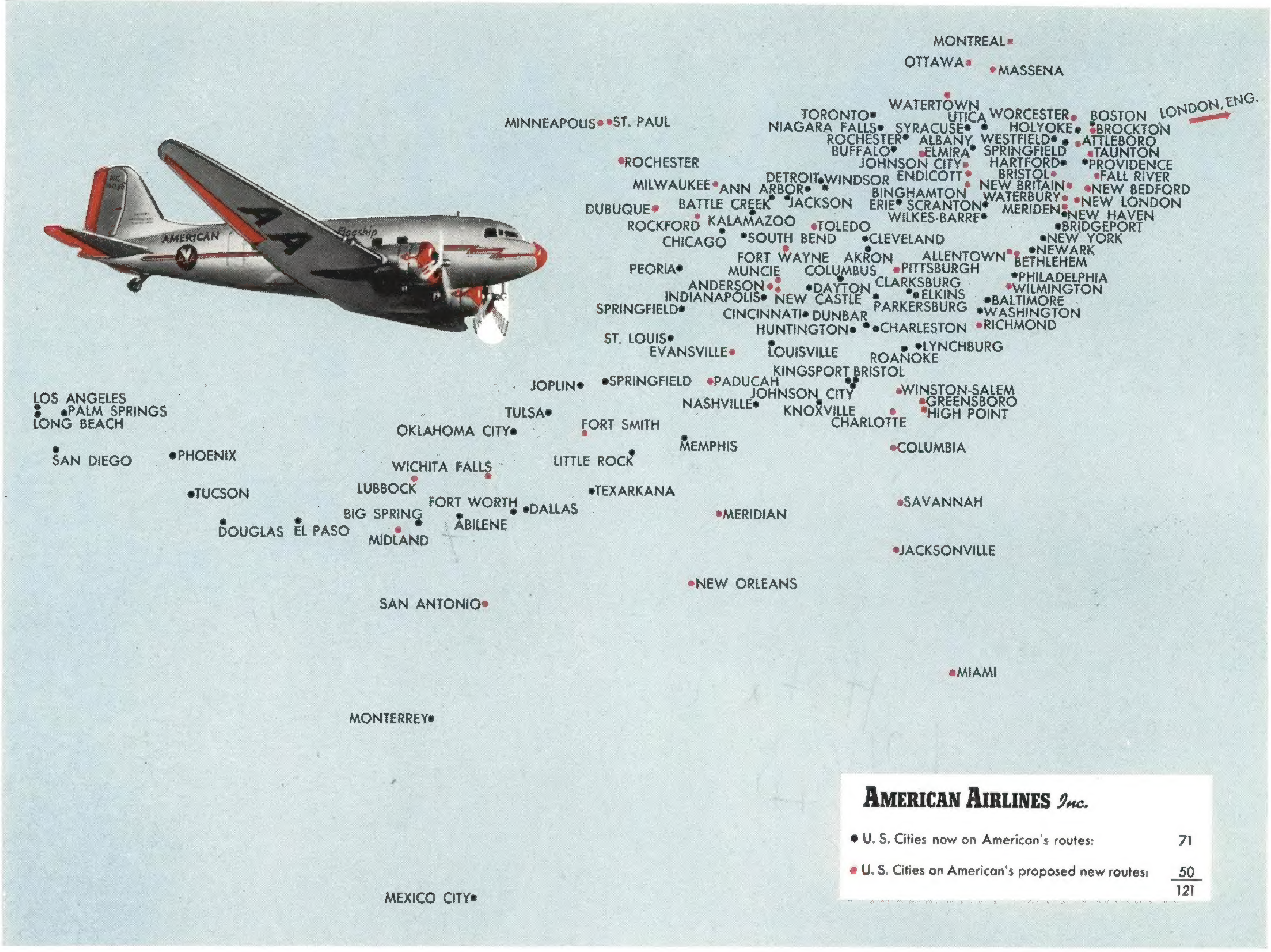
VERSE
PHIL STACK

SPORTS
HERB GRAFFIS
RALPH CANNON
TOMMY ARMOUR
GEORGE A. BARTON
HUGO G. AUTZ
LeROY SMITH

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
BENNETT CERF
LAWTON MACKALL
LEONARD FEATHER
PAUL EDUARD MILLER
BRUCE PATTERSON
O. E. SCHOEFFLER

CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
VARGA
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
D. McKAY
B. SHERMUND
CARL ROSE
IRVING ROIR
FRANK BEAVEN
GARRETT PRICE

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 180


AMERICAN
AA
Flagship
MONTREAL
OTTAWA
MASSENA
WATERTOWN
TORONTO
UTICA
WORCESTER
BOSTON
LONDON, ENG.
NIAGARA FALLS
SYRACUSE
HOLYOKE
BROCKTON
ROCHESTER
ALBANY
WESTFIELD
ATTLEBORO
BUFFALO
ELMIRA
SPRINGFIELD
TAUNTON
JOHNSON CITY
HARTFORD
PROVIDENCE
ENDICOTT
BRISTOL
FALL RIVER
MINNEAPOLIS
ST. PAUL
ROCHESTER
DETROIT
WINDSOR
NEW BRITAIN
NEW BEDFORD
MILWAUKEE
ANN ARBOR
BINGHAMTON
WATERBURY
NEW LONDON
DUBUQUE
BATTLE CREEK
JACKSON
ERIE
SCRANTON
MERIDEN
NEW HAVEN
WILKES-BARRE
ROCKFORD
KALAMAZOO
TOLEDO
BRIDGEPORT
CHICAGO
SOUTH BEND
CLEVELAND
NEW YORK
NEWARK
FORT WAYNE
AKRON
ALLENTOWN
BETHLEHEM
PEORIA
MUNCIE
COLUMBUS
PITTSBURGH
PHILADELPHIA
ANDERSON
DAYTON
CLARKSBURG
WILMINGTON
INDIANAPOLIS
NEW CASTLE
ELKINS
BALTIMORE
SPRINGFIELD
CINCINNATI
DUNBAR
PARKERSBURG
WASHINGTON
HUNTINGTON
CHARLESTON
RICHMOND
ST. LOUIS
EVANSVILLE
LOUISVILLE
LYNCHBURG
ROANOKE
KINGSPORT
BRISTOL
JOPLIN
SPRINGFIELD
PADUCAH
JOHNSON CITY
WINSTON-SALEM
NASHVILLE
KNOXVILLE
GREENSBORO
HIGH POINT
LOS ANGELES
PALM SPRINGS
LONG BEACH
TULSA
CHARLOTTE
OKLAHOMA CITY
FORT SMITH
MEMPHIS
SAN DIEGO
PHOENIX
WICHITA FALLS
LITTLE ROCK
COLUMBIA
TUCSON
LUBBOCK
TEXARKANA
FORT WORTH
DALLAS
SAVANNAH
BIG SPRING
MERIDIAN
DOUGLAS
EL PASO
ABILENE
MIDLAND
JACKSONVILLE
NEW ORLEANS
SAN ANTONIO
MIAMI
MONTERREY
MEXICO CITY
AMERICAN AIRLINES Inc.
● U. S. Cities now on American's routes: 71
● U. S. Cities on American's proposed new routes: 50
121

Postwar Plan of American Airlines

TODAY American Airlines operates 8,365 miles of airways throughout the United States and into Canada and Mexico.

We have filed applications for authority to operate 5,322 additional miles within the U. S. and 3,419 miles to Europe.

The air-map above shows the cities which American Airlines now serves and seeks to serve. This is our present plan, but we believe that the public interest will require American to serve more cities.

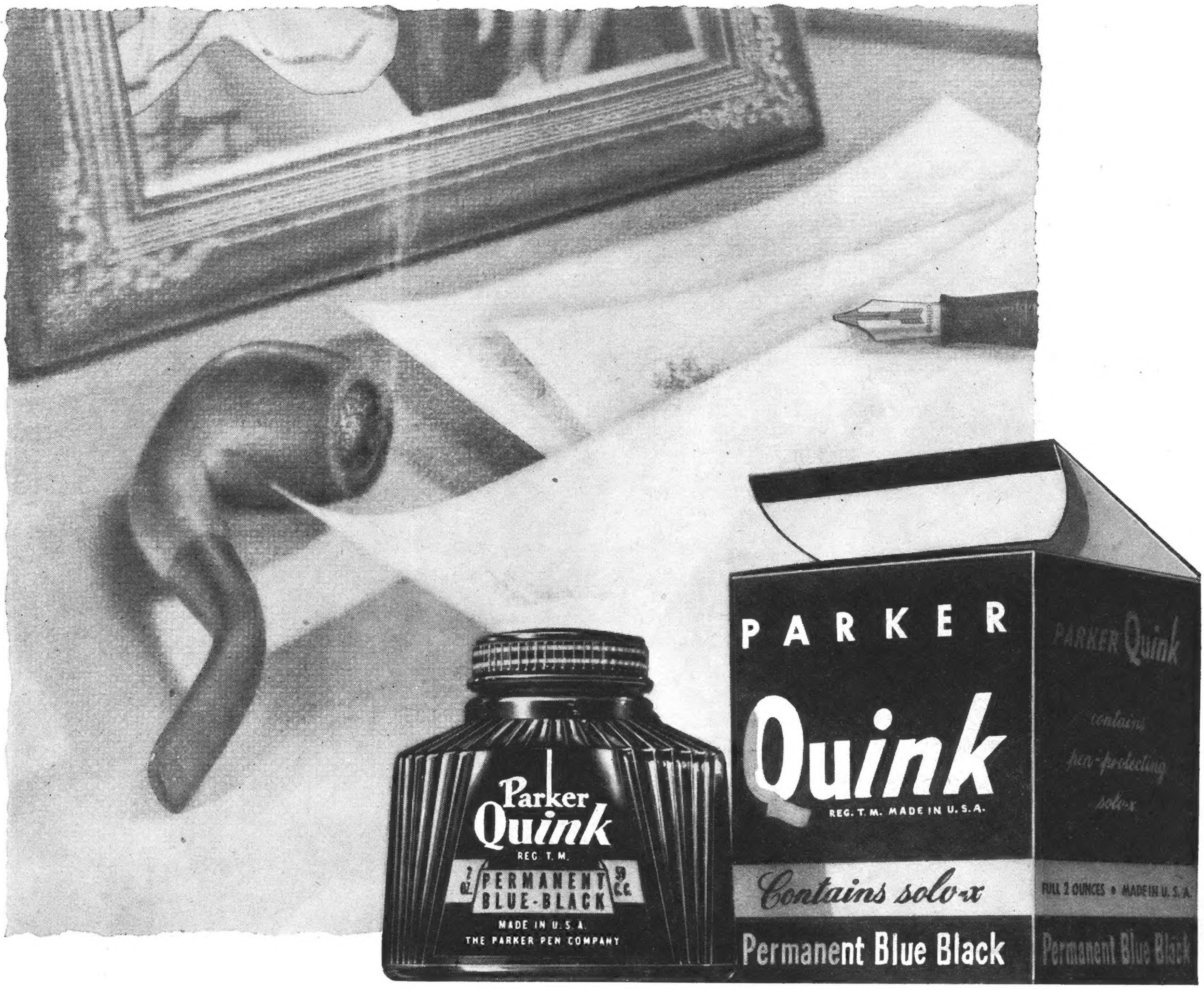
This is our contribution to the network of air-service that is indispensable to the future growth, prosperity and protection of our nation.

Every city in our land must do business with many other cities all over our three million square miles. That calls for transportation of people, mail, merchandise and materials of many kinds. The swifter and more flexible the transportation facilities, the closer together we become, and the more effectively we can work together.

In this war, our Airlines, cooperating with the Army Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service, are circling the globe with daily flights over arctics, jungles, oceans and deserts. What *they* are doing is the blueprint for *your* new world. It stems from the fact that air is universal, available to everyone, everywhere, alike, and it is our purpose to meet our air demand.

There is no pessimism among those who are thinking in terms of *air* transportation for the future. They see more new prosperity and more achievements of all kinds than were ever possible before.

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL **AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.* ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS


PARKER
Quink
REG. T. M. MADE IN U. S. A.
Contains solv-x
Permanent Blue Black
PARKER Quink
contains pen-protecting solv-x
FULL 2 OUNCES • MADE IN U. S. A.
Permanent Blue Black
Parker Quink
REG. T. M.
2 OZ.
PERMANENT BLUE-BLACK
59 CC.
MADE IN U. S. A.
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

This ink proves pen failures can be avoided!

Solv-x in Parker Quink prevents metal corrosion, rubber deterioration . . . cleans your pen as it writes!

An ink that writes well is not enough. It may actually be eating away at the vital metal and rubber parts in your pen.

What you need is the *protective* writing fluid—Parker Quink. Every drop of it contains *solv-x*, an exclusive Parker ingredient.

Parker Quink with *solv-x* penetrates the pores of rubber and wards off deterioration. It shields metal from corrosion. It cleans pens as they write, flushing away the sediment and gum which have been left by ordinary inks.

Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying . . . Quink with *solv-x* costs no more than ordinary high-acid inks. So don't take chances with that pen of yours. Give it the protection it deserves. Keep it out of the repair shop by filling it with Parker Quink, today! Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

* * *

"MICRO-FILM BLACK," the all-purpose black ink. *Writes black, stays black. Ideal for V-Mail; photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size 25¢. Other sizes 15¢ and up.*

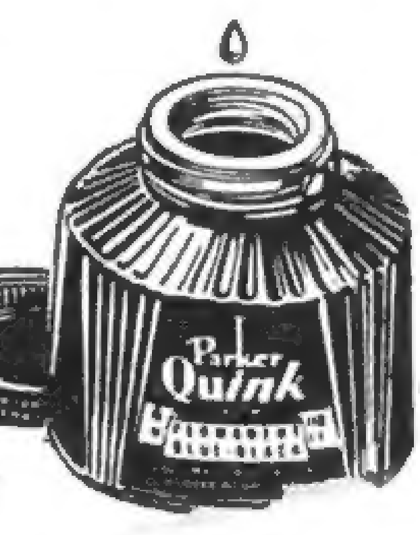
MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT — BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

PARKER Quink the only ink containing solv-x!

Parker scientists add SOLV-X to every bottle of Quink! . . .

protects all makes of pens in 4 ways:

1. *Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.*
2. *Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.*
3. *Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.*
4. *Cleans your pen as it writes — keeps it out of the repair shop.*


Parker Quink

Copyright 1944 by The Parker Pen Company

Mr. Potter's private war

Mr. Potter closed his eyes and listened to the music . . .

He was on the bridge of a destroyer in the North Atlantic . . . Captain Potter gets the convoys through.

Then he was Pilot Potter . . . riding the skies over Europe.

The music softened . . . and Lieutenant Potter of the U. S. Marines was lying wounded in the jungle . . . pale and drawn . . .

Then his wife called. "Henry!" she said, "Put the cat out and come to bed."

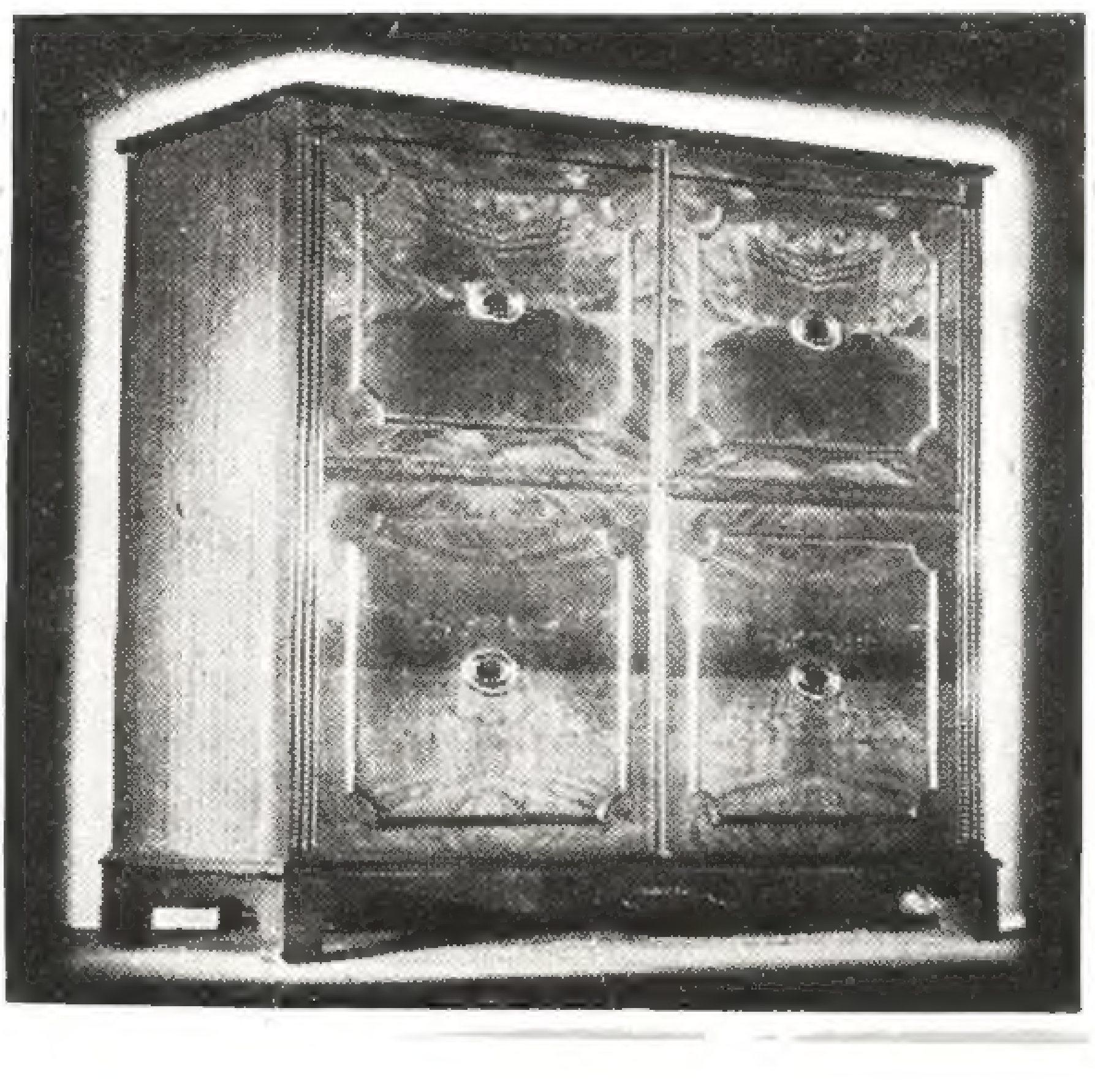
To Mr. Potter, music is relaxation from war work . . . To the girl whose husband has gone to war, music is a companion.

Music is many things to many people . . . but it is at its best when heard with all the subtleties that give it meaning.

Tomorrow, all the richness of great music . . . all the elusive tonal qualities . . . will come to you through the postwar Stromberg-Carlson.

This is a promise worth remembering . . . for it is backed by fifty years of experience . . . by the skill that made Stromberg-Carlson the leader in FM . . . and by many new wartime developments! Keep the postwar Stromberg-Carlson in mind . . . Your War Bonds will buy nothing finer!

IT IS IMPORTANT that we plan now to bring you fine Stromberg-Carlson radios when peace comes . . . important because these plans will mean good jobs for our men in the armed forces . . . and good jobs for the men and women whose work has won for Stromberg-Carlson the Army-Navy "E."



IN RADIOS, TELEPHONES, SOUND EQUIPMENT...
THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A

STROMBERG-CARLSON

A HALF-CENTURY OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

© 1944, STR[illegible]ERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Publisher: David A. Smart
Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Asst. Editor:
Bernard Geis
Board of Editors:
Fiction
Larabie Cunningham
Non-Fiction
Genevieve Pfleeger
A. D. Pitney
Features
Bruce Patterson
Sports
Ralph Cannon
Fashion
O. E. Schoeffler
Research
Fritz Bamberger
Production
Gus Berkes
Format
Don May
Graphics
Tony Palazzo
Circulation
A. L. Blinder
Associate Editors:
Helene Richards
Edith Roberts
J. L. Cates
Frederick Sternthal
L. E. Hobart
K. F. Martin
G. H. Poston
V. B. Rogers

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1944 by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1944

Page

ARTICLES

Why Jap Pilots Take a Beating. . *Returned American pilots say these overtrained robots lack stamina, go berserk in emergency*. . . . . Joseph Wechsberg 37
From Babe to Battle-Axe. . *Why does the sweet, marriageable girl of twenty-five so often become a domineering, neurotic wife at forty?*. . . . J. George Frederick 38
The Giant Killer's Story. . . *Portrait of a latter-day David, Lt. Waybur, who fought Goliath in the form of a twelve ton, steel armored tank*. . . . . . Paul Gallico 40
Buffalo Bill's Last Stands. . *Recalling a candid interview with Bill Cody, showing a kind of heroism never revealed by his fictionized press*. . . . . . . John Wilstach 46
Now I Stash Me Down to Nod. . *Harlem newspaper columnist Dan Burley gives fresh life to our language through a patter called jive*. . . Stanley Frank 53
How to Talk Sense in Company. . *Spirited argument among friends can be rational and stimulating if you follow these basic rules*. . . . . Mortimer J. Adler 59
1,600 Miles of Opportunity. . *Prophesying a land rush to the North when the Alaska Highway opens the way to adventurous colonists*. . . . Broadhurst Jackson 70 **R**

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury. . *Giving readers the last word*. 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire. . *Some personal histories*. 32
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments. . *Sweet and terrible to remember*. . . . George Jean Nathan 84
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf. . *The uncanny luck of Quentin Reynolds*. . . . . Bennett Cerf 88
The Lively Arts: In Motion Pictures It's Timing. . *Pre-Oscar vote for* Casablanca . . . . Gilbert Seldes 90
Potables: Sipping Eastward to the Sea. . *Prescribing Dr. Pitcher's Parch Remedy*. . . . . Lawton Mackall 95
Jazz: The Rhythm Section. . *Birth of a hot music column*. . . Leonard Feather & Paul Eduard Miller 96
Camp Humor: Goldbricking with Esquire. . *Then there's the one about the two fleas*. . . Bruce Patterson 98
Wearables: Furlough Weddings. . *The dress problem is simple for men in uniform*. . . . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 107
Discs: Esquire on the Record. . *From the Merry Macs to the Budapest String Quartet*. . . . . Gilbert Seldes 108

FICTION

Party Line at Portland. . . . *Steve told the colonel if he'd stepped from a white cart drawn by angels he would still need identification*. . . . . Robert Gold 45 **R**
The Owl That Kept Winking. . *The man wanted only one thing before he killed the great horned owl, and that was to break its spirit*. . . . . Theodore Pratt 48
The Faith That Failed. . . . *Father's political Gethsemane came about through the misadventure of an eleven hundred pound Shorthorn steer*. . . Peter B. Kyne 54 **R**
The Turning of Radiquet. . *Jules had always been one of the best poachers in the village, and police were his natural enemies*. . . . . Georges Surdez 60
The Champeen of the World. . *Eddie's and Joe's friendship transcended words: they had been the two best men of their size in the U.S.*. . . . . Edward L. McKenna 68
The Admiral and the Nose. . *This Turk has a sweetheart of a nose which tells him on what side of a contest he should invest his beanos*. . . . . . S. A. Tannenbaum 76
He Had a Thousand on Him. . *Operating as a pair they probably educated more suckers than any of the card sharps who plied the Mississippi*. . David Friedman 100

PERSONALITIES

Gwathmey's Editorial Art. . *Robert Gwathmey paints with disciplined indignation*. . . . Harry Salpeter 83

PICTORIAL FEATURES

The Giant Killer. . . . . *Painted especially for Esquire by* John Falter 41
The Varga Girl. . . . . *Matrimony Preferred*. . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack: *Painting by* Varga 43
American Beauties, Eastern Style. . *Rebel Randall*. . . . . *Photograph by* Anton Bruehl 57
American Beauties, Western Style. . *Judy Garland*. . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 58
Broadway for the Boys. . . . *June Havoc in* Mexican Hayride. . . . . *Photograph by* Jon Abbot 63
Plum from the Melting Pot. . *Lina Romay*. . . . . *Photograph by* Otto Dyer 64
Old Time Songs. . *Strolling through the Park. Design by* Staples-Smith: *Photograph by* Sydney Ravitz 66
Stage Door Esquire. . . . . . . *At the Casino Russe*. . . . . *Photograph by* George Serebrykoff 79
Among Hollywood's Nebulae. . *Alma Carroll*. . . . . *Photograph by* Henry Waxman 80
Five Paintings. . . . . *From the A.C.A. Gallery and private collections*. . . . *by* Robert Gwathmey 82
Hollywood . . . Set to Music. . . *from* Rhapsody in Blue. . . . . *Photograph by* Henry Waxman 91
To Everything a Season. . . *Portfolio of cartoons*. . . . . *Painted by* Irving Roir 93
Graduation Day at West Point. . *With a word for civilians*. . . . . *Painted by* Leslie Saalburg 94
Good Hunting for Hellcats. . *Our Navy's threat to Zeros*. . . . . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 160

SPORTS

Gibbons, Pillar of St. Paul. . *Catching up on the current history of Tommy Gibbons*. . George A. Barton 56
Dynamite for Sand Traps. . *This golf club makes the whole course a fairway*. . . . . . . Tommy Armour 62
Outdoors Is Where They Grow. . *There are no problem children in summer camps*. . . . . . LeRoy Smith 67 **R**
The Sporting Scene. . . . . . . *Many a pleasure yachtsman will emerge from the Navy*. . . . Herb Graffis 75
Baseball's Violent Vesuvius. . *Stout fellows tremble when Taylor Spink erupts*. . . . . Hugo G. Autz 78
The Esquire Sports Poll. . . *Selecting the all-time best boxers*. . . . . Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 86

BRIEFS

Exploits of a Flying Tackler. . *Ex-Northwestern athlete now tears into dogfights*. . . James F. Henderson 110

TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories, *Sketched by* Goodman, Fenton, Fellows and Murley. . . . . . *beginning on* 104

ESQUIRE
June, 1944
Vol. XXI, No. 6
Whole No. 127 T.M.REG.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or provision for carrying charges if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 17. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions and Pan-American Union, $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Editorial: Proving that jazz is a wondrously quarrelsome thing

This month sees the addition of a new department in this magazine, devoted to jazz, which you will find on page 96 under the title of *The Rhythm Section*. It is conducted and edited from Chicago by Paul Eduard Miller and from New York by Leonard Feather.

Proof that it's a real jazz department, if any is desired or required, may be found readily enough in the fact that in this opening round both boys come out of their corners swinging at Esquire! That's what all the jazz experts have all been doing, more or less constantly, throughout this past winter and spring, ever since that epochal night at the Metropolitan when the concert given by Esquire's 1944 All-American Band started more arguments than there are experts. (This, you will realize, is a practically limitless number, in a field where everybody who has ever paid either more or less than the retail price of a phonograph record considers himself a collector and everybody who has ever spoken, however briefly, to a sideman between sets considers himself an expert.) Many of these arguments have found their way into print. So many of them, in fact, that we've occasionally wondered what all those assorted experts would have found to write about if Esquire's All-American Band had never come to life except on paper. But we must confess that we hardly expected to see the slug put on Esquire in its own columns.

Messrs. Miller and Feather are very unhappy this month. (That's another sign that they're experts. All jazz experts, it seems, almost always are. You'd think, as Mark Twain once thought, that nobody could be happier than those whose work is nothing but the pleasure of making, or listening to, music.) They're unhappy about an article in last month's Esquire, called *Jazz Is Where We Lost It*, by Melvin L. Heimer. We thought, at the time, that Mr. Heimer was pretty good in there. He opened up by saying that as he sat at the Metropolitan, listening to the 1944 All-American Band, it struck him that most of the best jazzmen today are the same fellows who would have been voted the best ten years ago, and, in some cases, even twenty years ago. That thought set him musing on the possibility that jazz, which a lot of serious students hopefully hail as the music of tomorrow, might simply be the music of yesterday. In other words, he toyed with the notion that jazz is an end product in itself, and not capable of self-perpetuation. He posed for consideration the possibility that jazz, as a by-blow of the Prohibition era, is a donkey-like creation, robbed of both pride of ancestry and hope of progeny. In this sense, he saw jazz as a passive thing—an effect produced by something else (the Prohibition era) and hence unlikely to be produced again. He saw it as a dated phenomenon. And he made the point that the kids who were its best exponents twenty years ago are the men who play it best today. His point, if we understood it, was that jazz was never better than it was about twenty years ago, and that those who were playing it then, whether they were men or mere kids, have not since been equaled or surpassed. Or to put it another way, if you are good at sixteen today you can't be as good as you would have been if you had been sixteen about twenty years ago.

Well, if that was his point, and we thought it was, then Messrs. Miller and Feather seem to have missed it. They both jump all over Mr. Heimer, and both try to show him up by citing the number of young jazz musicians there are today and quoting various musicians to back up their assertions.

The proper answer to Mr. Heimer's argument, we would have thought, would be to attempt to show either that jazz existed before Prohibition, and would have continued to exist without it, or that jazz has continued to grow and flourish since. There are those who maintain that jazz existed in a finer form in New Orleans before Prohibition than it achieved in Chicago in the post-war and pre-Depression period, or has ever had since. Then there are the modernists, among whom Leonard Feather is always cited, who believe that the best is either now or yet to be, and that none of the jazz of twenty years ago equals that of today.

From either of these two opposed expert viewpoints, Messrs. Miller and Feather might have tried to catch Mr. Heimer either coming or going. But they both content themselves with loudly doubting his right to raise the point he raised, apparently on the ground that he doesn't know enough about jazz to raise an interesting question about it, and then they both give him a quantitative answer to a qualitative point. He showed, in his own article, an awareness that there are some young jazz musicians and even named a couple. So it hardly seems to us that the way to answer him is simply by naming a lot more.

It all adds up just to prove again the old point that hot jazz seems to be one subject that simply can't be discussed dispassionately—even, as in this case, within the family.

* * *

You will have noted, perhaps, that we spoke of this new department as an "addition" to the magazine. That does not mean that Esquire's coverage of the subject of jazz will be confined to this department. Robert Goffin and Charles Edward Smith will again contribute occasional articles on jazz, as they have in the past. But with the addition of the regular departmental feature we feel that our coverage of this subject, which seems to rank as a prime interest of our audience, will be more consistent and complete than it has been in the past. (We say, "consistent," fully aware that the department's initial appearance, literally snapping at the heels of the previous issue, is a slap-happy bit of inconsistency.)

But space, as you know, is at a greater premium than ever before. We can't add anything, these days, without taking something away. So the space for *The Rhythm Section* will have to be provided by having some of the various other departments "sit one out" now and then. This month's gracious donor of his wonted space is Mr. Brody, the Edibles Man.

* * *

That Esquire's columns hold no monopoly on inconsistency, as concerns jazz, is piquantly proved by the little magazine that is the veritable shrine of the "righteous," *The Record Changer*, published by Gordon Gullickson at Fairfax, Va. In his February issue, commenting on all the uproar over the "jumpin' at the Met," Gullickson wrote: "Say what you will about Esquire's jazz bash, the fact remains that that excellent magazine has *done* more for jazz in one month than all the rest of the publications have in the last forty years." And in the March issue of *The Record Changer*, one Jazzbo Brown wrote: "Jazz would be in much better health . . . if Esquire would leave it alone."

Or maybe that only proves that your editor isn't the only one to be "surprised," now and again, in his own columns.

* * *

As Robert Goffin wrote in these pages about a year ago, "Taste in jazz music is as personal as the contents of a man's trouser pockets." But what all the jazz addicts have long since forgotten is that there's no disputing tastes—that is, that there's no sense in arguing them. For argument seems to be as essential to the enjoyment of jazz as tapping time with your feet.

It is with a full consciousness of both these hazards that your editor now ventures to turn his own trouser pockets inside out, as it were, by appending to this page his own inexpert list of the fifty jazz records he has most enjoyed in the past year.

This list is based on no surveys whatsoever, compiled with no consultations of any experts and is subject to deletions and additions as other records may happen to please him even more. Also it is drawn up without any consideration for being "representative" of anything at all but sheer personal preference and enjoyment. It contains records made under Leonard Feather's supervision and it also contains records of the kind that Feather scornfully refused even to review under the heading of "jazz" and willfully listed under "hillbilly" instead. (That may, of course, only prove that your editor is able to take a firm stand on both sides of a controversial question.) But it is presented herewith in the hope that it may lead somebody to some enjoyable listening, since it does, at least, represent a sifting out of several hundred records. Then, too, it is printed in the hope that somebody may know of better ones than these, in which case we'd like to hear of them.

* * *

Speaking of *The Record Changer*, as we were a while ago, its readers, who are all presumed to be hot jazz addicts, were all asked to name their choices of the greatest jazz authorities, as a consequence of the violent discussions that went on concerning the competency of Esquire's board of experts for the selection of the All-American Band. As soon as we heard about this, we offered to invite the top three to join the board for the selection of next year's All-American. But we couldn't keep our word, at least not literally. For two of the resultant top four were already on this year's board!

FIFTY FAVORITE JAZZ RECORDS

(representing nothing but the cream of one collector's crop)

1. Armstrong. West End Blues. Fireworks. Okeh 8597
2. Armstrong. Knockin' a Jug. Muggles. Okeh 8703
3. Armstrong. Savoy Blues. Hotter Than That. Okeh 8535
4. Armstrong. Memories of You. You're Lucky to Me. Okeh 41463
5. Armstrong. Hey Lawdy Mama. Do You Call That a Buddy. Decca 3756
6. Bailey. Honeysuckle Rose. Willow Tree. Decca 18108
7. Bechet. The Mooche. Blues in the Air. Victor 20-1510
8. Beiderbecke. Jazz Me Blues. At the Jazz Band Ball. Vocalion 3042
9. Bunn. Blues Without Words. Guitar in High. Blue Note 504
10. Chicagoans (McKenzie's). Nobody's Sweetheart. Liza. UHCA 11-12
11. Chgo. Rhy. Kings. Tennessee Twilight. Mme Dynamite. UHCA 63-64
12. Condon. Oh Sister Ain't That Hot. Pretty Doll. CMS 535
13. Dodds. Indigo Stomp. Blue Piano Stomp. BB. 10238
14. Dodds. Wild Man Blues. (Noone) Bump It. Decca 3519
15. Dodds. Wild Man Blues. Melancholy. Brunswick 3567
16. Ellington. Creole Love Call. Black & Tan Fantasy. Victor 24861
17. Ellington. Blues I Love to Sing. Blue Bubbles. Victor 22985
18. Ellington. Clarinet Lament. Echoes of Harlem. Br. 7656
19. Feather's All-Stars. Mop Mop. My Ideal. CMS 548
20. Goodman Quartet. Tea for Two. Runnin' Wild. Victor 25529
21. Hall. Night Shift Blues. Royal Garden Blues. B.N. 29
22. Hodes. Liberty Inn Drag. Georgia Cake Walk. Dec. 18437
23. Johnson, Bunk. Moose March Weary Blues. JM 9
24. La. Rhy. Kings. Karavan. O'er the Billowy Sea. Br. 4908
25. Lunceford. Mood Indigo. Rose Room. Decca 131
26. Marsala. Reunion in Harlem. Three O'clock Jump. Gen. 3001
27. McKinney's. I Want a Little Girl. Milenberg Joys. BB. 10954
28. Mole's Molers. Shimme-Sha-Wabble. One Step to Heaven. Col. 35953
29. Morton. Sidewalk Blues. Dead Man Blues. Vic. 20252
30. Morton Trio. Turtle Twist. Smilin' the Blues Away. Bluebird 10194
31. Morton. The Pearls. Beale St. Blues. BB. 10252
32. Morton. High Society. Thought I Heard. BB. 10434
33. Morton (solo). Mamie's Blues. Original Rags. General 4001
34. Moten. Loose Like a Goose. It Won't Be Long. Vic. V-38123
35. Mound City Blue Blowers. One Hour. Tailspin Blues. BB. 6456
36. N.O. Rhy. Kings. Weary Blues. Wolverine Blues. Gennett 5102
37. N.O. Rhy. Kings. Da Da Strain. Shimme-Sha-Wabble. Gen. 5106
38. N.O. Wanderers. Gatemouth. Perdido Street Blues. Col. 608
39. Norvo. Old Fashioned Love. I Surrender Dear. Col. 35688
40. Norvo. Blues in E Flat. Bughouse. Brunswick 8208
41. Oliver. Someday Sweetheart. Dead Man Blues. Voc. 1059
42. Smith, Bessie. Empty Bed Blues (2 parts). Col. 14312
43. Spanier. Relaxin' at the Touro. Riverboat Shuffle. BB. 10532
44. Spanier. Dipper Mouth. Sister Kate. Bluebird 10506
45. Waller. Honeysuckle Rose. Breakin' the Ice. Vic. 24826
46. Watters, Lu. Riverside Blues. Cake Walking Babies. JM 5
47. Wiley, Lee (Spanier). Steamboat Tenn. Sugar. CMS 1507
48. Williams, Clarence. Candy Lips. Nobody But My Baby. OK 8440
49. Wilson (Holiday). Miss Brown. Little Moonlight. Col. 36205
50. Wynn's Creole. Down by Levee. She's Cryin' for Me. Bruns. 80042

singing in the rain . . .
singing in the sun . . .

buy war bonds first

RAINFAIR
storm coats
showerproof

Smart as a topcoat when the sun shines . . . *showerproofed* against the rain . . . a Rainfair is a coat to be proud of . . . any day, any weather. Light, supple, every Rainfair is expertly tailored of quality materials.
A certain number of these Rainfairs are still available for civilian use. If you need one *now* . . . buy it! If you *already* own one, our *new free booklet* (illustrating popular styles) will give you detailed instructions on how to make it last. Write for it . . . *today!*

Grafton . . . $11.50 Easy-fitting raglan type coat in full length, with medium sweep and fly front. Of *showerproofed* gabardine, tailored like a fine topcoat. Choice of light olive, taupe and fawn.
Watch for Rainfair's V-Seald and Zephyr Plastic-Coated Rainwear*

RAINFAIR, INC., Racine, Wisconsin
Also manufacturers of Rainfair Vulcanized Work-Wear, Coated Fabrics for Industry, and Smartair* Sportswear* *REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

smart as a topcoat...

and ready for rain!

HOLLYWOOD SHOE POLISH
KEEPS 'EM SHINING

Your shoes are precious, extend their life by using Hollywood Stain Polish, redyes and restores their color, with the soft mellow glow of richly polished leather. Keeps leather healthy. Available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Dark Brown, Tan and Black.... For sale throughout U. S. by most W. T. Grant Department Stores; leading chain and Independent stores.

FOR THAT BOOTMAKER'S FINISH

Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH
Advertised in Esquire
Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH

★ Send For Set Of Five Colors

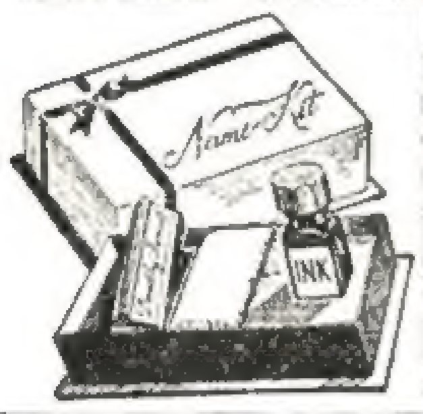
Send $1.50 for complete set of 5 colors, plus a secret process for shining shoes, sent postpaid, if not sold by your dealer. Unconditionally guaranteed.

HOLLYWOOD POLISH CO.
Dept. 10, 107-32 Van Wyck Blvd., Richmond Hill, N.Y.
Brokers: Write for territories still open

SERVICE MEN! CIVILIANS!
STAMP YOUR NAME ON EVERYTHING

Name-Kit enables you to mark your name permanently on personal apparel and on all sorts of objects. Ideal for the soldier or sailor. Black indelible ink, pad, and your name in script or block letters (enough for 1000 stampings). *Only* **$1.00** *postpaid.*

Distinctive Creations Inc.
10 West 47th Street, N. Y. C.



Men, here's how you can
STEP UP IN THE WORLD

Yes men, it is true. You can be almost 2 INCHES TALLER, Instantly and "confidentially" in Adler Elevator Shoes. The heels are no higher. Adler Elevators look and feel like any *other* fine, smart shoes. Obey that impulse today.

Now you can be
TALLER
than "SHE" is
Send for FREE BOOKLET in full color
ELEVATOR
ADLER ELEVATORS
Exclusive with
ADLER
SHOES for MEN

In ordering by mail, you may detach ration coupon.

Dept. **E6-44**
122 E. 42 St., N. Y.
Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER. Send your Booklet in full color.

Name..............................
Address..............................
City.......................... State.........

Talking Shop with Esquire

STRICTLY *NON* — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

POCKET LAUNDRY. On the march where water is at a premium . . . and *hot* water out of the question, the laundry problem is simplified by means of a small pocket-sized bottle of fluid that soaks out grease and grit in *cool* or *cold* water. Dunk the washing into enough water to cover, add a coupla shots of the fluid and let nature take its course. Then remove, squeeze lightly and be amazed! Harmless, doesn't shrink wool socks.

POLISH DE LUXE. There's a new labor saving fluid that does a super job on polishing gold or silver (jewelry, trappings, etc.). Just apply with soft cloth, let dry, give it the once over lightly with a clean cloth . . . and the shine should dazzle your optics. No trace of any dry white powder, no paste residue. It's a cinch. You might do the little woman a favor and send *her* a bottle for her silverware.

LADY LURE. With most of you fellows scattered all over the globe, discerning members of the Fair Sex tell us that they like to receive gifts with a foreign flavor. Suppose you're in the China theatre . . . send her a gorgeous pure silk scarf . . . vivid yellow or green grounds decorated with figurines of Chinese Gods and Goddesses. The wide border is inscribed with Chinese characters in flaming red. For a handsome, exotic type of gal.

L'AFRIQUE. Another silk scarf of African significance is decorated with row upon row of Arabian cavalry and infantry soldiers, with sabres unfurled. Then there's deah old London . . . represented with a foulard silk ascot covered with little figurines representing the London flower market . . . a riot of pink, blue and violet coloring. If you're still in the States, send her a patriotic scarf covered with exact facsimiles of each of the official state seals.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

For Father's Day
PROUD PHOTO MATCHES

No one will have to ask him for a light if he has these Photo Matches because he will always be waiting for a chance to show them off. Just send any black and white picture or negative, any size, it will be reproduced on match packs with startling clearness. Original picture is returned intact. One subject only to box.
Box of 50 $4.90 postpaid Box of 100 $7.75 postpaid
No C. O. D.'s please

EUNICE NOVELTIES Dept. E64
541 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

KRASHE
SHAVING AID & SKIN SMOOTHER
Puss Preserver — Par Excellence!
For a closer, cleaner and faster shave whether done with brush, brushless or electric methods. Also protects face against wind and sun. Servicemen are its best boosters. **$1.00 plus tax.** At leading drug and dept. stores or write direct
GRELVA, INC., 22-26 W. 48th St., N. Y. 19

Marlin

HIGH SPEED
BLADES
FOR TOUGH BEARDS
EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢

TRY
MARLIN SHAVE CREAM
Lather or Brushless

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 304 pages. 500 illustrations. Mail 75 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $5.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
NATIONAL MAGIC CO.

GET RID OF 'EM

Smoker's
B-B JEEBIES
(BITE and BURN)

Make *your* pipe-smoking *ALL* pleasure. Fill up with Country Doctor Pipe Mixture. Avoid B-B JEEBIES (Bite and Burn) which lurk unseen in ordinary tobaccos. Country Doctor's extraordinary blending experience, the skillful selection of the choicest tobaccos plus the perfect moistening agent . . . make possible this exclusive blend. Try Country Doctor Pipe Mixture. You'll like it.

Country Doctor
Pipe Mixture

25¢
A Product of Philip Morris

PLEASURE BY THE PIPEFUL
If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

La Cross

Precious nail nipper

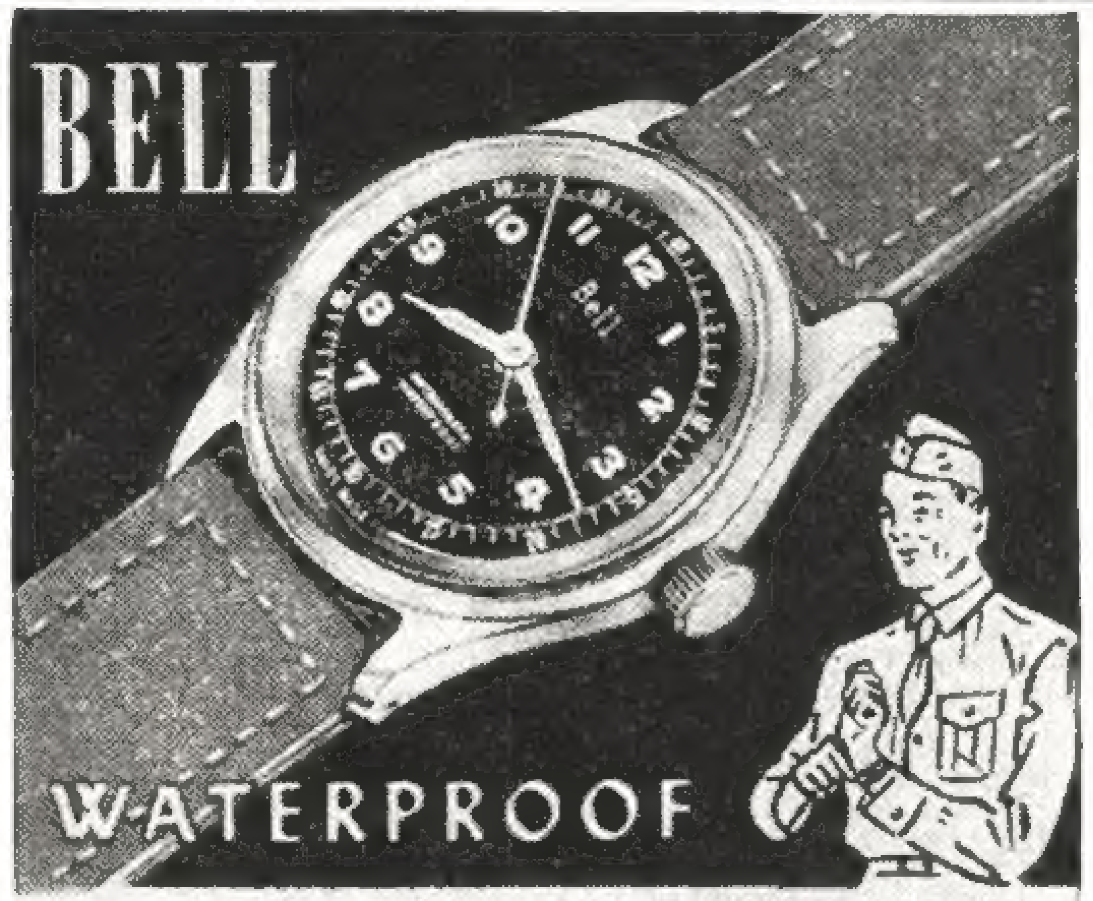
This La Cross implement is precious. If you own one, treasure it. For the duration it may be difficult to replace . . at the present time, the manufacture of manicure implements is sharply curtailed.

For more than four decades
America's finest Manicure Implements
SCHNEFEL BROS. CORP. • 630 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK

SHOES LAST LONGER

LEXOL increases pliability and fortifies the leather, makes shoes last longer and gives greater foot comfort. LEXOL is self-penetrating and quick-drying—takes any polish. *Leading stores sell LEXOL or remit direct*

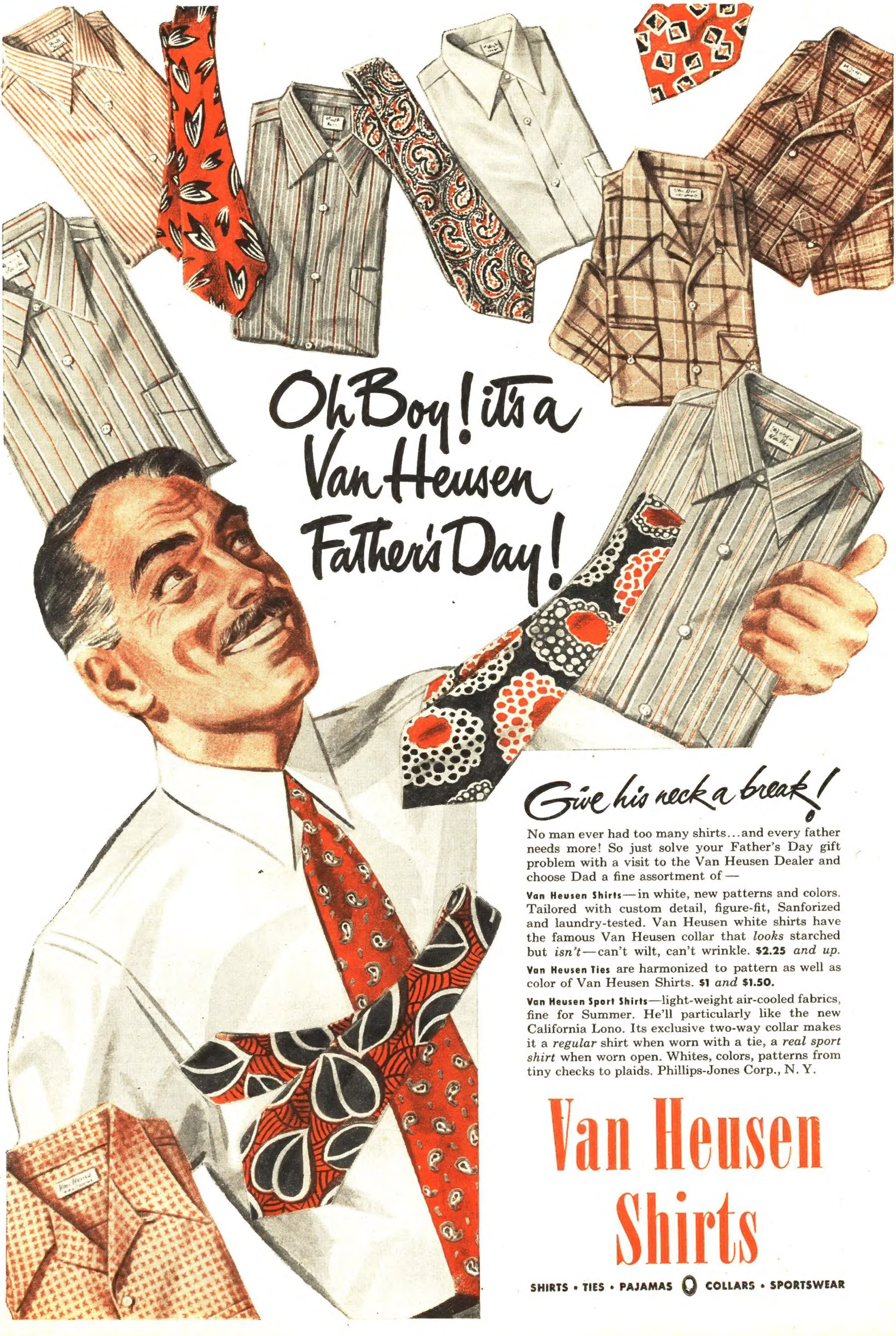
Pint $1.00 LEXOL Gal. $4.00
The Martin Dennis Company
855 Summer Avenue Newark 4, N. J.



Waterproof, shockproof, radium dial and hands, anti-magnetic, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

No. HW 121—15 jewels, stainless steel back........ $39.75
No. HW 331—15 jewels, stainless steel case........ $49.50
No. HW 328—17 jewels, SELF-WINDING, stainless steel case.... $59.75

POSTPAID FED. TAX INCL. • MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "HW"
BELL WATCH COMPANY
Time-Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.


Oh Boy! it's a Van Heusen Father's Day!

Give his neck a break!

No man ever had too many shirts...and every father needs more! So just solve your Father's Day gift problem with a visit to the Van Heusen Dealer and choose Dad a fine assortment of—

Van Heusen Shirts—in white, new patterns and colors. Tailored with custom detail, figure-fit, Sanforized and laundry-tested. Van Heusen white shirts have the famous Van Heusen collar that *looks* starched but *isn't*—can't wilt, can't wrinkle. **$2.25** *and up.*

Van Heusen Ties are harmonized to pattern as well as color of Van Heusen Shirts. **$1** *and* **$1.50.**

Van Heusen Sport Shirts—light-weight air-cooled fabrics, fine for Summer. He'll particularly like the new California Lono. Its exclusive two-way collar makes it a *regular* shirt when worn with a tie, a *real sport shirt* when worn open. Whites, colors, patterns from tiny checks to plaids. Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y.

Van Heusen Shirts

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HOW A COLONEL WON A (PAPER) LADY

I'm one of those guys who seldom writes letters to the editors of magazines. I'm usually content to sit back and let the other fellow bust out in print and tell the world what he thinks, but damn it all, I figure that it's about time that I let you know what I think of Esquire and what you are doing for my boys.

Well, the other day I was holding inspection of the barracks and a very peculiar thing happened. Every single locker I looked into had one of Esquire's female beauties. After the inspection was over, the colonel looks at me and says, "Lieutenant, considering the amount of space allotted to the men, they must think a great deal of those pictures to put them in their tiny lockers. I think it would be a good thing if we managed to get a few more of those gals for the men, and if you have an extra one, save it for me." The colonel smiled and pranced away.

That's the way it was, and that's the way it is out here. My boys have very little to keep them busy. There are no white women at this location and Esquire's pictures and stories certainly do a great deal to keep the men's spirits where they ought to be. I've heard a lot about morale, and it seems to me that Esquire is our morale factor.

Lt. L. K. S., U. S. Marines
(Overseas Duty)

CONTRIBUTION TO CONSUMERS' RESEARCH

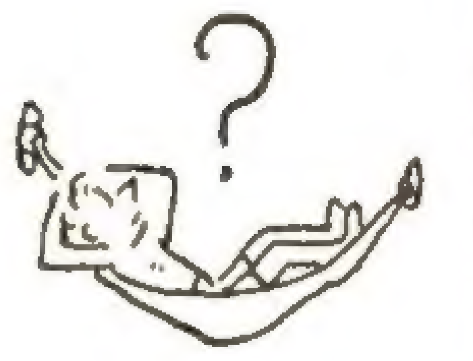
I have just been enlightened concerning the advantages of the plastic Army canteen (*Plastics on the Fighting Front*, Esquire, February issue). There is only one objection to the damn things. They won't hold liquor; they become soft and roll up like a rubber ball when the stuff hits their innards. Perhaps this is the same response as that of the stomach. However, a few G.I.'s might want to know this fact before it is too late. The stuff is hard to get in these parts. Also, one has a helluva time explaining to the Supply Sarge.

Soberly,
P.F.C. Wiley H. Cozart
A.S.T.P. Medical College of Va.
Richmond, Va.

IMPOLITIC POLICIES OF OUR POLITICIANS

Why am I in this war? Why am I fighting? For what am I giving so much? These are the questions that are bound to plague the minds of our servicemen as the panorama of bureaucratic inaptitude is constantly unfolded before our eyes and ears.

While these infectious practices can be tolerated in peacetime, they are profoundly dangerous at a time when we are plunged into the imbroglio that is this war.



It is an indisputable fact that a man cannot fight his best when he is besieged with doubt as to the sincerity and integrity of those entrusted with the power to make decisions at home.

A great contribution to the early end of the war could and should be made at once by simply weighing the consequences of actions and decisions against a comprehensive regard for the morale of the men and the women, both in and out of the armed services.

A seemingly unimportant decision, that of denying the magazine Esquire, the delight of millions of servicemen, the second class mail privileges, was met with keenly felt disgust by servicemen everywhere. The haphazard and careless manner in which the bonus and ballot questions were discussed are among other examples of impolitic bungling.

When we do not realize these facts, we admit our ignorance of one of the great lessons of this war and its prelude, the lesson of the importance of a country's morale at home and in the field of battle. Thus we undo the work of the Welfare and Recreation officers in the Army and the Navy and so play into the hands of a smiling enemy.

A. M. L. D., CM 1/c
Davisville, R. I.

ABSENCE EXCUSED FOR CAUSE WELL STATED

One reason why the Army is opposed to public expression of political opinion by a serviceman is that such opinion is not accepted as the statement of one man but rather as the statement of all men wearing the uniform.

I am not certain of the Navy attitude on this matter, but as a soldier and citizen I do resent the UP dispatch on page 10 of the March Esquire.

Lt. W. F. James, of the Navy, has indicted an "ungrateful America" in the name of "American soldiers and sailors." I am a soldier and hence included in the broad category of those who are "not fighting for a new idealistic world," but, "for the world we knew, the life we lived in the past," for the Varga girl and for no strikes.

Since I am not fighting for these things may I be excused from Lt. James' group?

Why a man fights is an extremely subtle problem. I do not know why all men fight. In fact I am doubtful whether I could truthfully state my personal reasons for fighting. But they are not Lt. James'.

At least one soldier hopes for a better world after the war. At least one soldier believes it would be criminal to make such sacrifices and then perpetuate the past. At least one soldier is not unqualifiedly opposed to strikes. At least one soldier thinks it unfair to equate the position of the laborer with that of the soldier whenever strikes are discussed. At least one soldier wants to die for something more noble than the Varga girl.

The position of Postmaster Walker is, of course, untenable. Perhaps his decision is the result of some pre-war variety pressure group tactics, one of the things at least one soldier would like to find missing in the post-war world.

Esquire has sufficient support in this matter without resort to such devices.

Stuart Bernstein
2nd Lt. A.C.
South Pacific

KIBITZING ON THE OFFICIAL CRITIC

The Postmaster General to the contrary notwithstanding, I feel that *Death of a Sailor* in the March issue is *Literature*.

I thought so a month ago when I first read and clipped the article. I still think so. My only son is an enlisted man in the Navy, a sailor now in his fifth year of service, at present on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. The Navy is close to my heart.

Congratulations to you and Paul Gallico for seeing and telling these things.

Sincerely yours,
Alice B. Goodwin
Jersey City 4, N. J.

ESQ IN THE SNOWS OF YESTERYEAR

A few weeks ago we students at Syracuse University had our annual Winter Carnival, and being that we appreciate the finer things in life, our cottage had a rip-roarin' good time with our entry for the snow sculpture contest—we made Esky, your man and ours, too. We feel very possessive about him.

Yes, we appreciate the finer things in life, but it seems that not everyone does. One day, while we were having the time of our lives sculping away, two old ladies (we call them "Dearie" and "Darling") came by and exclaimed, "How sweet! Is it Theodore Roosevelt?" We very carefully explained that no, it was our beloved Esky, to which they replied, "Hmph! WE don't read such magazines!" Laugh—it's become our favorite house joke ever since!

Although he's all melted away now, we have our snapshots and fond memories that we'll always carry of a great guy!

Sincerely,
The Gals of Hurst Cottage
Representative Group Suzanne Burrell
Virginia Moranis
Helen Skalet
Syracuse, New York

WILL THE NEXT ONE BE A CITATION FOR FRAUD?

I believe that many people are badly stung in buying Esquire. They have been led to believe that they can bathe their souls in impropriety. Imagine a Deacon paying 50 cents for an Esquire and then discovering that he has been getting a much greater lot of stuff wherewith to horrify and delight his soul in any one of the six 10 cent magazines that he has been buying for the last year.

Cordially yours,
Steve Singleton
Key West, Florida

ESQ MAKES A ROYAL BONER

This is my second bellyache to you in ten years regarding errors in your fine publication and like the first, this will probably reach your desk after five hundred others in the same vein, again keeping me out of print.

As an ex-R.C.A.F. officer retired from service during the present display of international differences of opinion who always prided himself on recognizing all insignia of all branches of service, both British and American, I am most appreciative of and heartily applaud your monthly page featuring comparative ranks and insignia. To date, your accuracy has been most refreshing after seeing so many stupid and careless blunders in other publications.

However, you have made a faux pas in the April issue which might well result in epidemic apoplexy in the British Admiralty, if not a virtual shake-up!

In the British Navy, Dear Ed, hirsute decoration of the upper lip is definitely "de trop," but definitely! To quote approximately, the King's Regulations and Orders for the Royal Navy read: "The face shall be either clean shaven, or completely unshaven." In other words, a full beard certainly, but a moustache—NEVER!

So, while you consider yourself languishing in the brig, take what consolation you may from knowing that I am only one among the millions who think your publication tops. May I also be listed among your well-wishers in the present seemingly unreasonable debate on postal rates.

Yours for Varga and Victory,
B. C. McCallum, Communications
Ocean Falls, B. C.

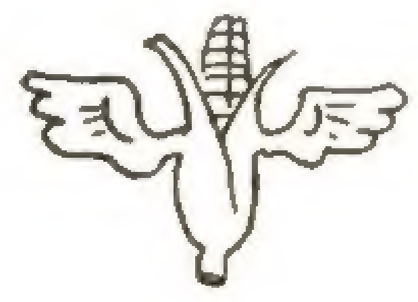
TERSE TESTIMONIAL

For some years I have been able to buy, borrow or beg a copy of your famous magazine. Isolation, for some months, has now prevented this. Booksellers in London, to whom I wrote saying I would like to take Esquire monthly, have replied: "Who wouldn't?"

Sincerely yours,
H. W. N., Capt. R.M.
Orkney Islands
N. Britain

A KERNEL'S RANK FOR HARRY JAMES

Mr. Chamberlain, as he implies in your last issue, may recognize a hot tuba, but it is my opinion that his ear for the trumpet seems to be clogged with a very heavy wax. His intellect must be seriously cramped if he actually believes that "corn horn" James is the "tops." Believe me, James would make a good second in a Salvation Army quintet. His utter lack of feeling and tone may appeal to Chamberlain and other juke box "sharpies," but when contrasted with such jazz greats as Louis Armstrong, Cootie Williams, Red Nichols, Jimmy McPartland and Henry Red Allen, James can no doubt compare favorably with the tuba playing of one Robert J. Chamberlain. Ugh!!



Sincerely,
Robert S. Riche
New Haven, Conn.

P.S. Keep up the banner of jazz.

MUST'VE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY

True, we servicemen enjoy a shapely figure and a comely face but do you think we ignore the printed statistics along with your par excellent photographs? Of course I refer to your picture of the ambitious Carole Mathews. Being from the Windy City myself, I remember quite vividly Miss Mathew's choice as Miss Chicago. However, I find it difficult to believe she was a mere twelve years old. The Fair ended some ten years ago: your vital statistics—age: 22—ten from twenty-two—uh uh, Esky, uh uh. Can't see why the lovely Carole wants to fool anyone: she's exquisite no matter what the years total. And I have the sincerest wishes for her increasing success.

By way of the Varga situation. All we N.A.P.S. are pulling for Esquire. What's one postmaster against the Army, Navy and Marine Corps?—and we're all represented here.

Sincerely yours,
Victor C. Petchul, SM 2/c, U. S. N.
U. S. Naval Academy Prep School
Bainbridge, Md.

Bell-ringer

If ever a whiskey rang the bell on *every* count, that whiskey is Four Roses!

Its delicate aroma may be the first thing that tells you that you've found an unusually excellent whiskey.

Then, as you sip Four Roses, and savor its rich deep flavor, its mellow smoothness, we think you'll arrive at the same conclusion so many others share:

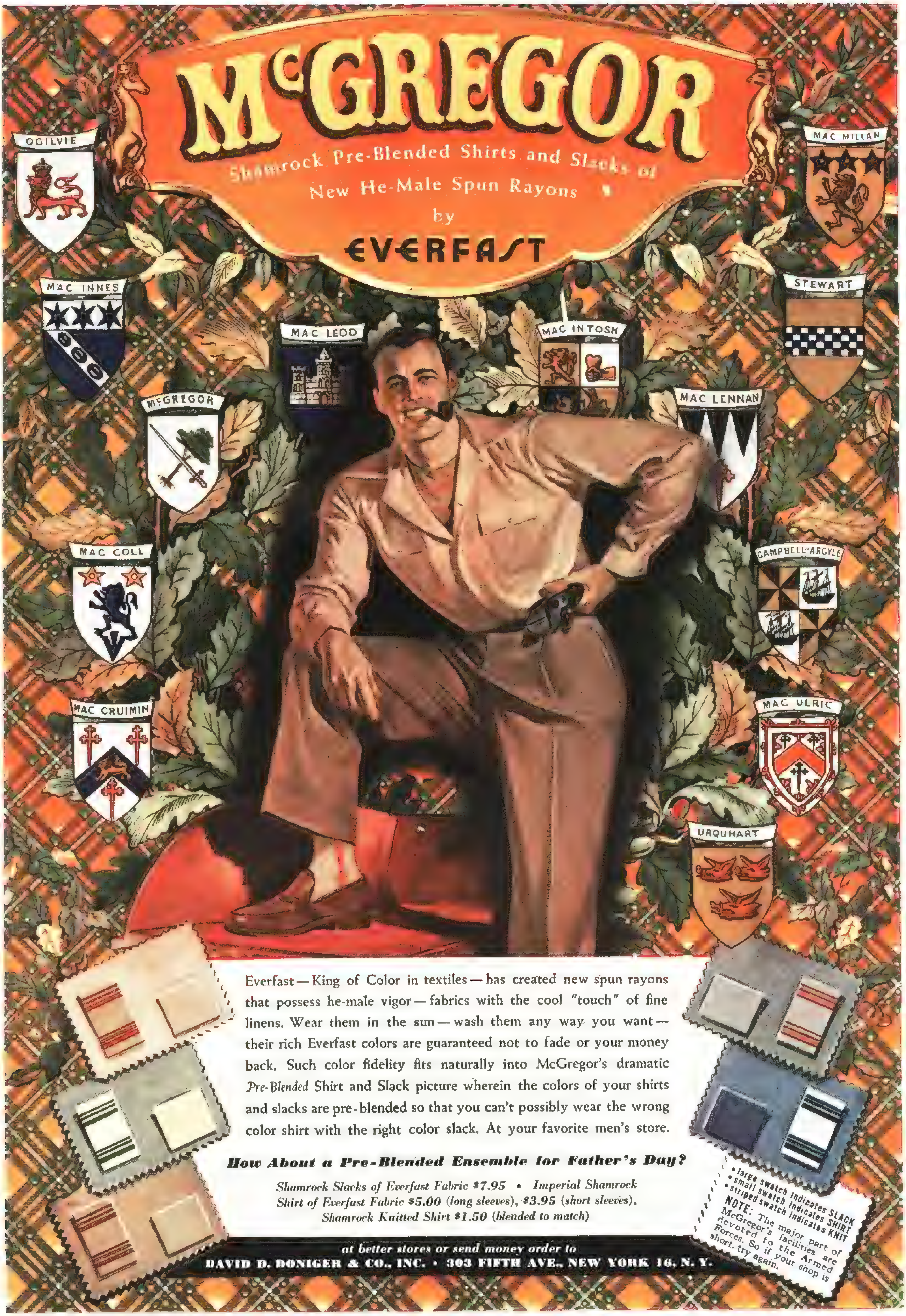
In a cocktail, highball, or straight, Four Roses is the one whiskey that simply can't be matched.

• • •

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY


McGREGOR
OGILVIE
MAC MILLAN
MAC INNES
STEWART
MAC LEOD
MAC INTOSH
McGREGOR
MAC LENNAN
MAC COLL
CAMPBELL-ARGYLE
MAC CRUIMIN
MAC ULRIC
URQUHART

Shamrock Pre-Blended Shirts and Slacks of
New He-Male Spun Rayons
by
EVERFAST

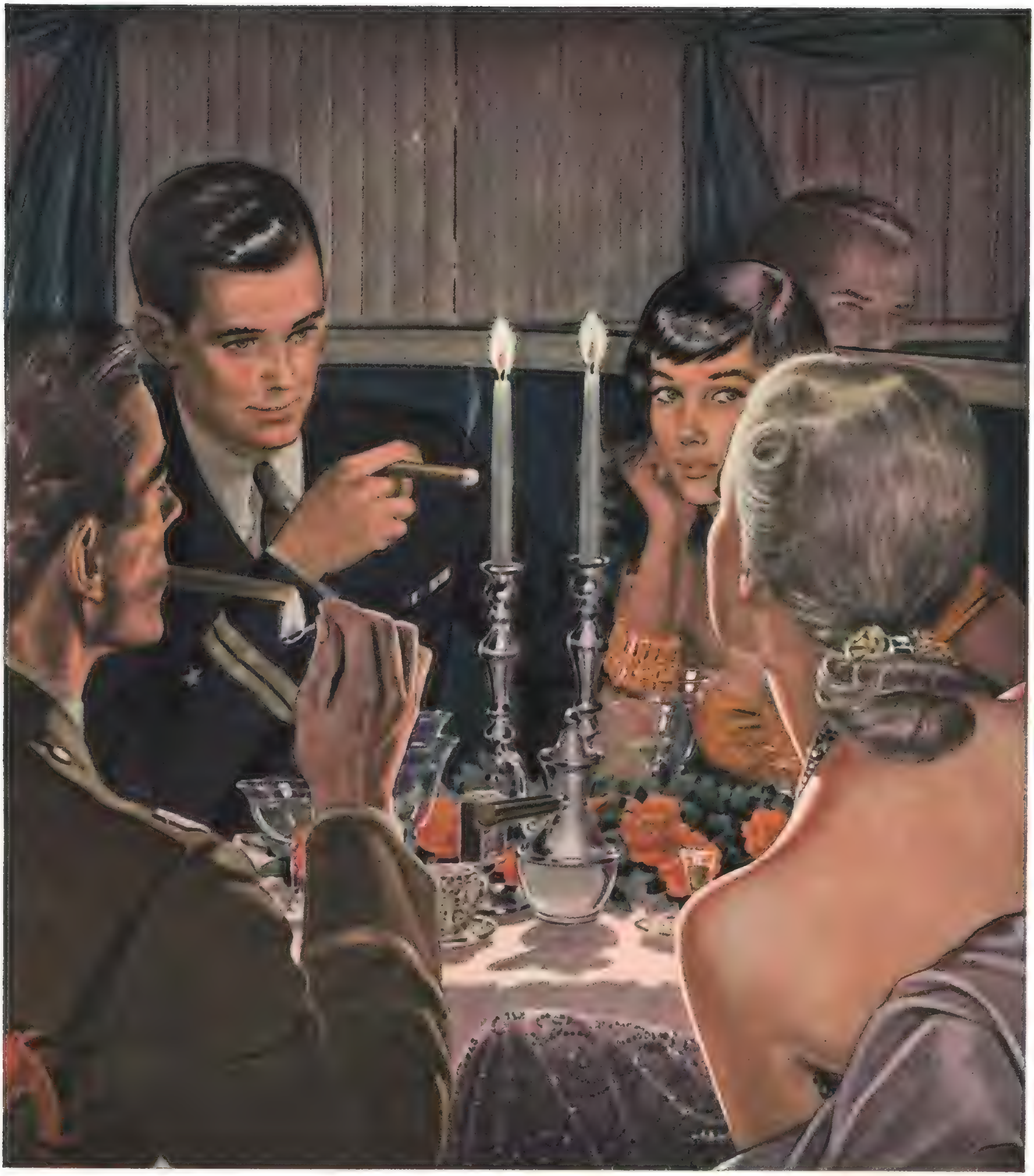
Everfast — King of Color in textiles — has created new spun rayons that possess he-male vigor — fabrics with the cool "touch" of fine linens. Wear them in the sun — wash them any way you want — their rich Everfast colors are guaranteed not to fade or your money back. Such color fidelity fits naturally into McGregor's dramatic *Pre-Blended* Shirt and Slack picture wherein the colors of your shirts and slacks are pre-blended so that you can't possibly wear the wrong color shirt with the right color slack. At your favorite men's store.

How About a Pre-Blended Ensemble for Father's Day?

Shamrock Slacks of Everfast Fabric $7.95 • Imperial Shamrock Shirt of Everfast Fabric $5.00 (long sleeves), $3.95 (short sleeves), Shamrock Knitted Shirt $1.50 (blended to match)

at better stores or send money order to
DAVID D. DONIGER & CO., INC. • 303 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

• large swatch indicates SLACK
• small swatch indicates SHIRT
• striped swatch indicates KNIT
NOTE: The major part of McGregor's facilities are devoted to the Armed Forces. So if your shop is short, try again.



Gleam

THE GLEAM . . . of silver . . . of candle-light on cordial glasses . . . of women's eyes, happy to watch beloved faces across a table . . . of clear laughter . . . of a glowing cigar. . . .

A cigar, alight with every mood. A good cigar — WEBSTER — after dinner and always, designed for men's pleasure in fine smoking!

Today as always—unchanged—*Websters have a* 100% *long, choicest selected Havana filler. And Webster's five-year rate of gain is over* 2½ *times that of the industry's comparative brands as a whole.*

WEBSTER CIGARS

FIRST IN THE SOCIAL REGISTER

SIX DISTINCTIVE MODERN SHAPES—12¢ TO 30¢

N. W. AYER & SON

our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war use by the government

BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W.HARPER
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY

. . . may I urge you to hold on to all the War Bonds you buy.

I. W. Harper

it's always a pleasure

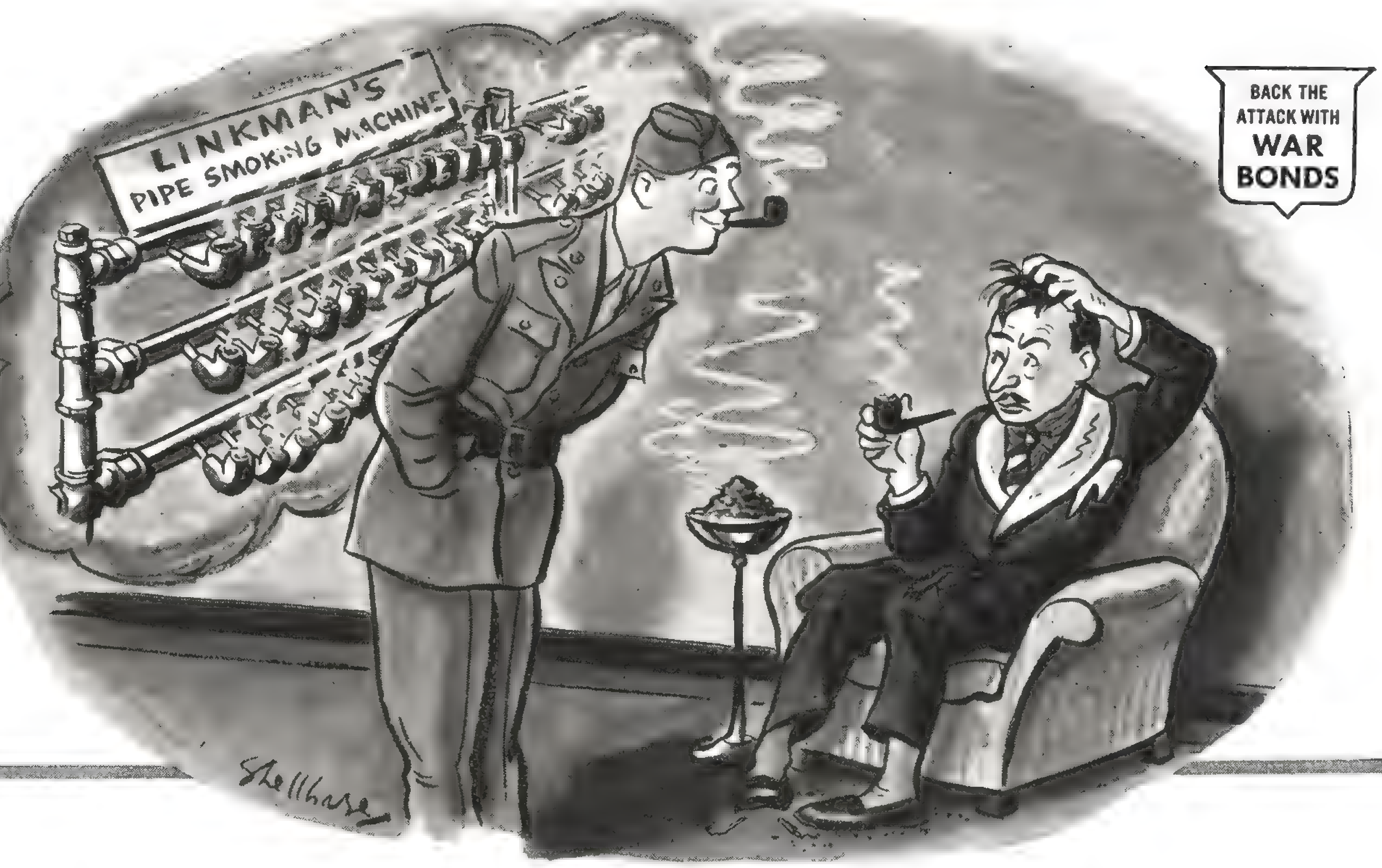
I. W. HARPER

since 1872

the gold medal whiskey

Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond under the supervision of the U. S. Government.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky



BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

"Say, Dad, don't you know breaking in a pipe is a job for a machine, not a man?"

DR. GRABOW
THE *Pre-Smoked* PIPE

America's ONE and ONLY *Pre-Smoked* PIPE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

They're amazingly sweeter from the very first puff because Linkman's exclusive pipe-smoking machine smokes every DR. GRABOW pipe...Yes...*Pre-Smoked* ...with Edgeworth tobacco... there's no bite, no bitter taste, no breaking in. If your dealer cannot supply you, remember that right now a large percentage of DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* Pipes go to service men overseas.

Fashioned by M. Linkman & Co.
Chicago 14, Illinois

Tru-Grain
DeLuxe

DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* DE LUXE . $1.50
DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* SUPREME . $2.00
DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* TRU-GRAIN $3.50

THE Hollycourt PIPE (WITH PATENTED GROOVE) HAS GONE TO WAR

You'll carry EVERYTHING* in the WALES McGregor BILLFOLD

WALES
25
10
5
1

REMOVABLE SCOTCH PURSE! The Scotch Purse slips out for "Solo" use. Easy to remove — easy to replace.

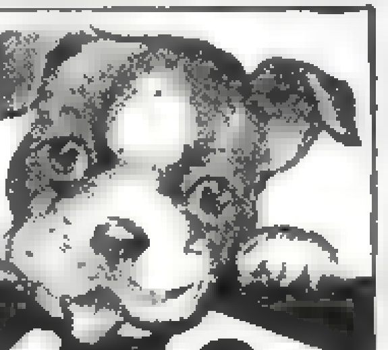
*EVERYTHING . . . the Wales McGregor has five different compartments to carry everything . . . bills . . . change . . . cards . . . snapshots . . . identification . . . sleek and slim . . . a new innovation in billfolds for both men and women.

In a variety of leathers, to retail from $5.00 up.

At your favorite store; or write:

COLUMBIA WALES CRAFT CO.
24 West 32nd Street, N.Y.C.

KILLS FLEAS, LICE AND TICKS



PULVEX FLEA POWDER 25¢ AND 50c

Talking Shop with Esquire

THE GEM OF HARMONY. Comes June, and a staggering number of you fellows will be headed toward the Altar. Which brings us to the subject of THE DIAMOND . . . the favored gem for an engagement ring. There are diamonds and diamonds. *Size* is the first and most obvious distinction. Diamonds are measured by weight, with the carat as unit of measure. Carats are subdivided further into 100 points, so that if a diamond weighs four fifths of a carat, the jeweler may speak of it as an 80-point stone. Next to size, comes *color*. A fine gem diamond is white with a faint undertone of blue. Impurities in the crystallized carbon affect the color . . . and the price. *Cut* is also important. Usual cut for solitaires is round with 58 little facets to catch the light. This type is called "brilliant". Another cut is square or oblong in outline, called the "emerald" cut; then there are "square" cut and marquise or pear shaped diamonds.

CERTIFIED DIAMONDS. If you're stationed in a strange town where you don't know the best local jeweler, or if you're overseas and want to invest in an engagement or wedding ring, you can order from a well established firm which has authorized jewelers in practically every city and town in the U. S. . . . even in the Canal Zone, Hawaii and Alaska! Every one of their diamonds is registered, and with your purchase, you receive a certificate of registration and guarantee as your assurance of quality and *value*.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

a finer phonograph needle

walco Tru-Trac FLOATING JEWEL

Enjoy the beauty of a "live" performance right in your home. Turn the volume up to release all the full, glorious tone you want to hear. No needle noise or scraping at the record. Walco's unique design eliminates shank vibration. 10,000 plays; less wear on your records. Ask your dealer for the Walco Tru-Trac Stylus.

$2.50

ELECTROVOX CO., INC.
MAPLEWOOD, N. J.

acclaimed by music lovers everywhere

FREE! PIPE MAGAZINE

Just write for your FREE Annual subscription to SMOKE SIGNALS, a periodic Handbook for Every Smoker. No Obligation! Hundreds of Pictures of Pipes, Tobaccos and Gadgets. Helpful articles on Smoking Enjoyment. Exclusive with

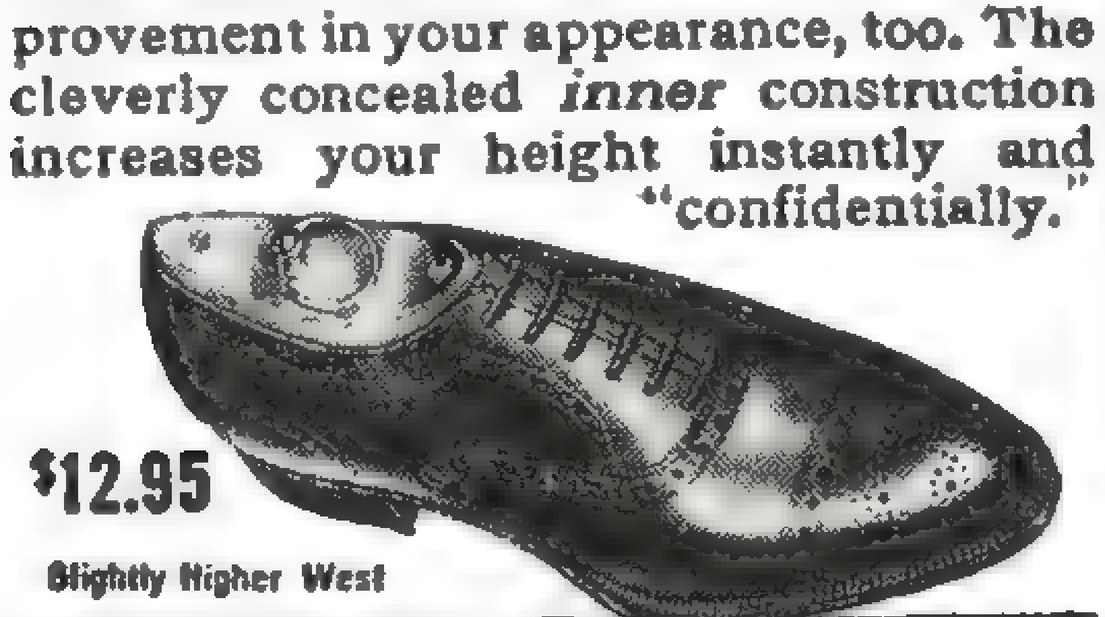
FREE TO ALL PIPE SMOKERS

GEORGE YALE Dept. E 1083 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. C. 18

Be Commandingly
TALLER

THIS FREE BOOKLET SHOWS HOW "ELEVATORS" MAY CHANGE YOUR WHOLE OUTLOOK ON LIFE BY MAKING YOU TALLER

You'll see an amazing difference in your height the instant you put on "Elevators" shoes . . . an amazing improvement in your appearance, too. The cleverly concealed *inner* construction increases your height instantly and "confidentially."



$12.95
Slightly Higher West

STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. E6-44
Brockton, Mass.
I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS"
NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ______

STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc.
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

For Father

A NATIONALLY ADVERTISED

Cutter Cravat

baritone SERIES

$1.50

Cutter Crossette Company
Men's Fine Neckwear Since 1874
529 S. FRANKLIN ST. CHICAGO

WEDGEWOOD

5¢ STILL BUYS A GOOD CIGAR

Civilian supplies are necessarily restricted. But if your dealer happens to have them, you may find the answer to your smoking problem . . . WEDGEWOOD PANETELAS

PENNSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA. 34, PA.

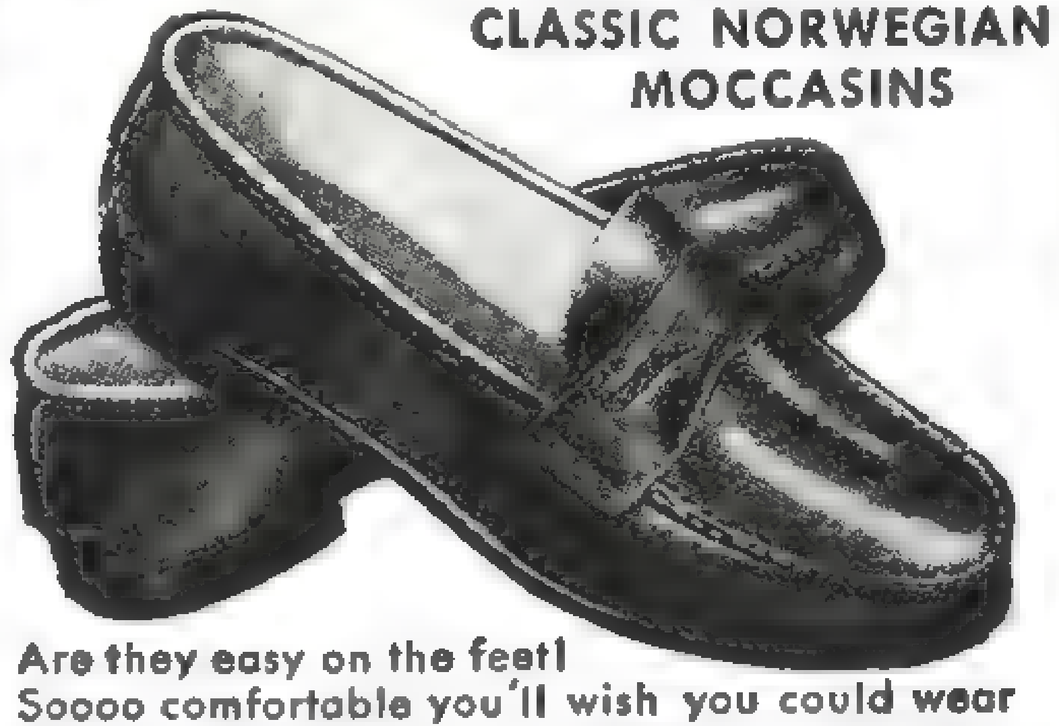
WEDGEWOOD

OVERSEAS SERVICE

After victory, the HULL COMPASS will return from overseas-service, too—ready for civilian driving—an improved and battle-tested guide for your car.

HULL MFG. CO.
P. O. Box 246 - G6,
Warren, Ohio

Pretty Soft! THESE "FEL-MOCS" CLASSIC NORWEGIAN MOCCASINS



Are they easy on the feet! Soooo comfortable you'll wish you could wear them 16 hours every day, indoors and out. Fine-quality mellow brown leather, hand-stained. Solid leather heels and waterproof, long-wearing composition soles. No trick to fit, just send your exact shoe size, include ration stamp and 25c to cover shipping. For women too. Ideal for anyone in the Armed Forces. $5.75

Fellman Ltd. 6 E. 46 St. N. Y. 17

To dad or brother, hubby or lover . . . your gift of a fine pipe will mark you as a "solid sender." The Biltmore Blue Ribbon is a sweet-smoker, light in the teeth, cool on the draw . . . a lifetime of pleasure. Many models . . . choice century-old American briar . . . rich-grained, with a craftsman finish. Biltmore Pipe Co., 220 Fifth Ave., New York.

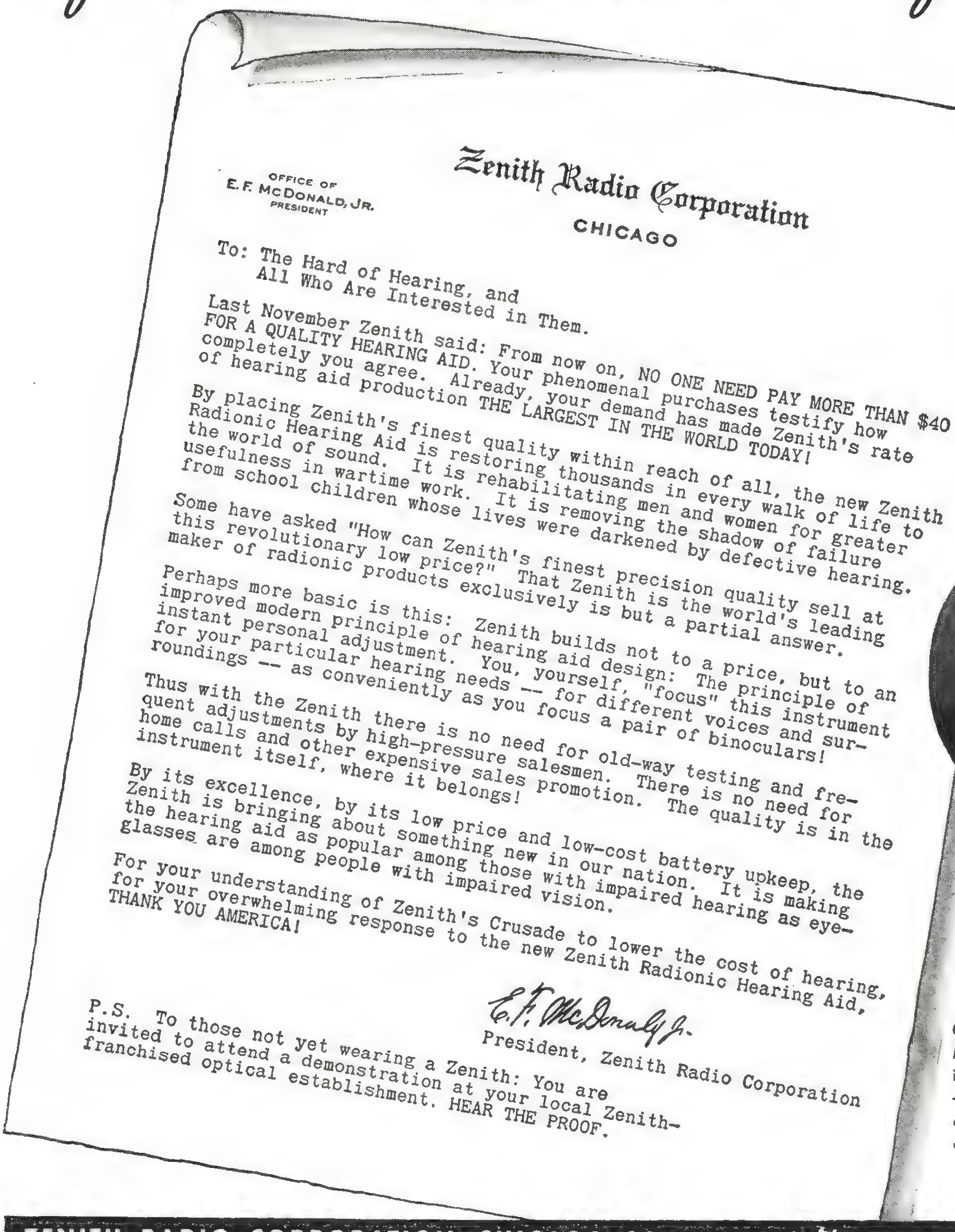
The "BULLDOG" $3.50

Also ask to see Biltmore imported Algerian Briars, at $5 $7.50 $10

Biltmore "BLUE RIBBON" PIPES

Thank You, America, *for your* Tremendous Endorsement

of Zenith's Crusade to Lower the Cost of Hearing!



OFFICE OF
E. F. McDONALD, JR.
PRESIDENT

Zenith Radio Corporation
CHICAGO

To: The Hard of Hearing, and
All Who Are Interested in Them.

Last November Zenith said: From now on, NO ONE NEED PAY MORE THAN $40 FOR A QUALITY HEARING AID. Your phenomenal purchases testify how completely you agree. Already, your demand has made Zenith's rate of hearing aid production THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD TODAY!

By placing Zenith's finest quality within reach of all, the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is restoring thousands in every walk of life to the world of sound. It is rehabilitating men and women for greater usefulness in wartime work. It is removing the shadow of failure from school children whose lives were darkened by defective hearing.

Some have asked "How can Zenith's finest precision quality sell at this revolutionary low price?" That Zenith is the world's leading maker of radionic products exclusively is but a partial answer.

Perhaps more basic is this: Zenith builds not to a price, but to an improved modern principle of hearing aid design: The principle of instant personal adjustment. You, yourself, "focus" this instrument for your particular hearing needs -- for different voices and surroundings -- as conveniently as you focus a pair of binoculars!

Thus with the Zenith there is no need for old-way testing and frequent adjustments by high-pressure salesmen. There is no need for home calls and other expensive sales promotion. The quality is in the instrument itself, where it belongs!

By its excellence, by its low price and low-cost battery upkeep, the Zenith is bringing about something new in our nation. It is making the hearing aid as popular among those with impaired hearing as eyeglasses are among people with impaired vision.

For your understanding of Zenith's Crusade to lower the cost of hearing, for your overwhelming response to the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid, THANK YOU AMERICA!

E. F. McDonald Jr.
President, Zenith Radio Corporation

P.S. To those not yet wearing a Zenith: You are invited to attend a demonstration at your local Zenith-franchised optical establishment. HEAR THE PROOF.

American Medical Assn. Accepted

THE NEW ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID

$40 Ready to Wear

Complete with Radionic Tubes, Crystal Microphone, Magnetic Earphone, Batteries and Battery-Saver Circuit. One model —no "decoys"... One price—$40... One quality—Zenith's best. Covered by a liberal guarantee.

Accepted by American Medical Association Council on Physical Therapy

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

COPYRIGHT 1944, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO

RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

All Production Now for War or Rehabilitation

Mail Coupon for Free Descriptive Booklet

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Dept. E-5
P. O. Box 6940A, Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me—in plain envelope—your Free descriptive booklet on the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid.

*Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

*City*______________ *State*________

☐ Physicians check here for special literature.

ENLARGE YOUR
"CRUISING AREA"
WITH ANOTHER LANGUAGE

The world has become smaller because we get around faster. National boundaries are not marked in the sky. You can breakfast in Baltimore, have dinner in Lisbon, and the next morning boss a construction job in Persia, or take charge of an office in Lima.

Another language cuts the tether which ties you down to one place. It increases your cruising range to the further ends of the globe. You can go wherever opportunity calls.

You will be amazed in how short a time you can

Speak SPANISH PORTUGUESE FRENCH RUSSIAN PERSIAN ARABIC

or any of 23 other languages by the

LINGUAPHONE *Ear-Eye* METHOD
The World's Most Approved Language Course

It's all talk; natural, every-day conversation. *In your own home you can* HEAR the voices of natives SPEAK . . . You learn by LISTENING, you repeat what you hear, and before you are actually aware you are asking questions and answering them as easily and naturally as though you were on the streets of Rio de Janeiro or Damascus.

The Linguaphone streamlined method saves you time, work and money. It gives you a quick, dividend-paying asset. It increases the scope of your opportunities.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK This illustrated book will give you a new angle on the question of speaking foreign languages.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA Bldg., Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE,
8 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.
Send me the FREE Linguaphone Book.
Name ....
Address............ City............
Language interested ....

Talking Shop with Esquire

KEEP IT CLEAN. Statistics show that the U. S. of A. is the cleanest nation in the world, averaging, in fact, 25 lbs. of soap per capita. Japs are the dirtiest (we're telling YOU!). The "Wah," coupled with persistent rumors of soap shortages, plus the increasing amount of intriguing advertising done by the soap companies, has made us all soap conscious.

SOAP SAGA. Up until the Civil War, soap was made in the home . . . with Mom bending over a hot stove "berling" and stirring. In the 20th century, however, soap developed into a specialized industry . . . and of late has become highly styled, appearing in all manner of fancy scents and intriguing shapes. There are two kinds of soap, hard milled and whipped, like the white floating soaps (the whipping process incorporates air into the soap). The hard milled species is worked over and over between polished granite and steel rollers until imperfections are smoothed out. The making of a good soap is a highly technical process . . . some companies require a week to make a kettle of fine toilet soap what with the proper refining of fats and neutralizers.

SAFE AND SMOOTH. People want soap to be quick-lathering and non-irritating. The lather must be smooth and creamy, really covering the surface with soap rather than air bubbles, so surface tension is released and dirt floated away. Soap should also be mild, leaving the skin soft and supple to the touch . . . beware of caustic soaps that leave a dry, puckered feeling.

CIVILIANS, PLEASE NOTE: When in doubt as to what to send the armed forces, send soap . . . and more soap. Next month, we'll go into definite types of soap.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

FATHER'S DAY IS JUNE 18th

He would like a gift from Jensen's where quality and good taste are essential standards.

Chronograph watch in 18K gold, 17-jewel movement. $222.

Tie bar and cufflinks in heavyweight sterling, completely handmade. Bar, $9; cufflinks, $15.

Selection of alligator wallets, $29 to $68.

PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 Fifth Ave. • NewYork 22

FOR FATHER'S DAY
Give his Trousers the proper Lift

BRACES
Made of imported silk ribbon — variety of striking patterns. Genuine calfskin trimmed, double strip elastic in back, gold plated buckle and loops.
$2.00

TWO HANDSOME GIFTS . . .
He will be proud to wear
by ROYAL London
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BELT
Made of genuine shell cordovan (horsehide), aristocrat of all leathers. In 3 colors — London Tan, Mahogany, Black. Gold plated buckle.
$2.50

On sale at leading Men's Wear and Department Stores.

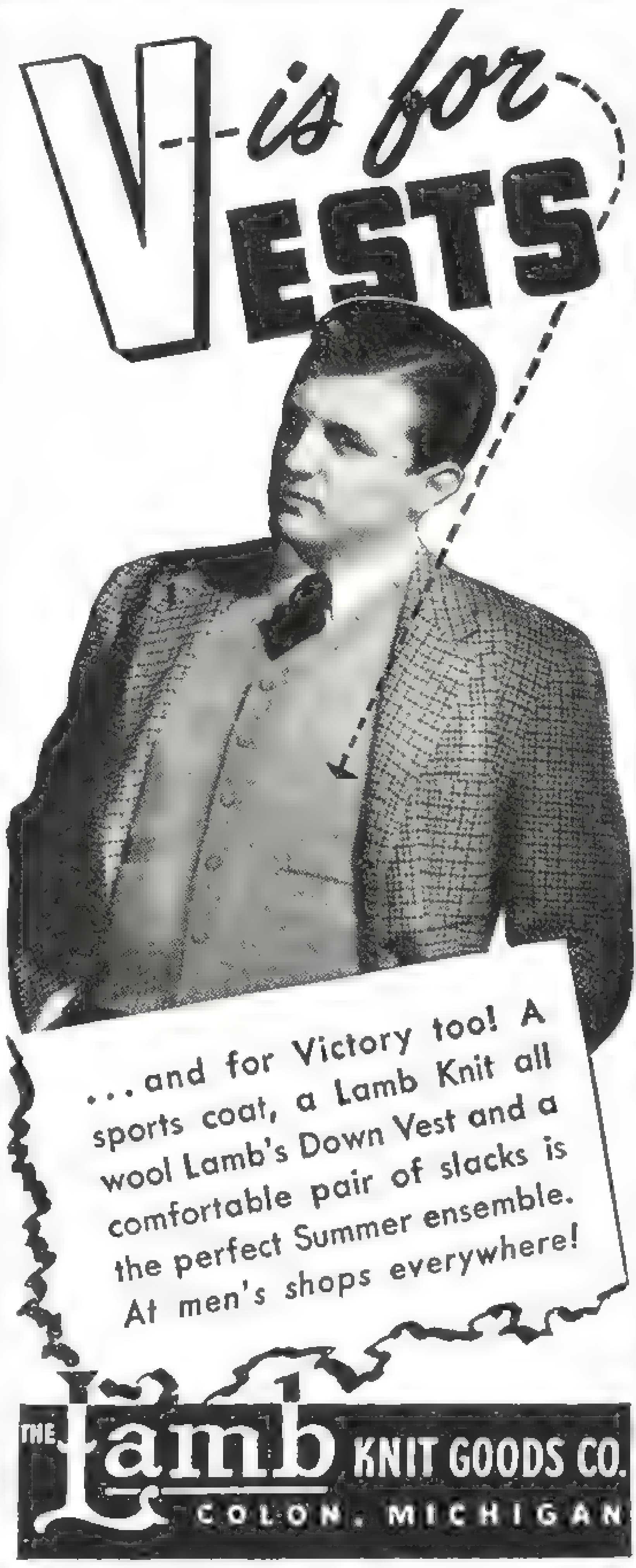
GLOBE NOVELTY HOUSE
1150 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.

FOR DAD and the loved ones in uniform a practical, long lasting, sweet-smoking gift like the Forecaster Superb will just hit the spot. Choice Century-old American briar. $1.50

FORECASTER SUPERB

Sir Sheldon, in natural grain, $2.50

NATIONAL BRIAR PIPE CO.
Jersey City, N. J.



V-is for VESTS

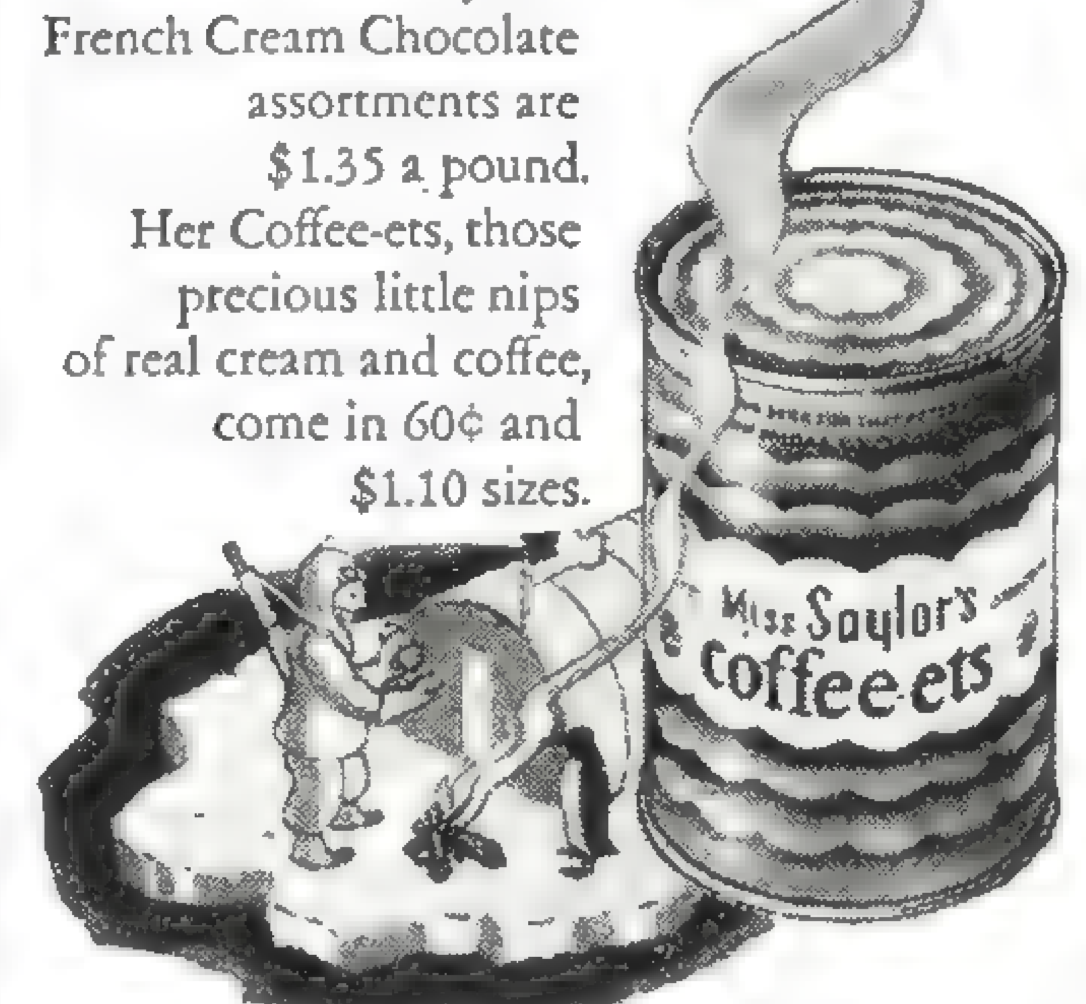
. . . and for Victory too! A sports coat, a Lamb Knit all wool Lamb's Down Vest and a comfortable pair of slacks is the perfect Summer ensemble. At men's shops everywhere!

THE Lamb KNIT GOODS CO.
COLON, MICHIGAN

SIDE BY SIDE ON ALL FRONTS...

MISS SAYLOR'S CANDIES... OUR FIGHTING MEN

Miss Saylor's
homey tasting
French Cream Chocolates
and tempting Coffee-ets
are bringing the treat
of familiar things to
service men and women
on many fronts,
some thousands of miles
from home.
We know you want it
that way. So your
dealers shelves may be
temporarily bare,but its
only for the moment.
When available
Miss Saylor's
French Cream Chocolate
assortments are
$1.35 a pound.
Her Coffee-ets, those
precious little nips
of real cream and coffee,
come in 60¢ and
$1.10 sizes.



MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
ENCINAL AVENUE • ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

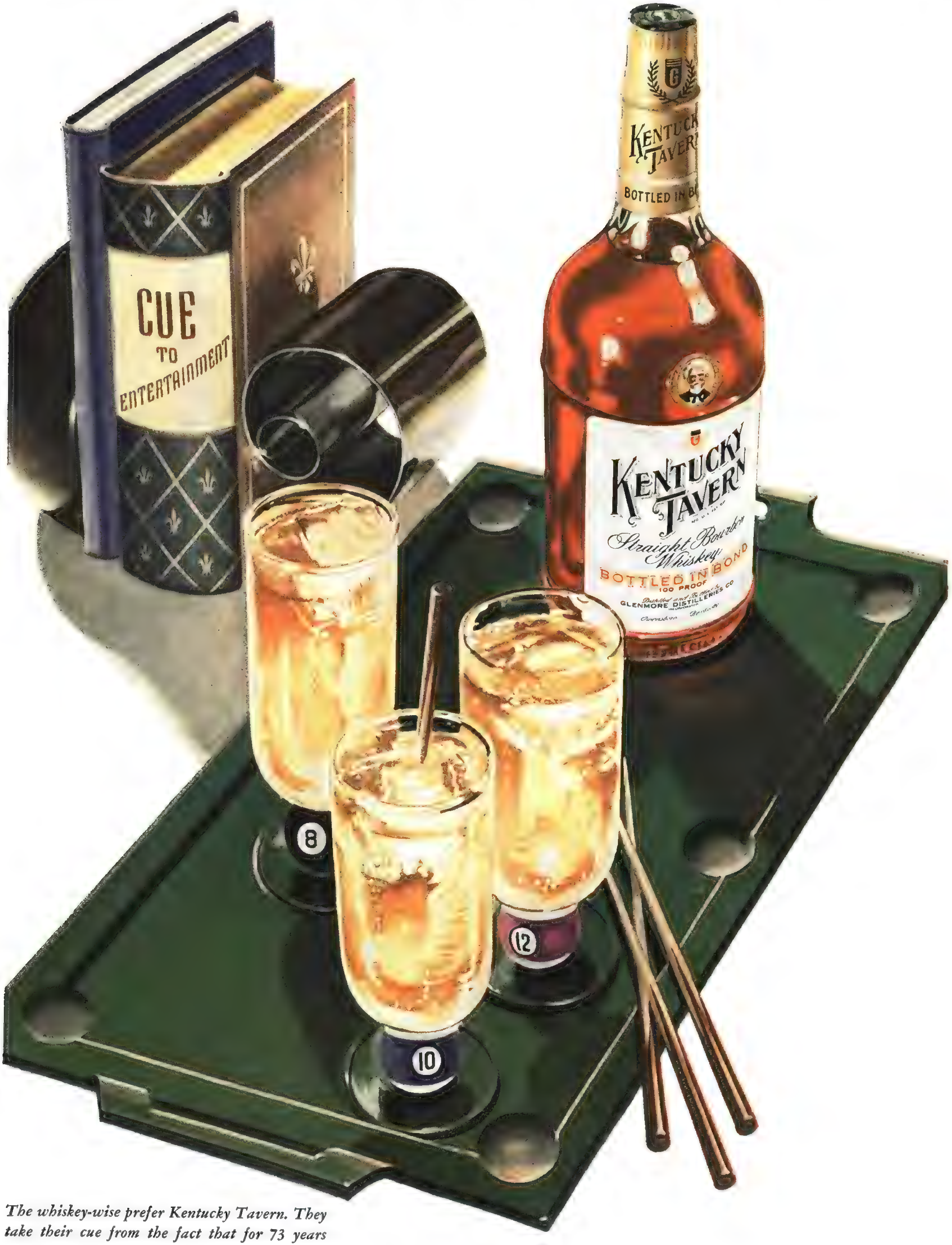
DRESSING OF RARE FLAVOR

a man's delight

Excellent on Hot Dogs, Hamburgers, Chicken, Cold Meats, Fish — Supreme in Salads, Sandwiches

Shedd's
Old Style Sauce
FISH AND MEAT DRESSING
SHEDD-BARTUSH FOODS, INC., DETROIT

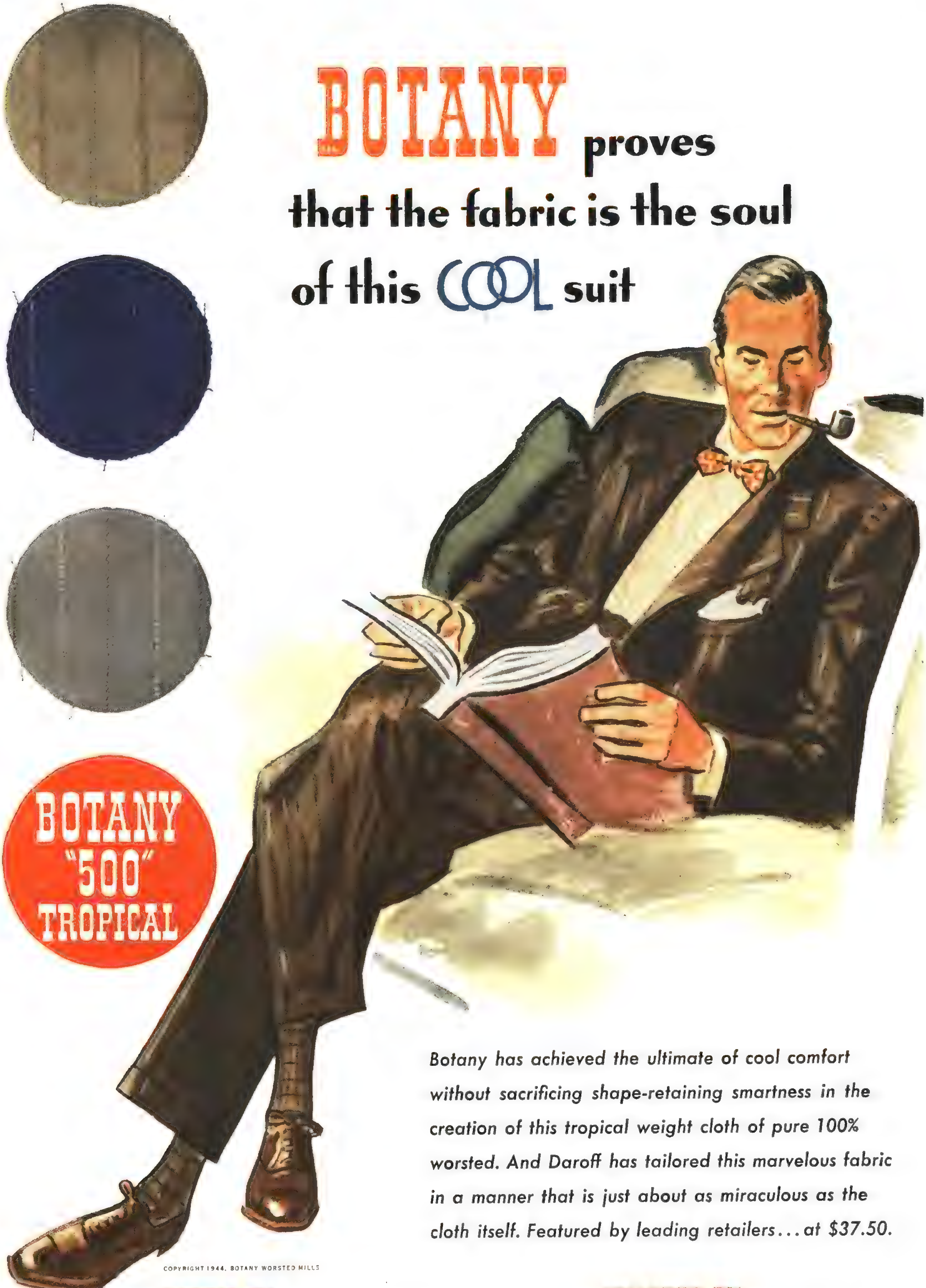
THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS


CUE
TO
ENTERTAINMENT
KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO
8
12
10

The whiskey-wise prefer Kentucky Tavern. They take their cue from the fact that for 73 years only the direct descendants of the original maker have ever controlled its quality . . .

Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc., Louisville, Kentucky

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*



BOTANY proves that the fabric is the soul of this COOL suit

BOTANY
"500"
TROPICAL

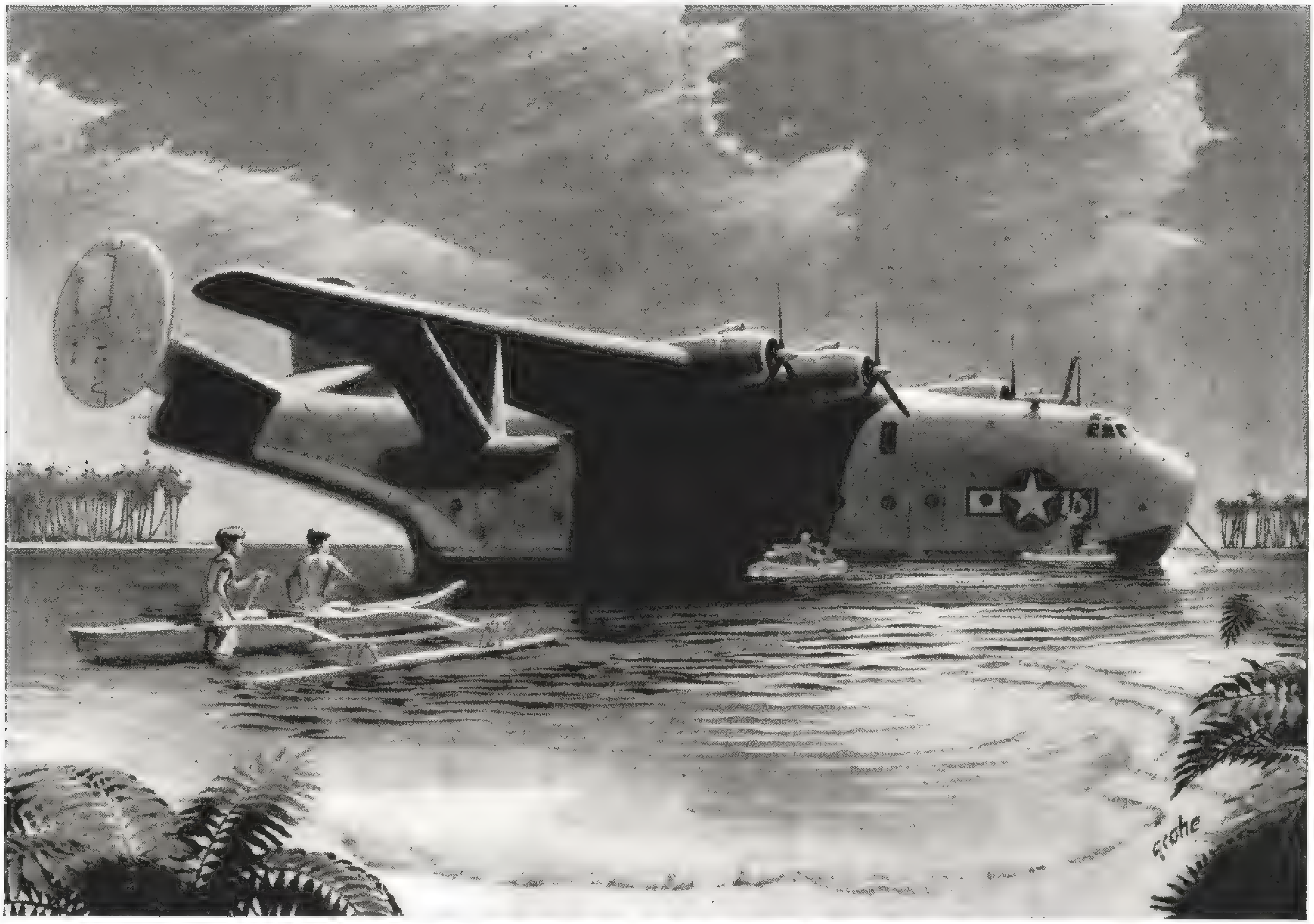
Botany has achieved the ultimate of cool comfort without sacrificing shape-retaining smartness in the creation of this tropical weight cloth of pure 100% worsted. And Daroff has tailored this marvelous fabric in a manner that is just about as miraculous as the cloth itself. Featured by leading retailers... at $37.50.

COPYRIGHT 1944, BOTANY WORSTED MILLS

FABRIC BY
BOTANY WORSTED MILLS · PASSAIC · N · J

TAILORED BY
DAROFF · PHILADELPHIA

FACTS FOR FUTURE-MINDED AMERICANS



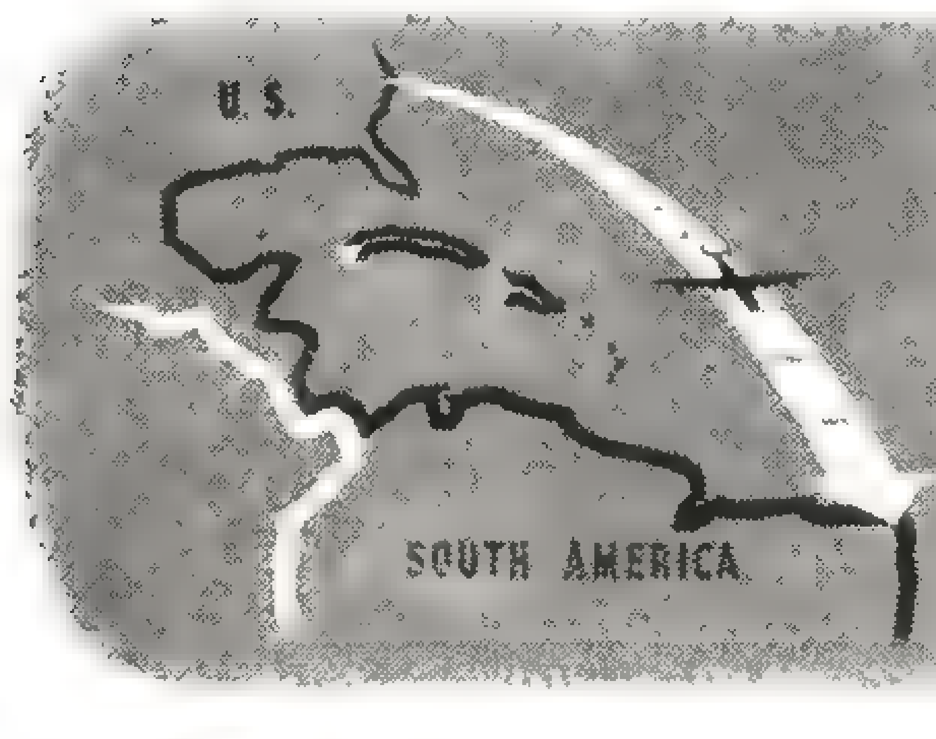
ABOUT THE MIGHTY MARTIN MARS

At some far-flung naval base, special equipment is needed . . . quickly. Big events are in the making; and the war can't wait while plodding freighters cross sub-infested seas. This is a job for the 72-ton Martin Mars, world's largest flying boat. Our Navy's answer to the cry of "more supplies . . . *faster*," the Martin Mars can carry 20 tons of cargo to the *farthest spot on earth* in 5 days or less. Now in regular service with the Navy, the Mars is the most efficient airplane yet built . . . per pound of material used, per horsepower and per gallon of fuel. Twenty more of these giant ships, each 82 tons, are now being built for the U. S. Navy.

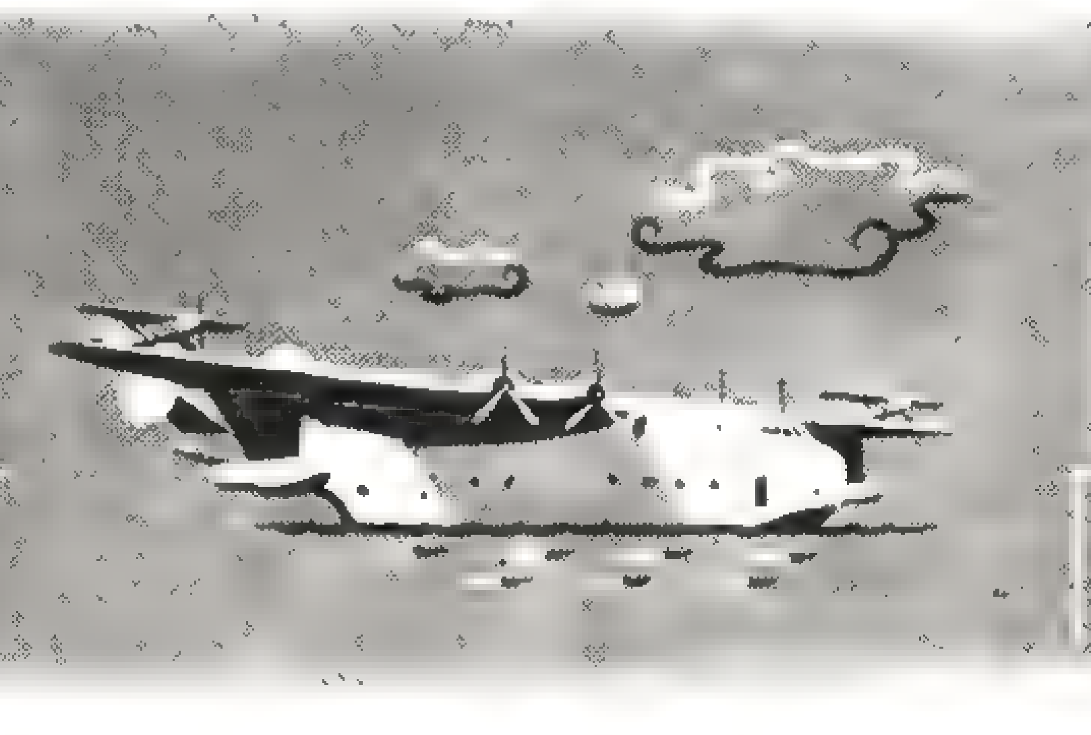
Into the Mars went hard-won Martin knowledge gleaned from construction of the original trans-Pacific Clippers . . . the giant Russian Clipper . . . and the Navy's long-range patrol bombers. From the Mars have come further important findings which will lend added speed, safety and comfort to tomorrow's greater Martin airliners. The Martin Mars is doing more than help win a war . . . she's blazing the trail to a new and brighter tomorrow!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE-3, MARYLAND
GLENN L. MARTIN-NEBRASKA COMPANY—OMAHA

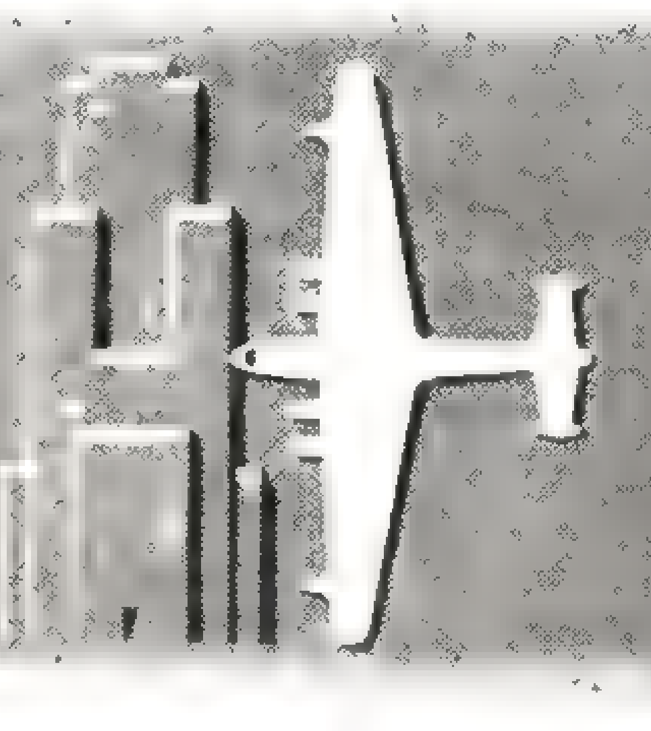
Martin
AIRCRAFT
Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909



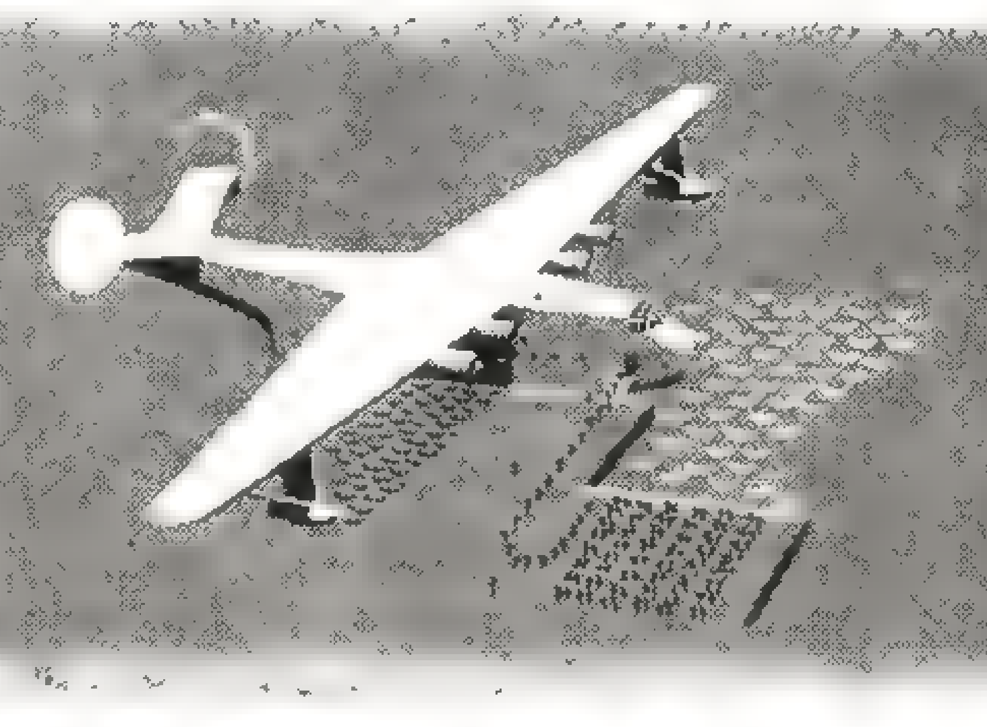
4375 Miles, Non-Stop from Maryland to Natal, Brazil, were flown by the Mars. She carried 16 persons, 13,000 lbs. of mail, broke many records. When fully fueled, the Mars carries more than a tank-car of fuel for her four 2200 h.p. engines.



From an Actual Photo of the Martin Mars showing a standard sport plane on each wing, this gives some idea of her great size. Mars' wings are so thick that members of the crew can enter them to service or repair engines while in flight.

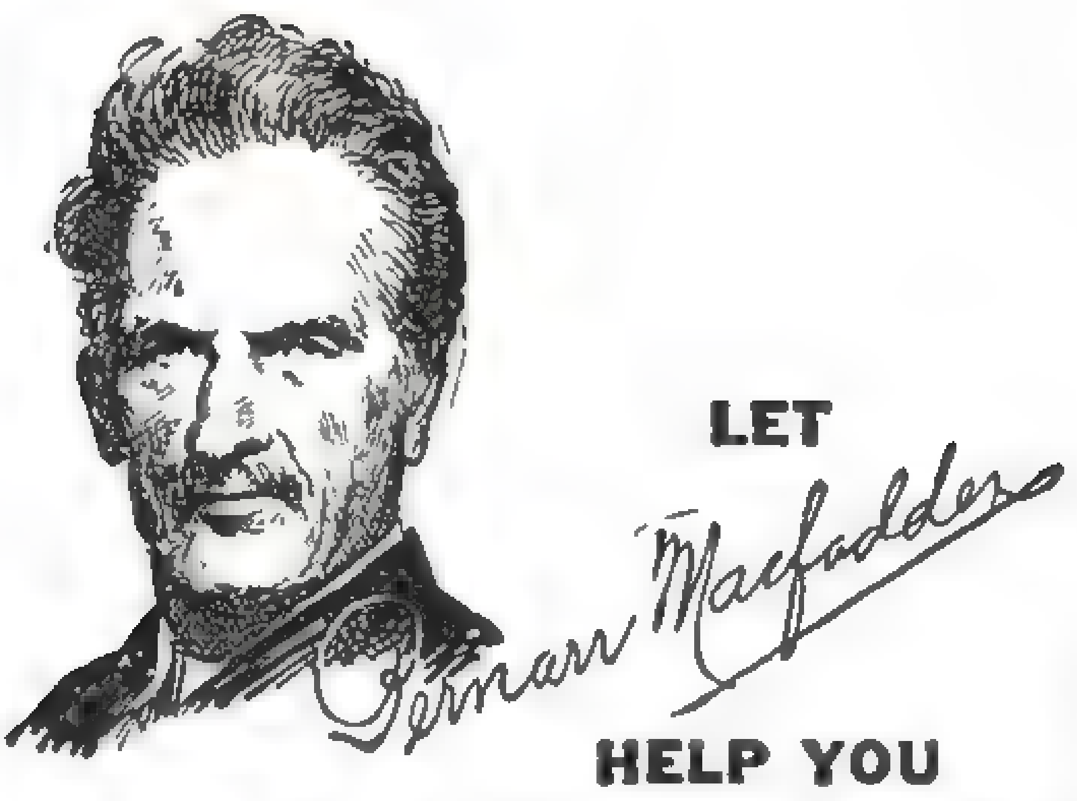


If Stood on One Wing, the other wingtip would tower 200 feet into the air . . . higher than a 20-story building. Three million rivets were used in the Mars. She contains $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles of wiring, 1.9 miles of piping, uses 24 interplane telephones.



150 Soldiers, Fully Equipped, could be easily transported by the Martin Mars. Her content of 16,665 cubic feet is equivalent to the content of a 14 to 16 room mansion. When fully loaded, before flight, she draws 5 feet of water.

Already Designed, 150 to 250 ton Martin airliners will someday succeed even the Mars as America's greatest transports. Martin engineers declare there is no practical aerodynamic limit to the size of over-ocean aircraft. In war or in peace, follow the Martin Star!



LET
HELP YOU

SAVE YOUR HAIR!

No Magic Tonics—No Cure-All
Just Plain Common Sense

Is your hair beginning to thin, fall out, turn grey? Don't resign yourself to being bald, unattractive, old looking, until you have read Bernarr Macfadden's "Hair Culture". Recommending no cure-alls, no magic salves, but merely applying principles of healthy living, this 210 page book is chock full of down-to-earth common sense based upon an intimate knowledge of the natural bodily functions.

Forty years ago, Bernarr Macfadden started to become bald but today his wavy handsome head of hair is the envy of men and women, half his age. Learn from his experience. Get his book on hair culture today. This may be just the advice you have been waiting for. *Clip the coupon now!*

SEND NO MONEY

Merely pay the postman $2.00, plus $.15 for postage and handling charges. Or, if you send your check or money order for $2.00 with the coupon, we will pay postage and handling charges for you.

SOLD WITH A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Macfadden Foundation, Dept. 425
535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.
Please send me "Hair Culture". [ ] I will pay the postman $2.00 plus $.15 postage and handling charges.
[ ] I enclose $2.00 (check or money order).
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________

ELIMINATE SUN BLUR

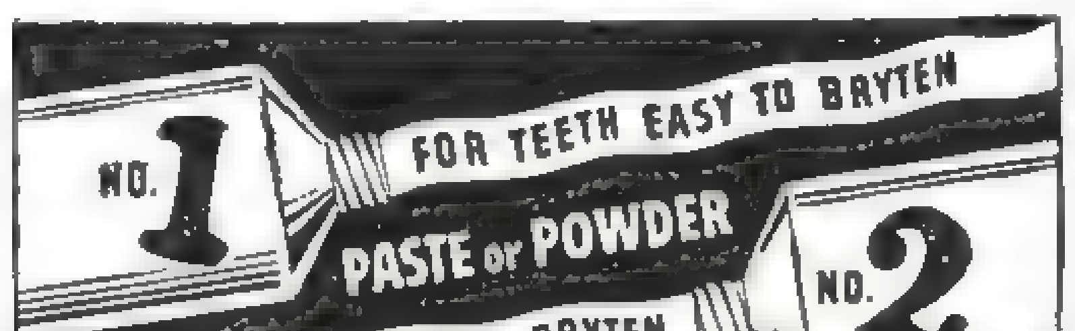
*OCULENS . . .
Scientifically processed, ground and polished, sunglasses filter out sunglare without squinting, blurring or masking your vision—unlike ordinary sunglasses! You'll see the difference with smartly styled OCULENS. For sports or street wear. Get a pair today!

Oculens * TRADE-MARK COMPTONE COMPANY NEW YORK
CLEAN VISION SUNGLASSES

IODENT
SAFELY REMOVES
Smoke Smudge

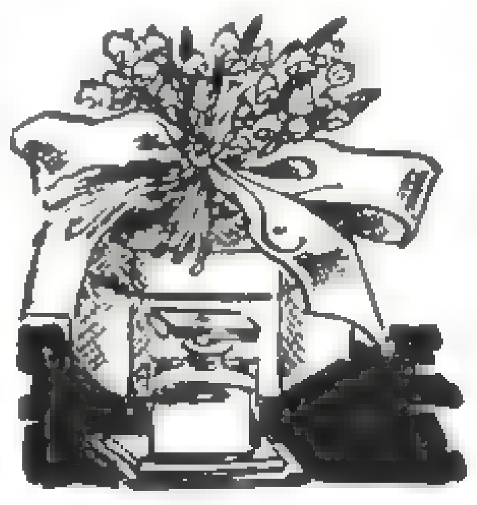
Choice of two textures—safety guaranteed—Made by a Dentist, Bears Good Housekeeping Seal. Gently cleans away even tobacco smudges. Restores natural enamel lustre. Delightful, refreshing flavor. Use Iodent and you'll smile with confidence.

which **IODENT** *do you choose?*

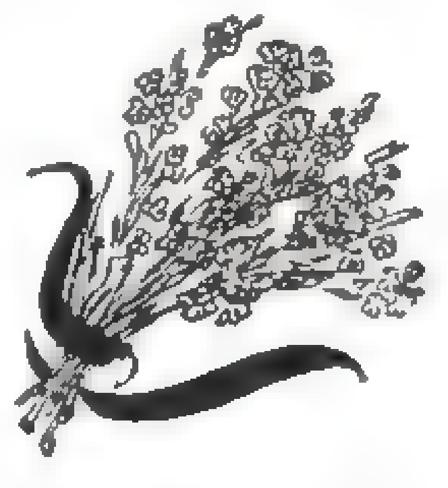

NO. 1
FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
PASTE or POWDER
FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN
NO. 2

Talking Shop with Esquire

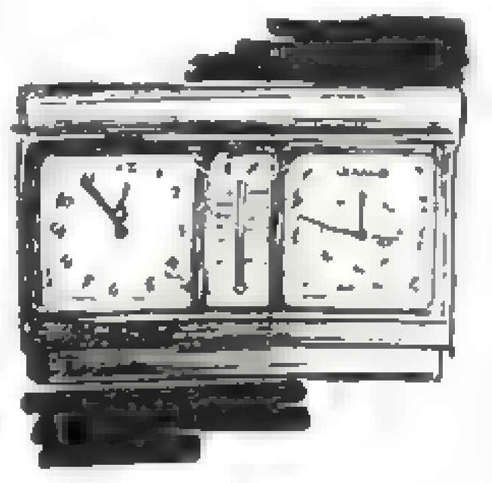
LILIES FOR THE BRIDE. Trust a cosmetic manufacturer to come up with the "spectacular" for little matrons-to-be. We refer to a series of luxurious toiletries in a never-to-be-forgotten lily of the valley fragrance (the bride's own flower, remember?). There's perfume, toilet water, powder, bath oil, handsome white satin sachets . . . and each item is lavishly decorated with sprays of amazingly lifelike lilies, tied on with white satin bows. (Idea being that she can wear the lilies as a corsage or for a hair decoration). Worthy of your attention, gentlemen.



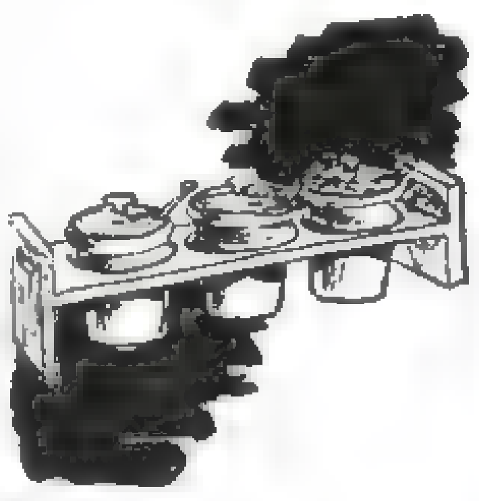
ANNIVERSARY GIFT. Might as well let sentiment run full tilt on this . . . and send her a charming package of "Forget-me-not" cosmetics. The package is decorated in blue forget-me-nots on a pale pink ground . . . and contains cologne in novelty bottles, dusting powder, hand lotion, perfume and soap. There's a bathset to match with bath bubbly stuff and dusting powder.



WEDDING GIFT. Travel clocks can be had, though scarce and a bit on the expensive side . . . but they're a cherished gift. There's a beaut in pigskin, combination of travel clock with alarm, plus thermometer and barometer all in one neat folding case. Another style in pigskin or blue ecrase, an 8-day travel clock combined with a perpetual calendar.



PRACTICAL AND PORTABLE. If the little bride is the type who entertains a lot, send her a portable thermo-server. A long wooden tray with handles for toting, contains 3 thermo-crocks with hand-turned wooden lids and serving ladles. Crocks keep special dishes piping hot or suitably chilled for some time when away from base of operation. Swell for terrace or garden use.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection

Use **KLIPETTE**
NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.

SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

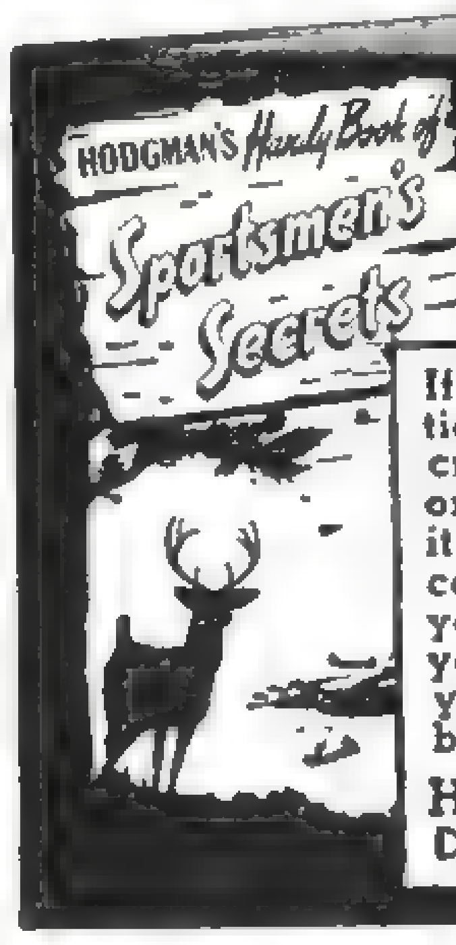
Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back **$1** Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J., Dept. 354
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.
Name__________
Address__________

5¢ LITTLE BLUE BOOKS EACH

Great Books—new books—famous books. Over 200,000,000 have been sold. List includes modern fiction, mystery, love, adventure, humor, science, psychology, poetry, history, drama, law, biography, philosophy, and other subjects at only 5c per book. Send postcard for **free catalogue** of thousands of bargains. Address:

HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO.
Catalogue Dept., Desk M-1034, Girard, Kansas


HODGMAN'S Handy Book of Sportsmen's Secrets

IT'S NEW
148 PAGES
AND ONLY 10¢

If you liked our 1943 edition of "Sportsmen's Secrets", you will like this one even better — because it contains additional success secrets for cramming your creel and garnishing your game bag. Send for your copy today, still only 10c, but twice as much material.

HODGMAN RUBBER CO.
Dept. 440, Framingham, Mass

2 IN 1 THERMO-CROCK ICE BUCKET...Food Server

Perfect for parties, picnics. *Full gallon* stoneware with Turned-Wood Lid and Handle in Wheat-Straw Tone. Beautiful, durable, practical. Retains heat and cold. *Really keeps the ice cubes*... Also fine for cold salads, hot dishes. Only $7.75 Prepaid. Free Folder sent.

HOME EQUIPMENT CO., Dept. S-18
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1

Est. 1865

FAT MEN'S SHOP, INC
"WE FIT ANY SIZE MAN!"
SHIRTS (Business, dress & formal) to size 21; UNDERWEAR—*all styles*—to 66; PAJAMAS, to 70; SWIM SUITS, Beach & Lounging Robes, SPORT SHIRTS, SLACK SETS, SWEATERS, Raincoats, CASUAL JACKETS and WINDBREAKERS to 66. XLONG ties, RAINCOATS to size 60. Mail orders filled. Request illustrated booklet E-7 FAT MEN'S SHOP, Inc. (Sig. Klein Est. 1865)
52 Third Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.

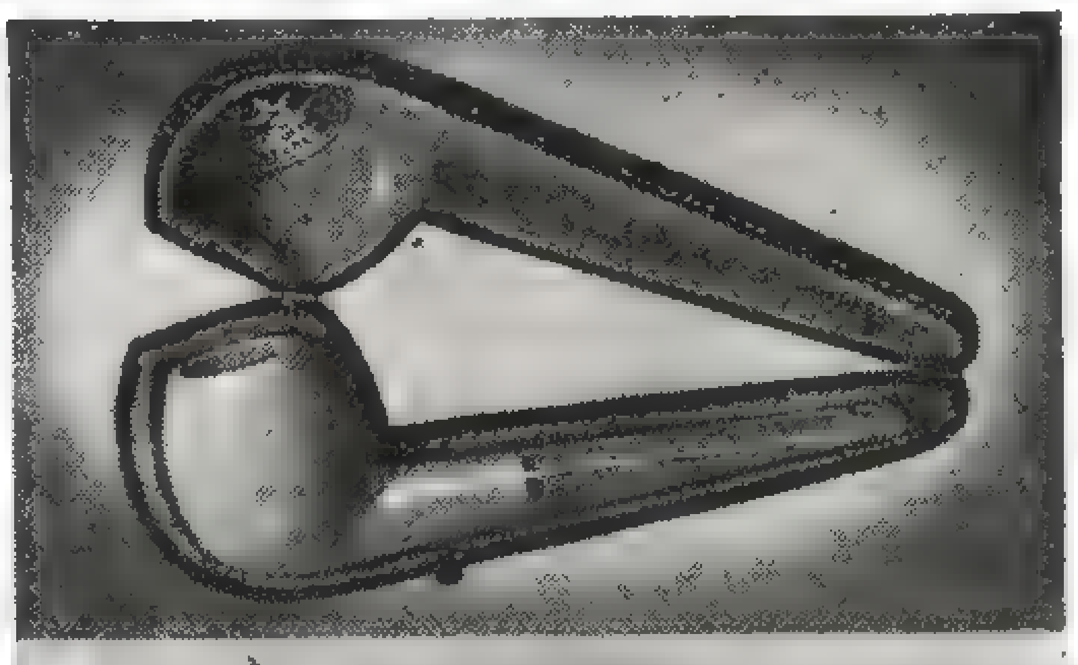
MEN'S **Casuals** OF CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA crashes through with another style nifty* . . . low-slung wedgies for outdoor loaf-time hours. Light, soft, buoyant. Fine brown elk.

State correct shoe size. Please enclose ration coupon. or ask our representative to call.

ORDER BY MAIL
657 ATLANTIC AVENUE
DEPT. E, BOSTON, MASS.

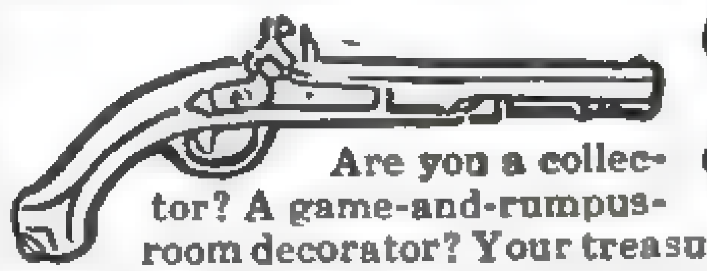
COLT SHOES *for Men*



IMPORTED
MEERSCHAUM

As fine a pipe as a man can want! Shaped from Imported Turkish Meerschaum material and fitted with golden Amberol stem. Colors beautifully. These pipes are a rarity. Each pipe comes in exquisite velvet-lined genuine leather covered case.
Money back guarantee.
Specially priced, Post Paid $8.90
SACHS PIPES, EST. 1887
5435 MYRTLE AVENUE, BROOKLYN 27, N. Y.

LIFETIME SMOKING PLEASURE



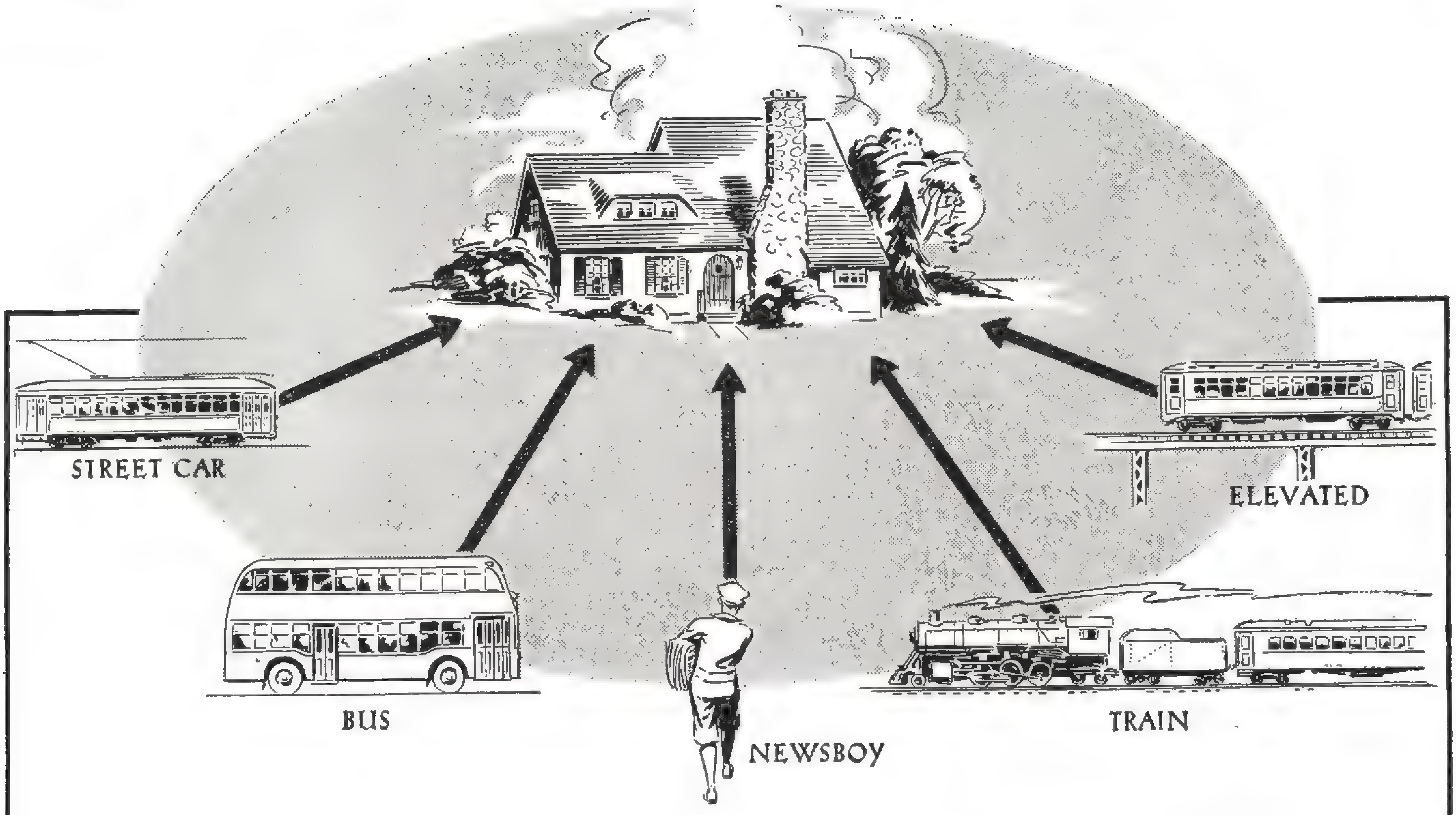
GUNS & SWORDS

Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 1400 authentic items. Typical values: New condition *U.S. Civil War Artillery Sabre* $10.00
Fine Civil War musket made by Colt Co. . $25.00
To get your 100-page Illustrated Catalog, send 25c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.**

THE *Aristocrat* OF *Shoe Polishes*

WHITTEMORE'S
BON-TON
Shoe Polish
STAIN
CAMBRIDGE MASS. U.S.A.

BY
WHITTEMORE



Taking Your Advertisement HOME To A MILLION READER-FRIENDS

BASIC

At night-fall they're coming from all directions . . . bus . . . "L" . . . suburban train . . . trolley . . . newsboy . . . coming from all directions, but all pointed to the single destination of HOME . . . And carrying Chicago's HOME newspaper to the family fireside.

So different from the morning hour when working folks are scurrying and scattering to the tasks which call them. When minutes count and there is such scanty time. When reading is hardly more than headline-grabbing.

Yes, there's a great deal of difference between the morning reader and the evening reader. And that difference makes The Chicago Daily News the BASIC advertising medium in the city of its publication. The advertiser in The Daily News touches the key audience of Chicago. A million reader-friends who enjoy The Daily News pages leisurely in the tranquil night-time hours of their homes. Average 3 readers per copy. Maximum response per invested dollar. BASIC economy for the advertiser. More readers—and more reading—for his money.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

FOR 68 YEARS CHICAGO'S *HOME* NEWSPAPER
ITS PLACE IN THE HOME IS ONE OF
RESPECT AND TRUST

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: *400 West Madison Street*, CHICAGO
DETROIT OFFICE: *7-218 General Motors Building*

NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza*
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

Makes the
BEST RUM COLLINS*
you ever tasted!
MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM
"Planters' Punch" Brand—97 Proof

*Easy to make: Fill tall glass with Ice. Add juice of Lemon—teaspoon Sugar—jigger of Myers's Jamaica Rum. Fill with carbonated Water. Decorate with Maraschino Cherry and thin slice of Lemon. Serve with straws. Remember, for the most delicious flavour,

The Rum Must be MYERS'S

*For free illustrated recipe book, write:
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc. Sole Dist. in U. S. A.
57 Laight Street, Dept. F-6, New York 13, N. Y.

Painting the Town with Esquire

IF you haven't got gas to get to the old mill stream, there's always the brook in the Garden of the Ritz-Carlton to picnic beside . . . At the "wishing tree" inside the doorway of Paris Qui Chante (62 West 48th) 'tis our custom to make the wish that this small *boite's* food, wines, and entertainment will be as swell next time, and that wish invariably comes true . . . If you feel chilled at the Hotel New Yorker's ice revue, the crêpes suzette artificer will build you a brandy-and-orange bonfire . . . Frosted Daiquiris, served in expansive champagne glasses, do an important pacifying job at Leone's (239 West 48th), where tables are outnumbered by applicants—Mother Leone's fare, its popularity 40 years abuilding, extending clear to Hollywood.

AT the rate the night clubs are gathering in taxes, they're practically substations of the U. S. Treasury. You pay as you play, and boniface has the fun of the bookkeeping, headached for fear he'll make a mistake . . . Nocturnal divertissemented Blue Angel (152 East 55th) of Herbert Jacoby, town's tallest host-M.C., has surged into its second year of sophisticated frequentage . . . Easy on the eyes but hard on the heart are those six Chinese comelies that prance in the revue at the Belmont Plaza's Glass Hat, with Peter Chan drolling his comedy. Mickey Alpert's orchestra and Nino's rumba band supply the rhythms, and famed Swiss chef Hermann Rusch schemes up the dishes that headwaiter Rodriguez takes bows on.

APPROACH of June is stepping up the knot-tying industry as we can testify from stacks of letters we get from service guys planning honeymoons in LaGuardiaville and asking for hotel and restaurant suggestions. Outstanding brunt bearer of this wedlock boom is unruffleable August Weisbrod, general manager of Sherry's, catering organization which has been handling smart weddings of all sizes and denominations ever since the great god Hymen set up in business. (Sherry's chawmingly appointed, lush-chowed restaurant at 300 Park Avenue, with candy emporium attached, is just a side line . . . Great big beautiful bet for honeymooners who want to flee the city and bask beside the sea is the New Ocean House at Swampscott, Mass., 1 doz. miles from Boston.

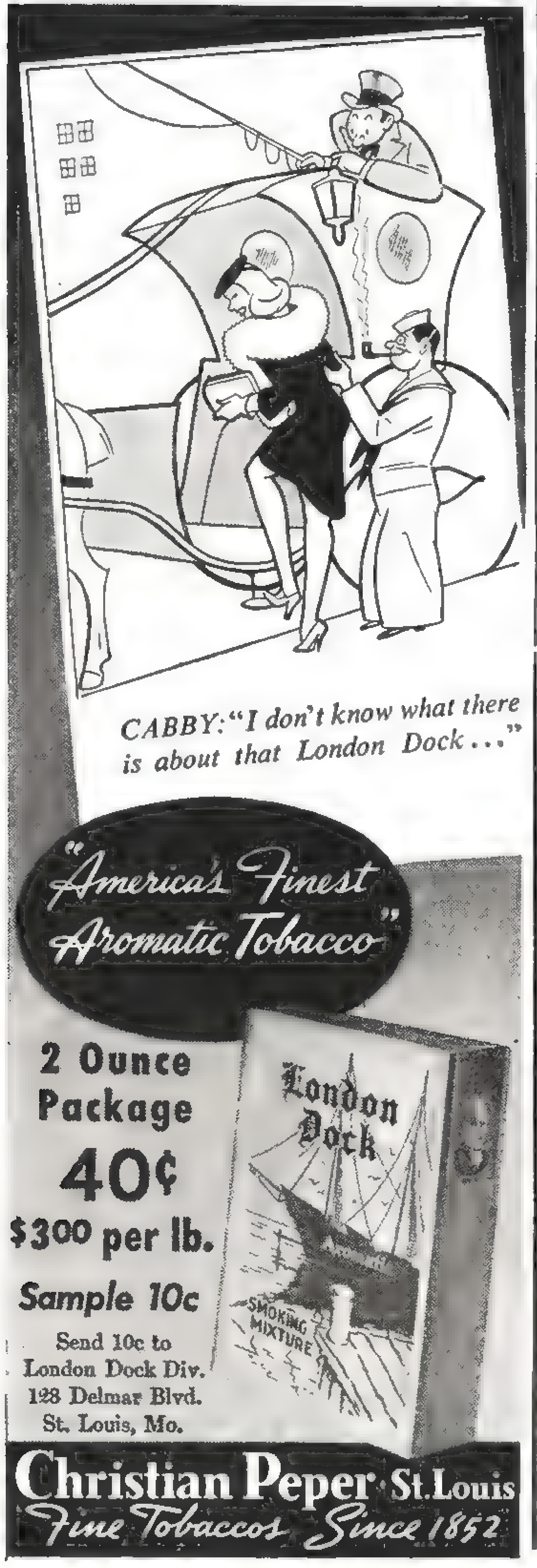
For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

UP WHERE
THE Green BEGINS

There's no more perfect setting for a hotel in all New York . . . with 840 acres of Central Park outside your window and Fifth Avenue at your doorstep. Escape noise and confusion by stopping at the Plaza. Exceptionally attractive rooms . . . Exceptionally low rates. From $6 a day.

C. N. Hilton, President
Arthur Benaglia, Managing Director

The PLAZA NEW YORK
Facing Central Park
at Fifth Avenue and 59th Street


CABBY: "I don't know what there is about that London Dock . . ."

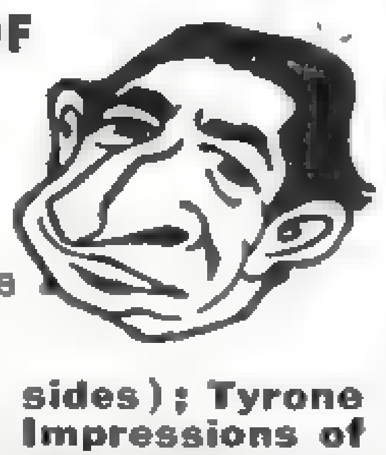
"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

2 Ounce Package
40¢
$3.00 per lb.
Sample 10c
Send 10c to
London Dock Div.
123 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.

Christian Peper St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

FOR TALL DRINKS
Enjoy
LAIRD'S
Since 1780
LAIRD & CO. SCOBEYVILLE, N. J.

WILLIE HOWARD
IN A RIOTOUS ALBUM OF
COMEDY & SONG



A brass monkey with the mumps would laugh at this collection of Willie's most hilarious songs...his most devilish dissertations. Here is sophisticated entertainment you'll never tire of!

French Taught In a Hurry (2 sides); Tyrone Shapiro, The Bronx Caballero; Impressions of MoscowArt Players; Imitations of Jolson, Cantor &Jessel; & the famous "Comes The Revolution."
Three 10 in. double-faced records in album, only $2.85 (add 45c for packing and postage in U. S. A.)

"PICK THE WINNER" GALA TURF DERBY & MOTORBOAT RACE
A magic grooved record complete with Mutual Board. Exciting and absorbing . . . different finishes every time. Ideal for party fun. $1.05. Add 25c for packing and postage in U. S. A.

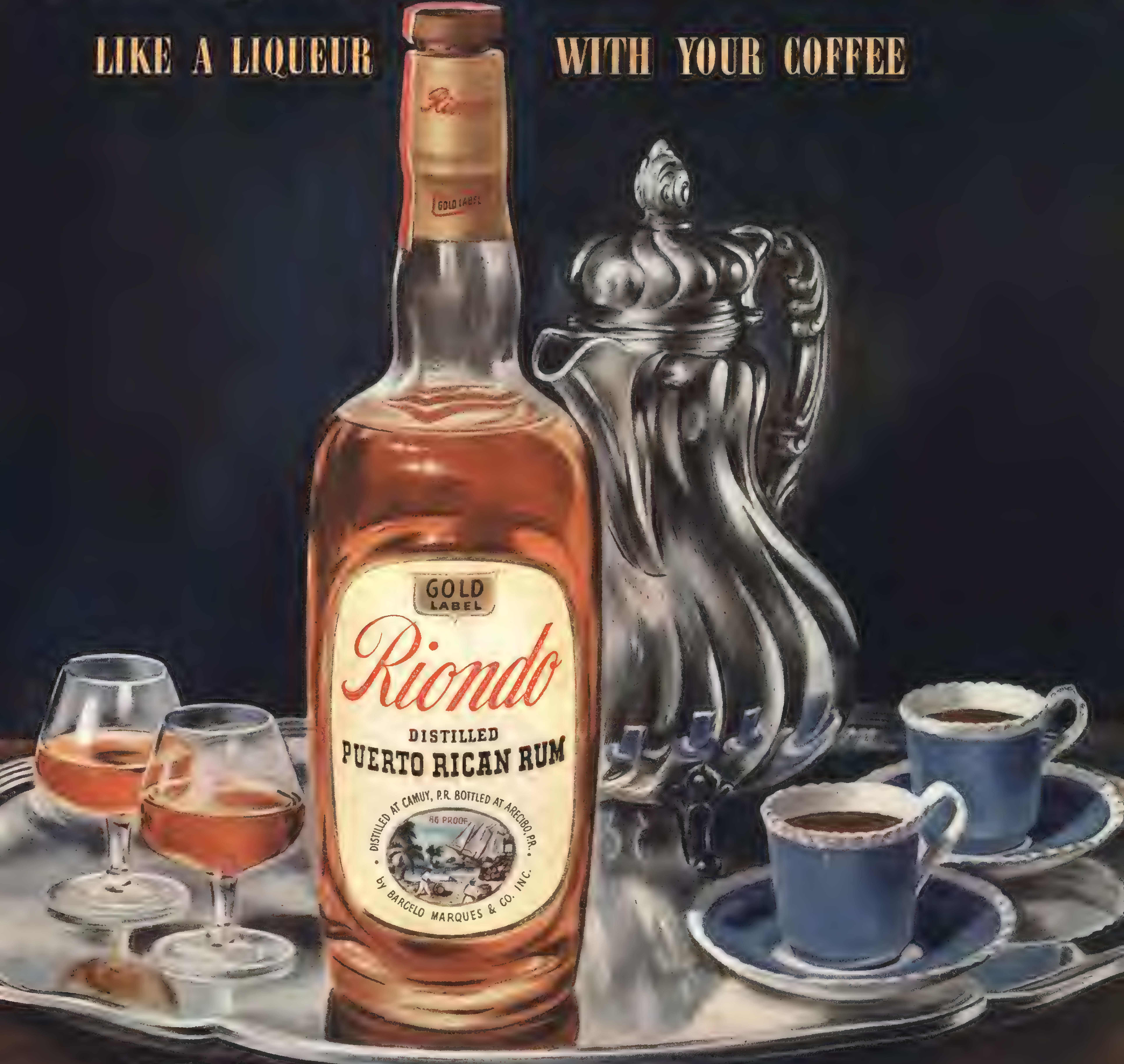
Write for FREE Illustrated RECORD LIST
RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET
DEPT. 37, NEW YORK

AIR CONDITIONED
NO COVER OPEN SUNDAYS
Jimmy Kelly's
The Montmartre of New York
REVUE 9-12-2:15 A. M.
181 SULLIVAN ST. AL.4-1414
DINNER $1.75

Enjoy
"THE BOUQUET OF OLD HOLLAND"
MADE IN U. S. A. FROM A FINE DUTCH FORMULA
Van Merritt
BEER
Sole U. S. Agents
Sellers Company, Ltd., Chicago, Ill.

A Rum so Fine YOU CAN SIP IT STRAIGHT

LIKE A LIQUEUR WITH YOUR COFFEE


GOLD LABEL
GOLD LABEL
Riondo
DISTILLED
PUERTO RICAN RUM
DISTILLED AT CAMUY, P.R. BOTTLED AT ARECIBO, P.R.
86 PROOF
by BARCELO MARQUES & CO. INC.

Riondo

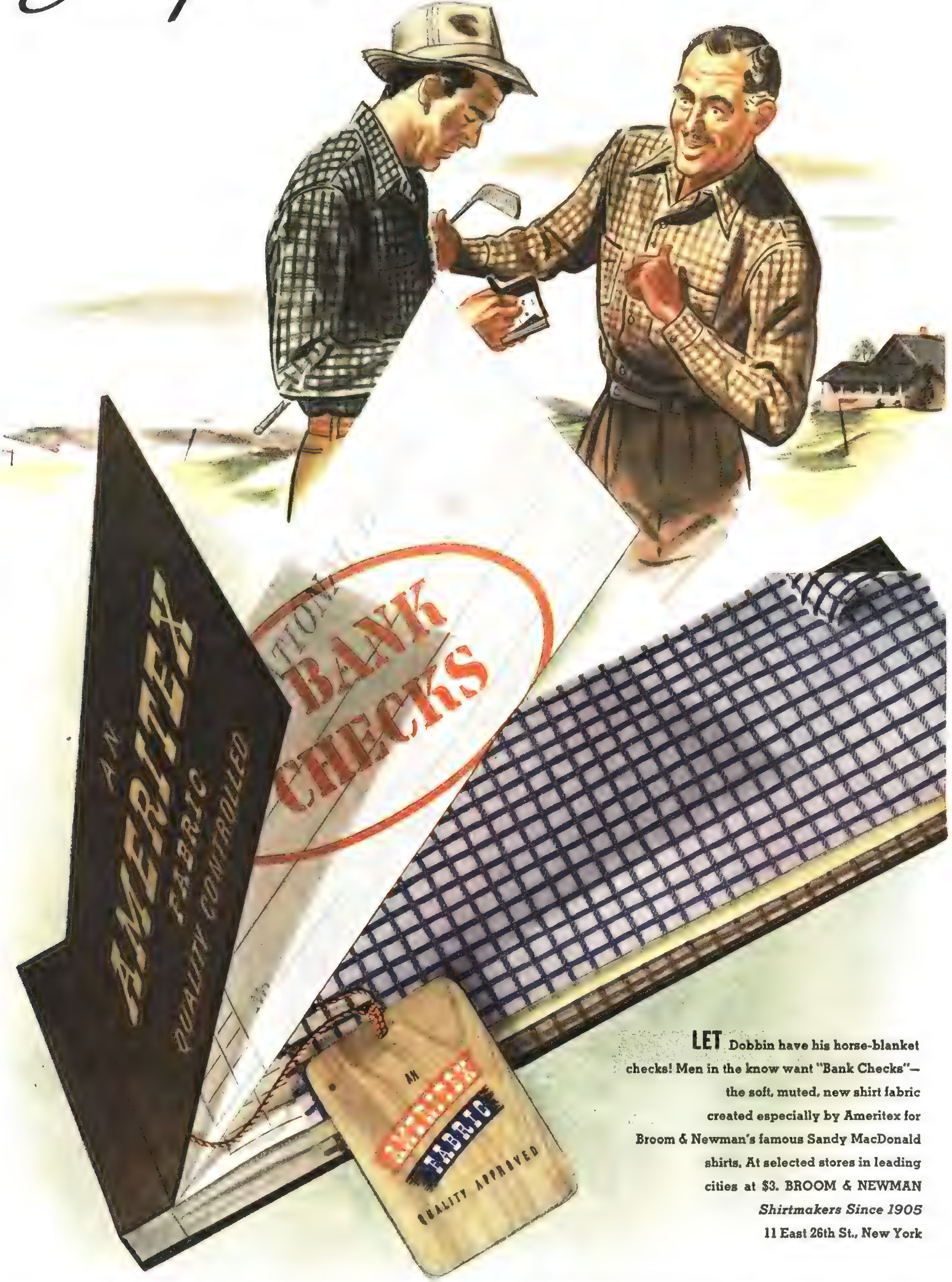
PUERTO RICO'S FINEST RUM

GOLD LABEL & WHITE LABEL

86 PROOF · SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

THE PAY OFF IN STYLE!

Sandy Mac Donald SHIRTS


AN
AMERITEX
FABRIC
QUALITY CONTROLLED
TION
BANK
CHECKS
AN
AMERITEX
FABRIC
QUALITY APPROVED

LET Dobbin have his horse-blanket checks! Men in the know want "Bank Checks"—the soft, muted, new shirt fabric created especially by Ameritex for Broom & Newman's famous Sandy MacDonald shirts. At selected stores in leading cities at $3. BROOM & NEWMAN

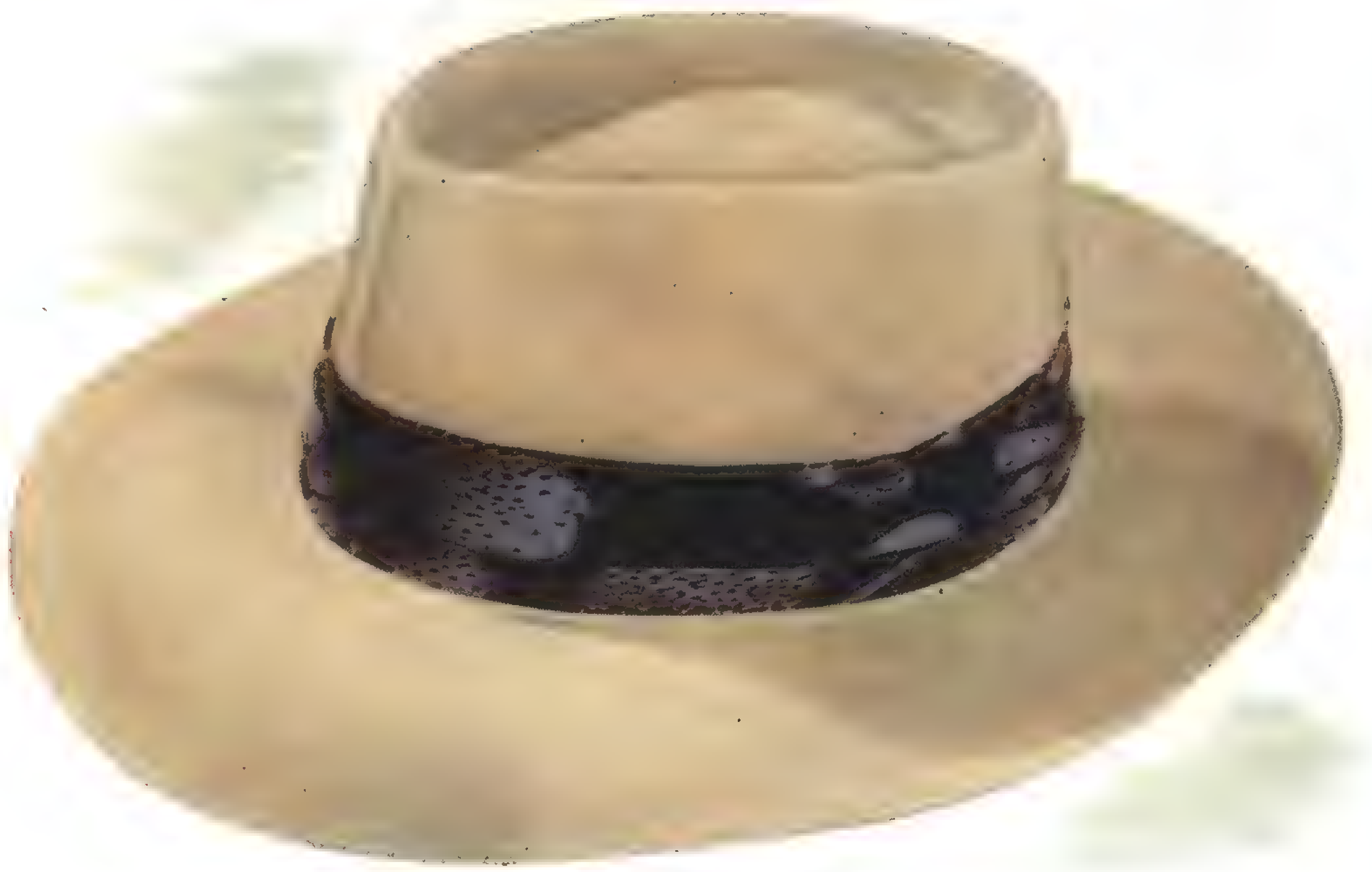
Shirtmakers Since 1905

11 East 26th St., New York

DUE TO UNAVOIDABLE WAR-TIME SHORTAGES, THE ABOVE MERCHANDISE MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE IN ALL STORES FEATURING SANDY MAC DONALD SHIRTS... WE KNOW YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!

WHERE SMART PEOPLE CONGREGATE . . .

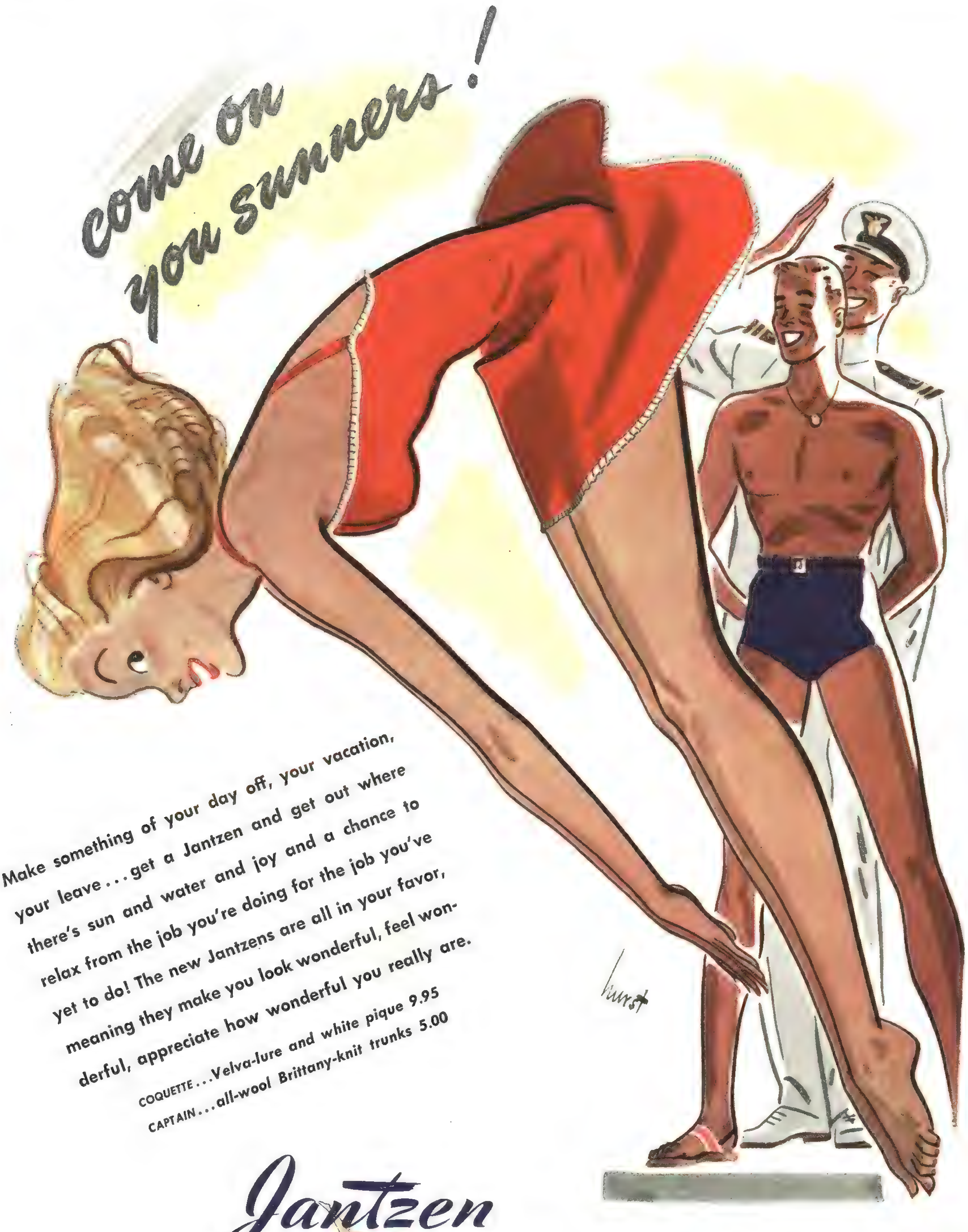
IF THE LABEL IS KNOX ***. . . THE HAT IS RIGHT . . .***



PANQUIN *Ten Dollars*

KNOX

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY THE MOST HONORED NAME IN HATS



Make something of your day off, your vacation, your leave . . . get a Jantzen and get out where there's sun and water and joy and a chance to relax from the job you're doing for the job you've yet to do! The new Jantzens are all in your favor, meaning they make you look wonderful, feel wonderful, appreciate how wonderful you really are.

COQUETTE . . . Velva-lure and white pique 9.95
CAPTAIN . . . all-wool Brittany-knit trunks 5.00

Jantzen
AMERICA'S SWIM SUIT
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS • PORTLAND OREGON • VANCOUVER CANADA

TO BE FREE TO ENJOY TOMORROW . . . BUY MORE BONDS TODAY!

SLIM TRIM and SOFT

"the thin man" in leather

Knight Lounge Wallets and Billfolds are slim, trim and soft—yielding to the movements of your body and the lines of your suit. Crafted of the finest leather, they're roomy yet absolutely without bulk—easy to carry on your person. Made in a variety of styles and colors for men and women, they're available at all men's and department stores that carry nothing but the best. $2.50 to $10.

KNIGHT LEATHER PRODUCTS CO., INC.
BOSTON & NEW YORK

KNIGHT K

Knight
LOUNGE WALLETS AND BILLFOLDS
"The Thin Man in Leather"

Painting the Town with Esquire

NEW ORLEANS in wartime is its hospitable self—with handicaps. Overcrowded. Understaffed. Beamish tourists and rollicking conventioneers are out for the duration; it's warplanters' town and servicemen's roving ground, the old French Quarter picturesque as ever but swarming with fellows in uniform looking for a place to eat that isn't already full to the doors, with 50 hungry people waiting on the sidewalk. When they finally contact New Orleans cookery, the minutes or hours spent on the hoof are forgotten in gullet elation.

ANTOINE'S, world renowned birthplace of Oysters Rockefeller, of pompano-in-the-bag, and of other classics, remains an unspoiled antique, now in its 105th year, hosted by the spry (he's 42) grandson of the founder. You can't eat testimonials, but it's interesting to see on the walls the arrays of raves by celebrities including five Presidents of the U. S., which seem to take the words right out of your mouth... Arnaud's, presided over by debonair Arnaud Cazenave who has the mien of a veteran matinée idol, offers such specialties as Shrimp Arnaud, Bouillabaisse Louisianaise, and Monts d'Amour Rosalinde, which are certainly somethings ... Broussard's, operated by a famous chef, is equipped with an attractive patio where Canapé Lorenzo and Poulet en Papillottee lead up to Crêpes Suzette Soufflées à la Broussard and flaming Café Brulot (spiced coffee with brandy) paraded with all lights dimmed.

HANDSOME La Louisianne, which had dropped out of the picture after a long and honored career, has re-opened under new management and is doing itself proud in palate ways, its new cocktail lounge a leading Sazerac spa... Galatoire's, too, has gourmet lures aplenty... Kolb's is the tried and true German-American restaurant, with a brick bar and superb gumbo ... Fried chicken adorers make pilgrimages out to DeLatour's near Lake Pontchartrain, where they warm up on fried gizzards.

FOR dining with dancing, there's the name-banded, stellar-revued Blue Room of the Hotel Roosevelt, whose Fountain Room is Ramos Fizz headquarters . . . Most cherished night club in the French Quarter is La Lune. You moon to maracas . . . Finally, toward dawn, coffee and doughnuts in the French Market.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

The world's most famous *Quality* Dry Gin

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
Imported from England

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N. Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

For the Connoisseur

RONRICO*
*Best RUM bar none**

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (E), Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90, 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Imp. Div., McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944 *Trademarks

THE GREAT UNSOLVED MYSTERY

Defy YOUR FRIENDS TO OPEN THIS SCOTCH $1 PURSE

● It's irresistible and almost impossible to open, unless you KNOW how. The secret enables you to insert or extract a coin in **five seconds.** Have a million dollars worth of fun, for only one dollar. You'll win any wager on this mystery... drinks, lunches, dinners . . . free.
Send One Dollar to
CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 27-H, 407 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.
Enclosed find $1, please send Scotch Purse to

Name__________
Address__________
City______ Zone____ State______

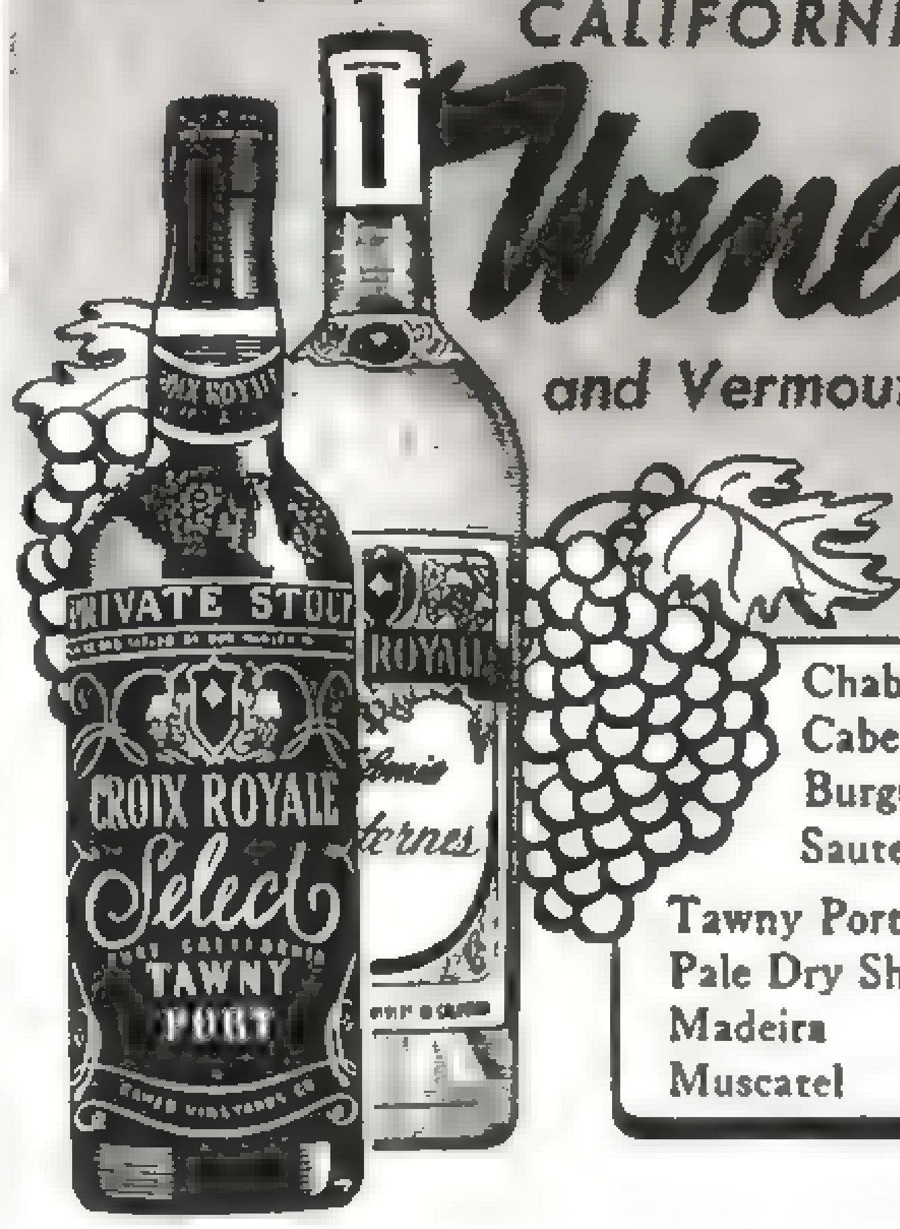
Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

RECOMMENDED RECIPES FOR GENUINE
Jamaica Rums

JAMAICA HIGHBALL
Pour one jigger of Jamaica Rum over a few cubes of ice and fill glass with soda water (also delightful when mixed with Dry Ginger Ale). One of the most popular and refreshing of all rum drinks.

The rigid centralized controls that guard the quality of *all* Jamaica Rums, regardless of brand or type, are doubly important today—assure you that wartime pressure has forced no compromise with Jamaica's superior standards of quality and flavour.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD.-KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.



A glass of wine adds the perfect touch to dining ... and Croix Royale is the wine of epicures...

CROIX ROYALE
say Croy Royal
CALIFORNIA *Wines* and Vermouths

Chablis
Cabernet
Burgundy
Sauterne
Tawny Port
Pale Dry Sherry
Madeira
Muscatel

You will be proud to serve these Croix Royale table and dessert wines that connoisseurs praise as superb examples of the vintner's art. Produced by old world methods from choicest grapes grown in the fabulous San Joaquin valley.

Remember, Buy Bonds First!

CAMEO VINEYARDS CO., FRESNO, CALIF.

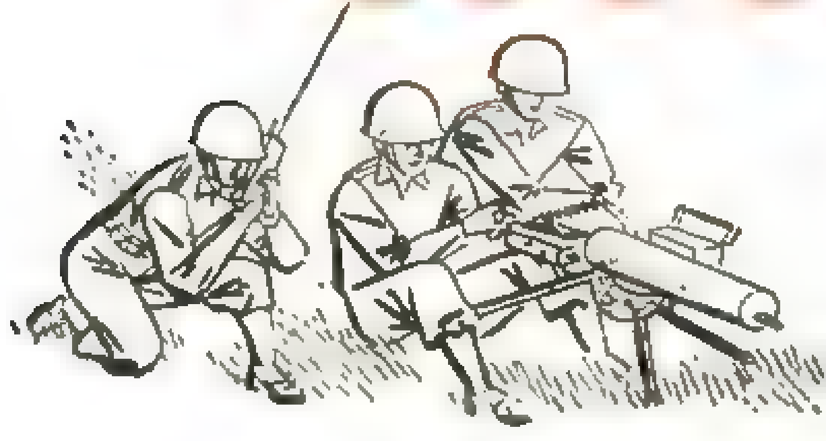
EDDIE DAVIS
GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN SENSE OF HUMOR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 WEST 52 NEW YORK

NEW OCEAN HOUSE

SWAMPSCOTT MASSACHUSETTS

Twelve miles from Boston, in picturesque Swampscott . . . Accessible to all historic points. Ideal seaside and country environment... Every recreational feature . . . Private protected beach..Cuisine includes many sea food specialties . . . Booklet.

Handie-Talkie signals the attack!



HANDIE-TALKIE IS ANOTHER MOTOROLA RADIO *FIRST!*

If there is glory at all in war, *all of it* goes without question to the men who do the fighting. We who on the production front turn out the weapons for Victory find ample satisfaction in the knowledge that our product *delivers* when needed.

Our fighting men feel stronger and safer because of the Handie-Talkie . . . the "house telephone" of the infantry company. With it, our side knows where the enemy is and what he's doing. This knowledge is often the margin of Victory—and Victory is our goal!

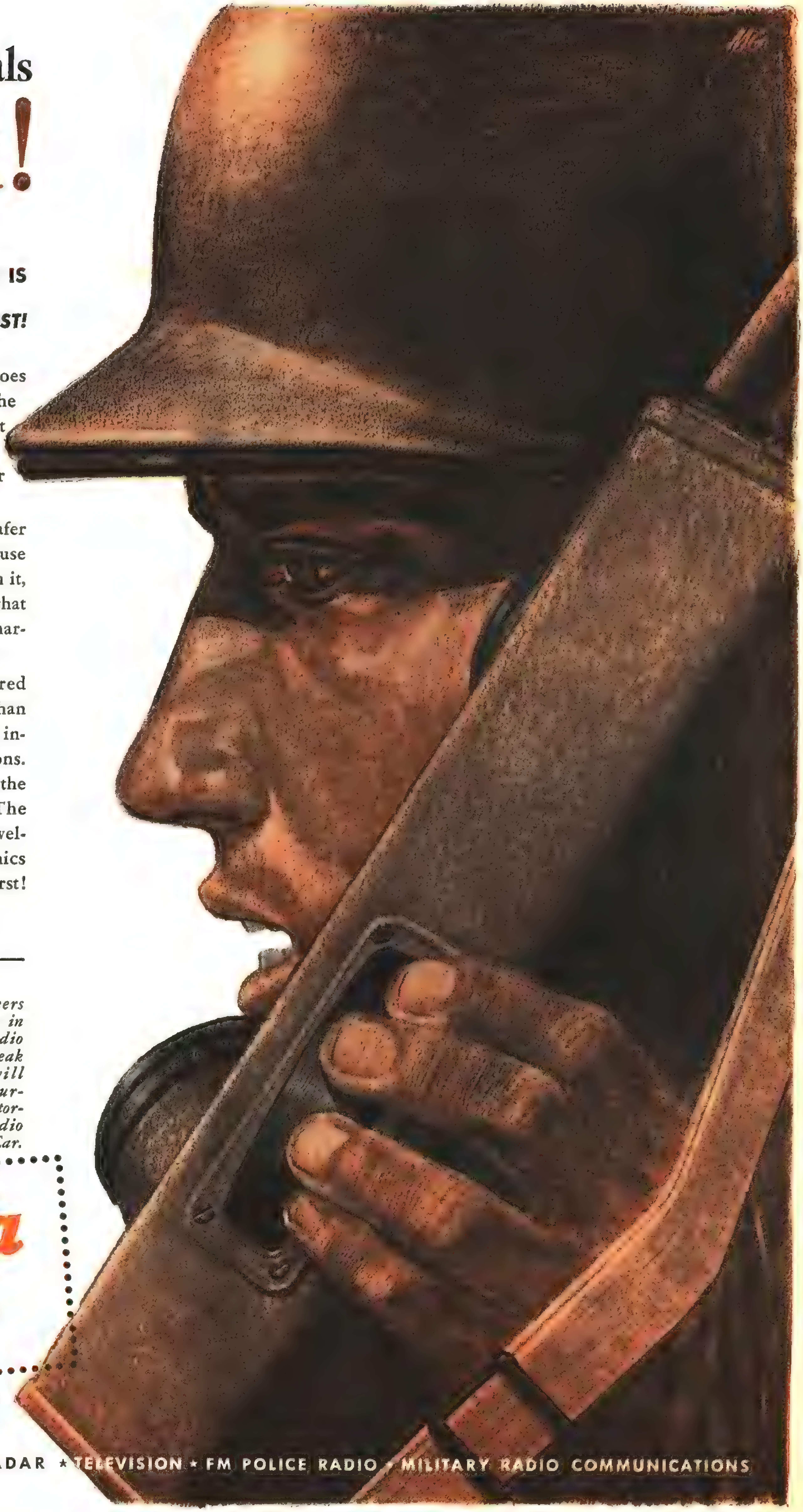
The Handie-Talkie is a battery powered radio receiver and transmitter no larger than a cracker box. The operator talks, giving information, and listens, receiving instructions. Officers and men in the infantry call it the "fightingest" radio set in the army! The "Handie-Talkie" was pioneered and developed exclusively by Motorola Electronics Engineers. It is a Motorola habit to be first!

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION
CHICAGO 51, ILLINOIS

Motorola Engineers who were famous in peacetime for radio that delivered *peak performance will have pleasant surprises for you in Motorola Post-War Radio for Home and Car.*

Motorola Radio

FM RADIO ★ PHONOGRAPHS ★ RADAR ★ TELEVISION ★ FM POLICE RADIO ★ MILITARY RADIO COMMUNICATIONS



BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

John Wilstach

John Wilstach knows whereof he writes about *Buffalo Bill's Last Stands*, having been an old circus man himself. Following successive hitches on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and the New York *Sun*, he was for fifteen years a circus and theatrical advance agent. He is the author of *Under-Cover Man* and *The Fate of Fay Delroy*.

•

George A. Barton, who brings us up to date on the exploits of Tommy Gibbons on page 56 of this issue, has refereed many bouts in St. Paul and Minneapolis, including one between Tommy Gibbons and Harry Greb. Barton has been writing newspaper sports for the past forty years, is now with the Minneapolis *Star Journal* and *Tribune*.

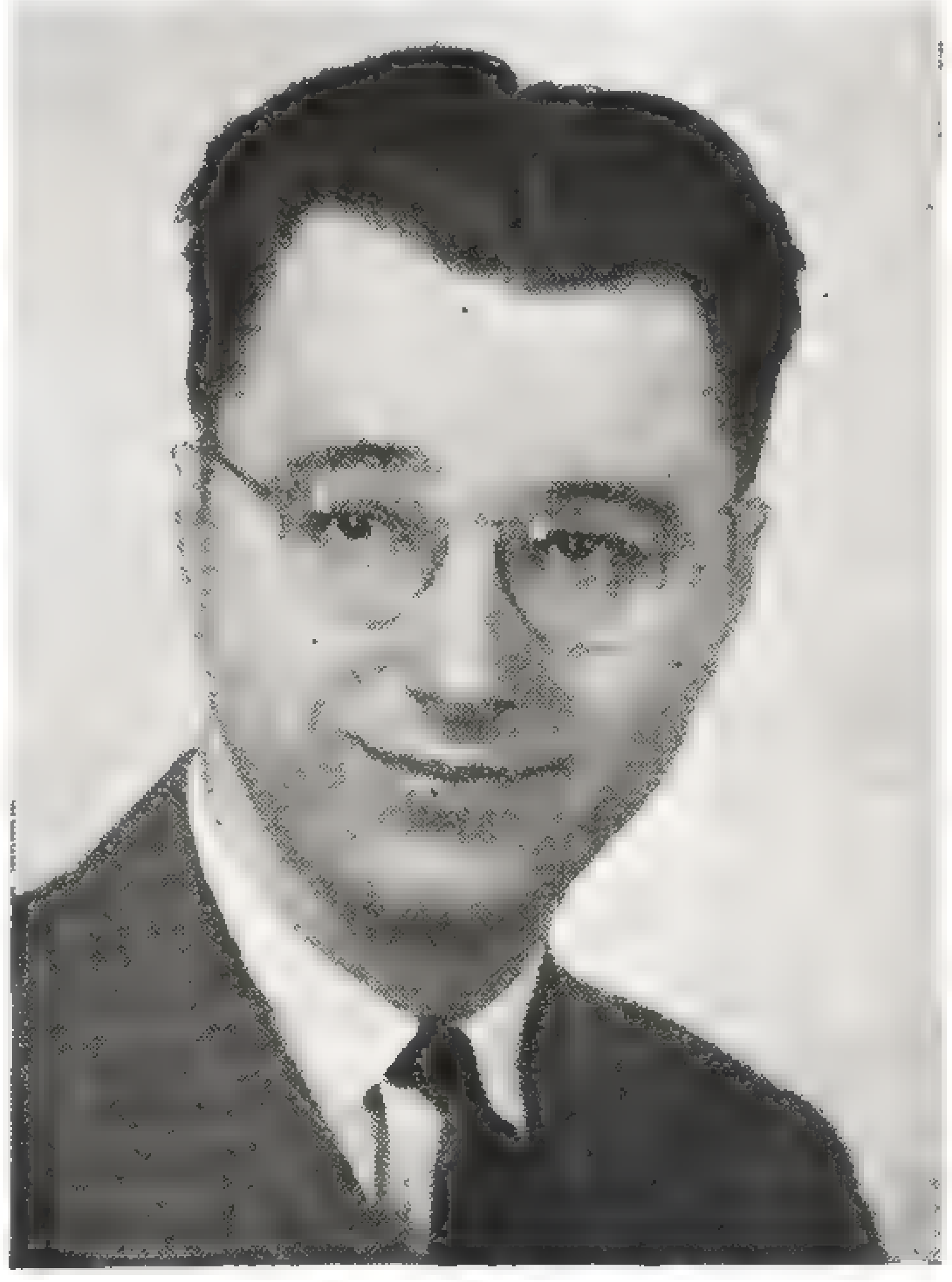
•

Paul Eduard Miller now leaps heroically from the frying pan of *Esquire's Jazz Book* into the fire of *The Rhythm Section* which he will conduct, in collaboration with Leonard Feather, each month. His *Yearbook of Swing*, published in 1939, was among the earliest critical commentaries on jazz; his articles have appeared in *Down Beat* and in *Music and Rhythm*, of which he was managing editor, and he is the author of *Yearbook of Popular Music*, an encyclopedic survey. A native of Wisconsin, he had the great good fortune to be in Chicago during the latter part of the great Chicago period and to hear the immortals of hot playing in south-side cafés, theatres and ballrooms. Many of the best ones never recorded, he says, and those that did usually tightened up in the studio. At thirty-six he is known as America's oldest jazz critic; he estimates that he has written some 250,000 words on this subject, declares he is just getting warm.

Paul Eduard Miller

•

Hugo Autz left Milwaukee for the University of Wisconsin with sincere, though split, intentions of becoming either a math or a chemistry instructor. Having some success in Haresfoot musical comedy productions, he left with a B.A. in journalism and an itch for the stage. He outgrew this bent along with other collegiate dreams in the mining country's Iron River, Michigan, *Reporter*. After short stops in Toledo and Chicago, he returned to Madison, Wisconsin, as news editor of *The Wisconsin State Journal*. Two years ago he joined the Spink publications to be editor of *The Sporting Goods Dealer* and now holds the unique classification of editor of non-baseball news (football, basketball, hockey) in *The Sporting News*. His adept piece of apple-polishing is on page 78.



Hugo G. Autz

•

Edward L. McKenna laments that most of his life has been spent in institutions. He was graduated from Columbia University when very young and taught in a university before he was old enough to vote. He is teaching at the University of Pennsylvania now and for two years has conducted a column in a Philadelphia paper.

•

A sports columnist on the New York *Post*, Stanley Frank describes himself as: "Thirty-six years old, married and father of three urgent incentives to applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair, all girls." He has contributed many a story and article to magazines, including *Collier's*, the *American* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, had a fleeting experience with movies and the radio. He is currently collecting and editing the best news stories of classic sports events to be published by A. S. Barnes this fall.

•

Born in Switzerland of French and Spanish parents, Georges Surdez went to school in his native country, in France and in the United States. He traveled extensively in Africa and in Europe before settling down to writing in New York. His novels and stories have appeared both in England and America.

•

When not telling his reading public how to think, read and argue (see page 59), Mortimer J. Adler instructs students at the University of Chicago on the philosophy of law. With Robert M. Hutchins he conducts a seminar in the Great Books of all time—composed of Chicago businessmen. After receiving his Ph.D. at Columbia University in 1928 he taught psychology for several years at that university and served as assistant director of the People's Institute in New York City. His books include: *The Problems of Species, A Dialectic of Morals, How to Read a Book* and, most recently, *How to Think About War and Peace.*

Mortimer J. Adler

•

Broadhurst Jackson, author of *1,600 Miles of Opportunity*, sent us this telegram from Greenville, South Carolina:

"I HAVE BEEN IN ALASKA TWICE IN MY CAPACITY FEATURE EDITOR OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AM RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY SUPPOSED TO BE AN AUTHORITY ON THAT SUBJECT. I HAVE MADE MY LIVING BY WRITING THE MOST OF MY LIFE. HOWEVER HERBERT HOOVER EVEN WHEN HE WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES DESIGNATED HIMSELF AS A MINER ENGINEER. IF ALL RIGHT WITH YOU I WISH TO DESIGNATE MYSELF THE SAME WAY."

Broadhurst Jackson

Inquiring homesteaders can reach Mr. Jackson care of his agent, Bertha Klausner, at 507 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York. We impart this information to save the wear and tear on our stenographers, who are working overtime to forward letters to Eugene Swan Jr., author of *Land Free for the Brave* in our April issue, and who predict a formidable back-to-the-land movement after the war.

•

S. A. Tannenbaum spent a brief, uncomfortable period at Temple University, principally languishing in the office of the bursar who was curious as to who was going to pay Mr. Tannenbaum's tuition—and when. This matter was resolved when he took a job at the Ford Motor Company. "Then," he reminisces, "came a depression and odors of hunger, mail carrying, free-lance newspaper work, hat and shoe selling and finally a berth in the Philadelphia post office. Came also marriage and a helpmate who chained me nightly before the typewriter." His ambition is to be a famous writer so he can (1) look his wife's family straight in the eye and (2) make loud noises in public anent William Saroyan's philosophy. #

S. A. Tannenbaum

THIS YEAR - AS ALWAYS!

YEAR IN, year out . . . there's a heritage of matchless *quality* in savory Seagram's 7 Crown. In peace and war alike, the excellence of this rare whiskey is as changeless as Spring itself.

Sip it slowly . . . let your taste linger over its satisfying lightness, its exquisite bouquet . . . enjoy its lasting goodness to the full!

Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

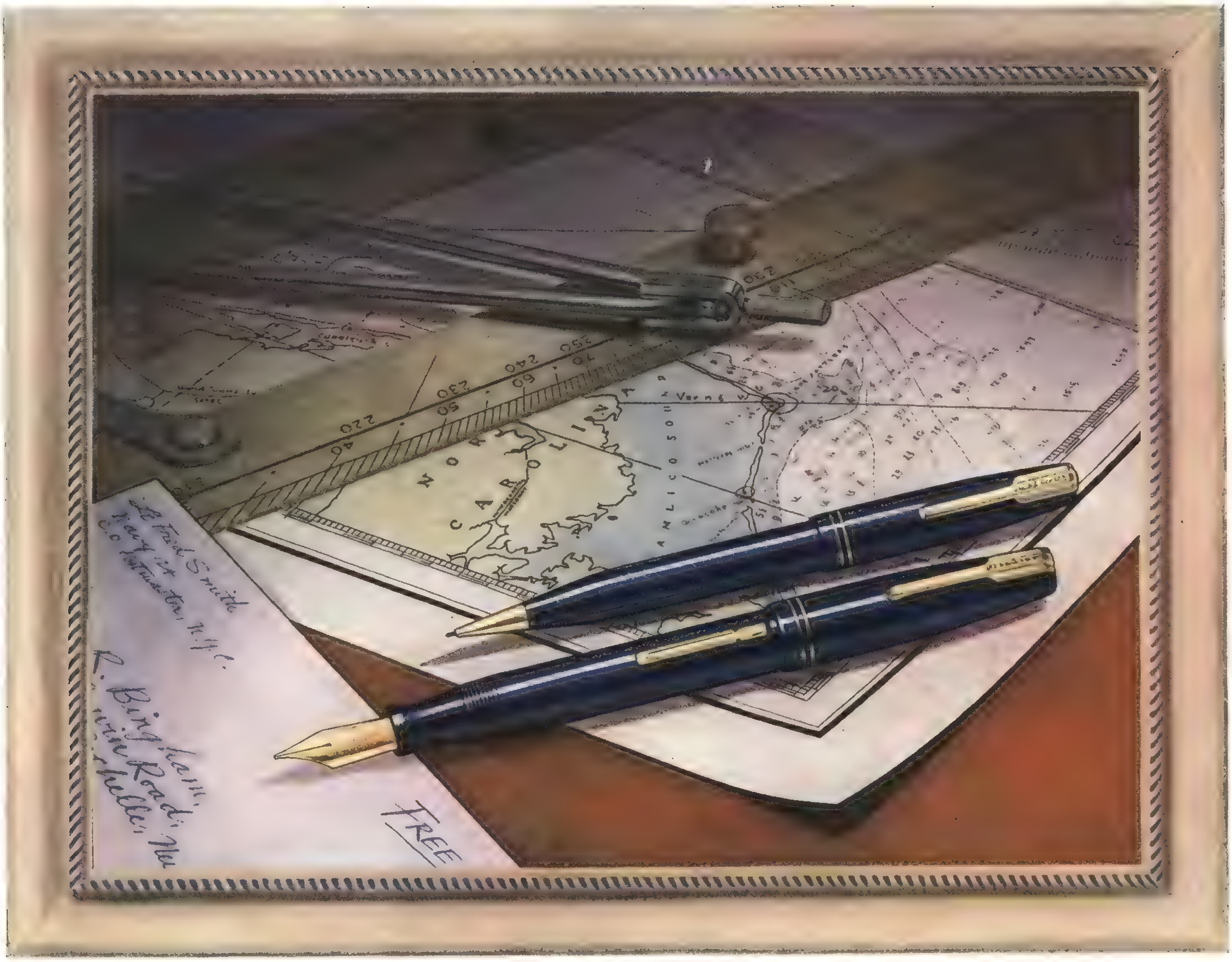
For Pre-War Quality . . . Say Seagram's *and be Sure*

MOST PLEASING *Today*

MOST PLEASING *Tomorrow*

Seagram's 7 Crown

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York



In any setting... there's nothing finer

The pen you give in 1944 may write reports from Berlin or Tokyo—keep the log of an Admiral's Flagship or of a Flying Fortress—swiftly inscribe a General's dictation. So make it a Waterman's, the gift that's right in any setting!

The 14 Kt. gold point of each Waterman's is hand-ground, unbelievably smooth, perfected by skilled craftsmen who have devoted their lives to the mastery of the art of fine pen-making.

Each Waterman's has the exclusive Inkquaduct Feed; each is perfectly balanced for writing ease. Each has a top military clip, as smart in "civies" as it is essential in uniform. Add up all these features, and you'll realize why Waterman's is today more popular than ever. Also, you'll realize why, with pen making restricted and most Waterman's going to the Armed Forces, your dealer may not have the exact style or color you prefer. If he doesn't have Waterman's great Commando Set in blue (shown above—price just $8) choose any other Waterman's at $5, $8.75, or $13.50 and you'll have a gift that's right in any setting!

UNION MADE

L. E. Waterman Co., New York 13, New York

Waterman's
Ideal
INK
PERMANENT
BLUE BLACK
permanent black
Waterman's
INK

FOR GOOD WRITING—Waterman's the ink that's *right*—on the tip of your pen! 8 great colors, including Blue Black for general correspondence, Washable Blue for home and school, and Permanent Black for clear, easy-to-read V-Mail. In handy Tip-Fill bottle, only 10¢.

DON'T FORGET—BUY MORE WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY NOW

Just look for the name **Waterman's**

When you're in love wear
Muguet des Bois

AVAILABLE IN—
PERFUME · TOILET WATER
DUSTING POWDER · TALC

Coty

Compounded and Copyrighted
by Coty, Inc. in U.S.A.

RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve

PLEASE NOTE:

Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government. No whiskey has been made since October, 1942. The base whiskies you now enjoy in Three Feathers blended whiskey were drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories.

FEATHER YOUR NEST... HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY! Three Feathers Distilling Co., N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

Why Jap Pilots Take a Beating

Pint-sized Jap flyers lack stamina, see poorly, think slowly, crack up in confusion without their leaders

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

• ARTICLE •

The dogfight was nearing its finish. The Navy pilot flying his Grumman Wildcat, and the Mitsubishi-00 (Zero) were working up to a scissors, with the American flying uphill and the Zero going downhill. Three times the men, watching from the deck of a United States destroyer off New Guinea, held their breath: from where they were it looked as though the Jap was going to run head on into the Grumman. But each time he pulled out and went over the Grumman. Then the American turned and got on the Zero's tail at gun range. The Jap made a sudden twist, preparing to collide—and pulled out again. Then the 50-caliber guns of the Grumman F4F struck the Zero's fuel tank and the plane disintegrated.

"The Jap missed his chance of collision and suicide," a Navy officer later said. "I wish that all Americans who believe in the legend of the Jap 'suicide flying squads' could have seen that dogfight."

American pilots returning from the Pacific think it's high time to abandon the suicide legend that was created by the Japanese propaganda, making supermen of the little stepsons of Heaven. Our sailors have seen Jap bombers dive onto the decks of Allied warships but in each of the few cases the Jap plane was already badly hit and would have crashed anyway. Major Foss, our Number One ace who got the Congressional Medal of Honor for shooting down twenty-six Japs over Guadalcanal, recalls that Jap flyers were quick to take to their parachutes when their planes were hit. Most Jap pilots after reaching the ground try to destroy their planes and get away, because they have been instructed that the Americans will torture them to death. Once a U. S. Navy flyer and a Jap were both downed in the Pacific after a dogfight. The American got aboard his life raft and motioned the Jap to come along, whereupon the little man took out his water-soaked revolver and pressed the trigger. The gun didn't go off and the American uttered a Bronx cheer and paddled away.

Yet there are Americans who believe the tales of Jap pilots who have "their feet shackled to their rudder controls." On the other hand, it would be foolish to believe that Japan's airmen are cowards or incompetent. They are well trained, learned their lesson over China, Malaya, Java, the Philippines and are dangerous enemies. Up to last summer we lost one plane for every four Jap planes downed; yet they keep coming. On Sunday, October 10, 1943, General MacArthur said, "If God stays with me I may get some remarkable results." Four days later, the results were tabulated. The U. S. Fifth Air Force had destroyed 100 Jap planes on the ground, damaged 51, shot down 26 over Rabaul. Lieut. General George C. Kenney, Commander of the Fifth, called the attack "the turning point in the war in the South Pacific." Three days later the Japs lost 104 aircraft in the Solomons and New Guinea. In China, recently, during an "average" week, General Chennault's fighters of the U. S. Fourteenth Air Force shot down 33 Jap planes, plus 14 "probables," lost 2 American fighters. Chennault's P-40's, Liberators and Mitchell bombers are reaping the harvest sown by the Flying Tigers and the A.V.G. "The Japs have speeded up their training program," Chennault said. "As a result their newer pilots lack the polish of the older veterans."

Quite a letdown for the Jap "super airmen," who dive bombed civilian refugee columns in China, indifferent as to their targets; who had a field day over Malaya with 1,500 navy Zeros, Japan-built Messerschmitts and Mitsubishi bombers against less than 200 obsolete Vickers Vildebeest torpedo planes and early Bristol Blenheims; who sent flying armadas against a handful of skilled Dutch airmen in their obsolete Brewster Buffaloes over Java; who strafed Filipinos in Luzon and Europeans in Hong Kong.

But where were the Jap "super airmen" when Lieutenant E. H. (Butch) O'Hare attacked nine Jap bombers and shot down five within five minutes? When our Navy fighters shot them down in the Coral Sea and Midway? When the Marine fighter pilots over Guadalcanal in three days shot down 42 Japs without losing a single plane?

The answer is not that Jap planes are worse now than before but that Jap pilots take a beating because of their lack of mental and physical stamina.

The average Jap flyer is a small, thin fellow, about five feet three inches tall, weighing only 125 pounds against the average American flyer's weight of 165. (Consequently, the average weight of a Zero is several thousand pounds less than that of our planes.) His imperfect vision is seldom corrected by thick glasses. In spite of his long gunnery training, his marksmanship is poor.

"Unless a fighter pilot shoots down his enemy, he is no good," an American gunner from the Pacific said. "Our combat flyers fire their guns subconsciously, without thinking, because they know what to do. The Japs wait too long, think too long, don't make up their minds. That's why we are shooting down so many of them."

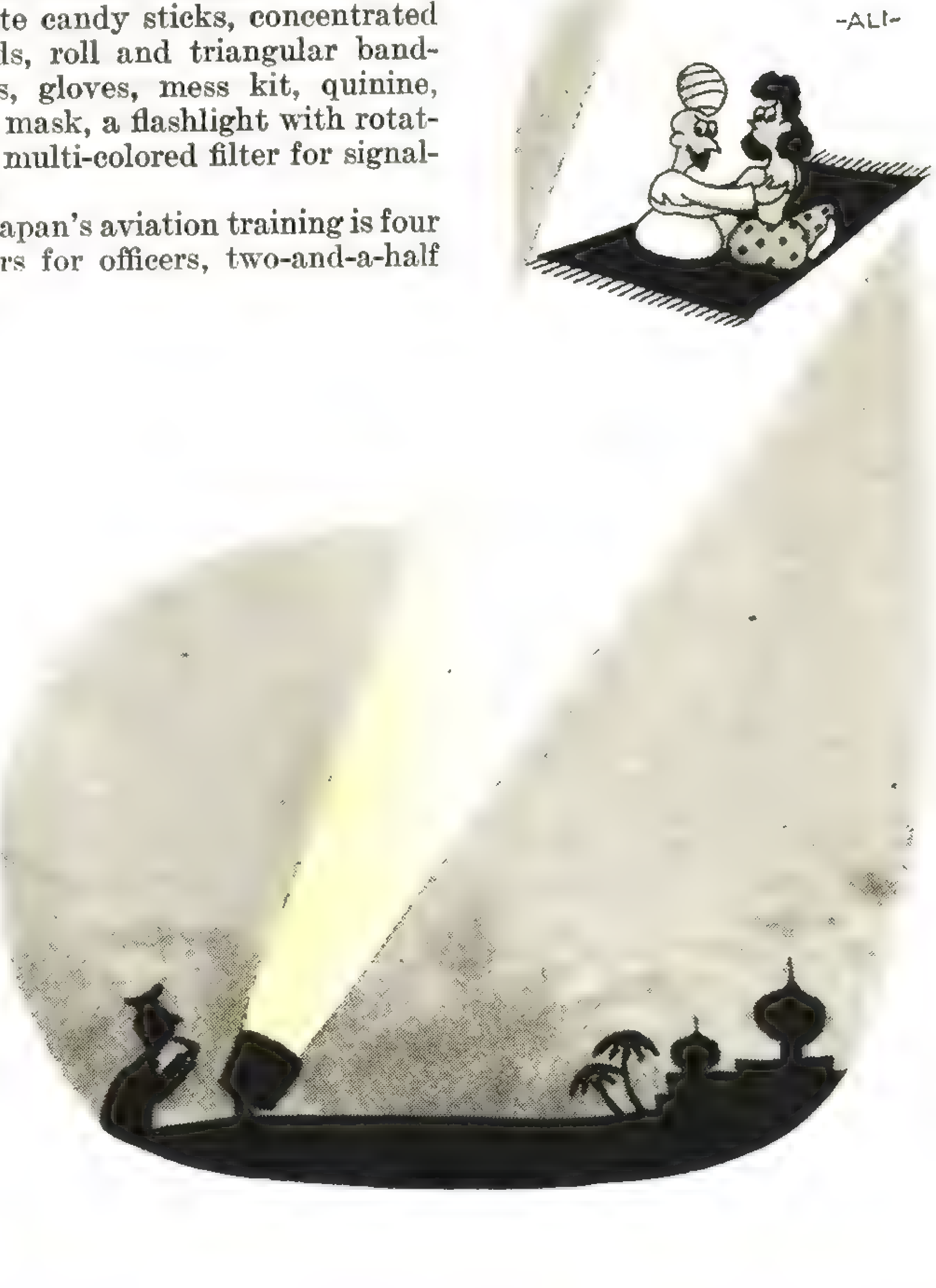
Contrary to another popular notion, Jap flyers are very well outfitted. They usually wear brown gabardine flying suits of excellent material. Many of them like to carry a Jap flag around the head and a knitted wool band around the waist. Their equipment includes such items as a gun, samurai sword (for the purpose of committing hara-kiri), emergency supplies, whiskey, apple cider, red-white candy sticks, concentrated foods, roll and triangular bandages, gloves, mess kit, quinine, gas mask, a flashlight with rotating multi-colored filter for signaling.

Japan's aviation training is four years for officers, two-and-a-half for enlisted men. At the time of Pearl Harbor they had about twenty-two military aviation schools. The army trains its officer pilots at the Tokorazava Aviation Branch of the Military Academy, the navy at the Kasamigaura Naval Air Station. Since the Jap air defeats over Shanghai and Nanking in 1937, the navy has controlled the aviation training program.

It is reported that the Japs now are training thirteen-year-old boys, giving them a five-year aviation course. In spite of the long training period, there are a great many accidents. Off Fusan (Korea) the Japs built a wooden replica of a British warship and the Jap pilots practiced dive bombing there. Yet this thorough training backfired.

"Most Jap flyers have become kind of robots," a Marine fighter pilot told me. "They are well disciplined in the air and know all about formation flying. They are

Continued on page 146



From Babe to Battle-Axe

Why do so many seemingly desirable young women become bossy, cold, captious, dull and self-centered after years of marriage?

by J. GEORGE FREDERICK

• ARTICLE •

Just before Man disappears forever into the eternal slime, leaving nothing behind but two old theatre stubs, a bottle opener and a puzzled smile, he will moan, "But she wasn't that way when I met her . . ." Man started life on this planet with only two major problems: how to eat without being eaten, and how to live with the female who was always changing her mind, not to mention her manners, morals and entire personality. Five hundred thousand years have simplified the first problem but the second one is, and ever will be, as thorny as ever.

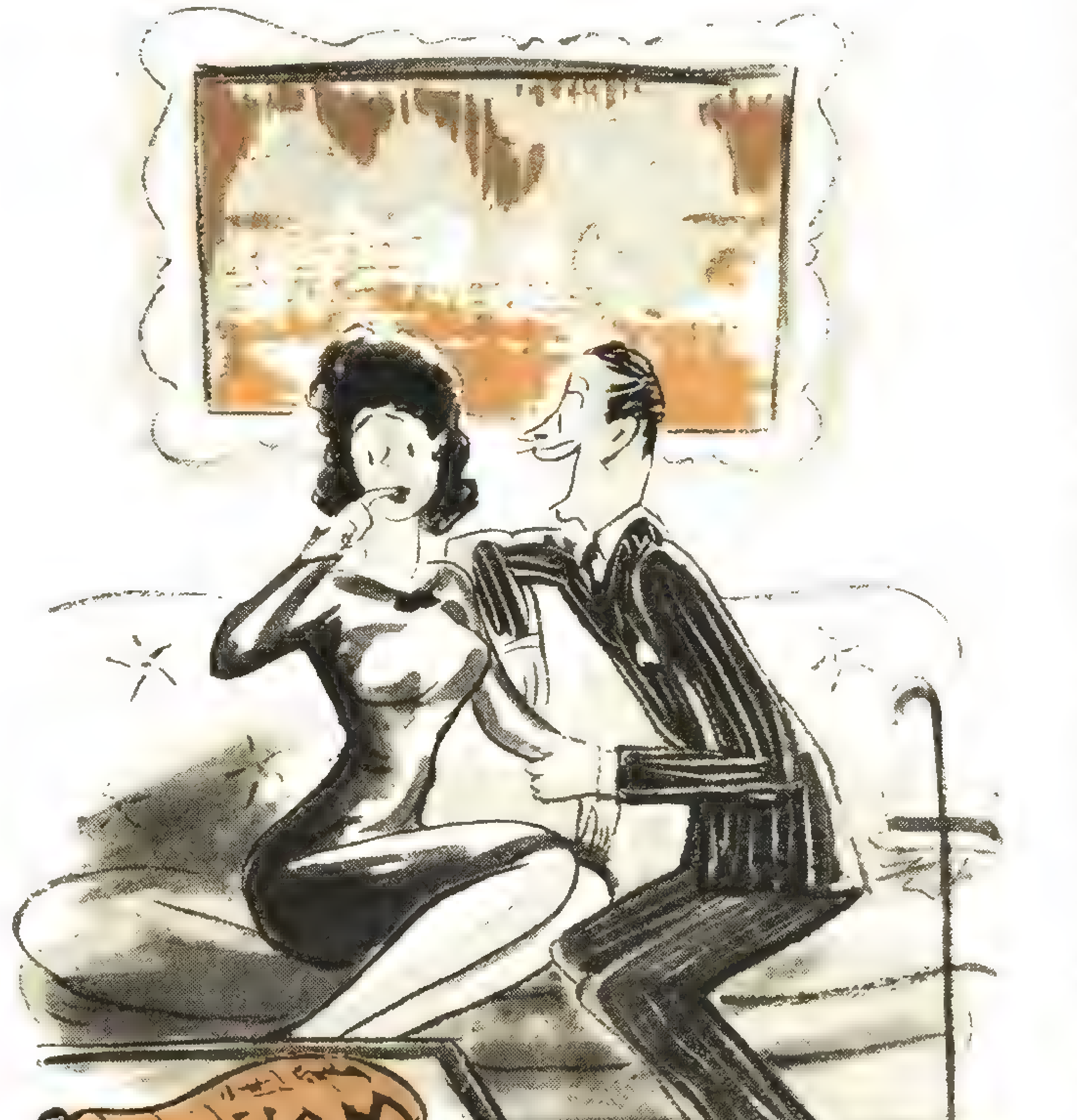
Why, Man is still asking, does a sweet, modest, idealistic, lovable, tender girl at the marriageable age of eighteen to twenty-eight so frequently metamorphose by the age of thirty-five to fifty into an aggressive, harsh, domineering, flatly realistic, neurotic woman?

Why does the shy, gentle, affectionate girl turn into the loud, bossy, frigid woman? the shrinking violet, domestic girl into the egomaniacal careerist? the girl of high marks in school, with an apparently lively, alert mind, into a mentally indolent, unprogressive woman, the prey of astrologers, cultists and other mental mountebanks? the athletic, active, optimistic girl into the squat, routine-minded, uninterested and uninteresting woman? the girl of the Sunday school virtues into the woman of dubious conduct, addicted to one too many drinks? the socially gifted girl into the chore-minded stay-at-home? the girl of bounding vitality into the peevish hypochondriac? the great booster of her fiancé into the sour critic of her husband?

This is the phenomenon of female middle age which makes married men ponder, sigh and run up bar bills. The unmarried man can afford to find the problem interesting and, with a shrug of the shoulders, dismiss it with that old saw about not understanding women, but this is like reading about bubonic plague instead of having it. According to Prof. Lewis M. Terman's authoritative book, *Psychological Factors in Marital Happiness*, more men in America than women are dissatisfied with their marriages, and I offer feminine changeability as the reason. In fact, if it weren't for the dead-but-nobody-knows-it laws of chivalry which still dictate such matters, men would get divorces from women, instead of obtaining their freedom by the backdoor system of letting their wives sue them. Usually women change for the worse, though sometimes they just change, but in either case they confound, stupefy or sadden their husbands into dreaming of bachelorhood or that second apartment. It isn't that the wife most men end up with after ten years of married life is necessarily a bad one; it just isn't the one they ordered.

To be sure, we all change with the years, men as well as women. But if you want to investigate my contention that the alterations in women between the ages of thirty-eight and forty-five are immensely greater than those in men, visit your boyhood men friends after twenty-five years, then visit the women you knew a quarter century ago. In the men the changes are gentle, somewhat like those caused by geologic erosion. The surface may be greyer, more lined, a little rougher, but the basic formation is the same. In women, the word "change" is inadequate. What you see is obliteration, revolution, utter unrecognizability.

Men rarely ask why. They can't live with chameleons and they can't understand what makes them change color. So they back into a grey-green haze of disillusionment, amazement and late nights at the office, which would be a lonely world indeed if it weren't so overpopulated with other married men. Perhaps attempting to determine why women change is not the way to go about it. And to be fair, it would undoubtedly show up some causes for which men are responsible. But understanding women is useful, just as studying the atom or the stars is useful.



"It's only the first of beautiful things I'm going to give you all the rest of your life"

The phenomenon begins with what scientists are in the habit of calling woman's "physiological vulnerability." This is the fly in the female germ plasm, as it were. Women are known to be more impressionable than men. They are more emotional and more subject to mass hysteria. Since they are physically weaker than men, and have a primitive instinct to protect the child, they are more sensitive and more fearful. Their senses are more alert, they react more decisively, but less robustly, than men. They trust emotion more than they do logic.

Thus in her early years a woman's personality is tentative. She bends before all winds. She realizes that, "emancipation" notwithstanding, she has a secondary spot in a man-ruled world, and that her success, her security, and even her board and room depend on pleasing one or more men. Thus she develops an ability to shift her personality to suit the man at hand. Like the Southern girl satirized in one of Ruth Draper's impersonations, her immense vanity drives her to be "all things to all men." If she is with a lawyer she may affect to "love law;" if with a doctor, to "love medicine;" if with an engineer, to "love engineering." With a bookish man she must be serious, with a merry man gay, with an athletic man robust and wind-blown.

This sort of game draws a very fine line between the female and the waltzing mouse, but women have the temperament to play it. Lombroso called women "physiological liars" and this is probably the trait to which he referred. Women take to make-believe as if it were an accomplishment instead of a ruse. They glory in their ability to slip smoothly from one role into another, depending on the audience. They wear culture and convictions like a gown.

That is, while she is after her man. After the giddy evening of courtship has slipped into the morning-after of marriage, things change. The woman relaxes as if she were pulling off a tight girdle. She drops her inhibitions and forgets discipline. Whereas she formerly worked at high pitch to be whatever type of person it pleased others for her to be, she now settles solidly into the type of person it pleases herself to be. Here's where you see the girl who used to be tolerant of her fiancé's drinking, now become the temperance-minded nagger who packs her suitcase every time her husband hoists a few with the boys; the girl who used to drop whatever she was doing to go any place or do anything, become the wife whose reaction to her husband's impulses is, "But, Jack, today is Hilda's day off and besides Bess and Cynthia are coming over for cards and I simply can't let the house go to pieces. Can't we go some other time? . . ."; the girl who bought a 200-dollar trousseau of décolleté bedroom wear, become the wife who goes to bed in long-sleeved flannel nighties, complaining of a sick headache. . . .

Woman's increased economic independence is the villain of the piece. In those halcyon days when women were chattels, various fears held the female in line. She was afraid to lose her man, because her livelihood depended on him; she was afraid to seek a divorce, because that meant social ostracism; she was afraid of the church, of her parents, of her husband, of society, because any of them could make her life miserable if she didn't hew to the line. But now woman has developed an ability to earn a living. She can afford to defy her husband because marriage is only one of the alternatives open to her. She uses the power of her money without its accompanying responsibility.

This is how battle-axes are born. A battle-axe is a woman who has at last achieved a stable personality—stable like a 1,000-ton block of concrete. Change? Not on your life. Few married women between the ages of thirty-five and fifty who get the battle-axe complex seem to know the difference between being on an even keel and being in a rut.

But there is one type of woman who never stabilizes her personality, who continues to ring up one change after another like a barkeep's cash register on election night. She is the one who believes the pseudo-sophisticated philosophy—"Constantly surprise your man . . . Never stay the same . . . Never let him be sure he knows you through and through . . . Always be a mystery to him. . . ." She remains a mystery, all right, just as do the ingredients in a bad stew.

The treachery of it is that the "mysterious woman" believes she is playing hide and seek for the sake of her husband, who (she philosophizes) would "lose interest" if he felt he could "take her for granted." Being domestic one moment, seductive the next; a hard drinker today and a wholesome outdoors type tomorrow; demure on Monday and hell-bent-for-leather on Thursday. . . . these are the switches she runs off as easily as she changes the color of her nail polish.

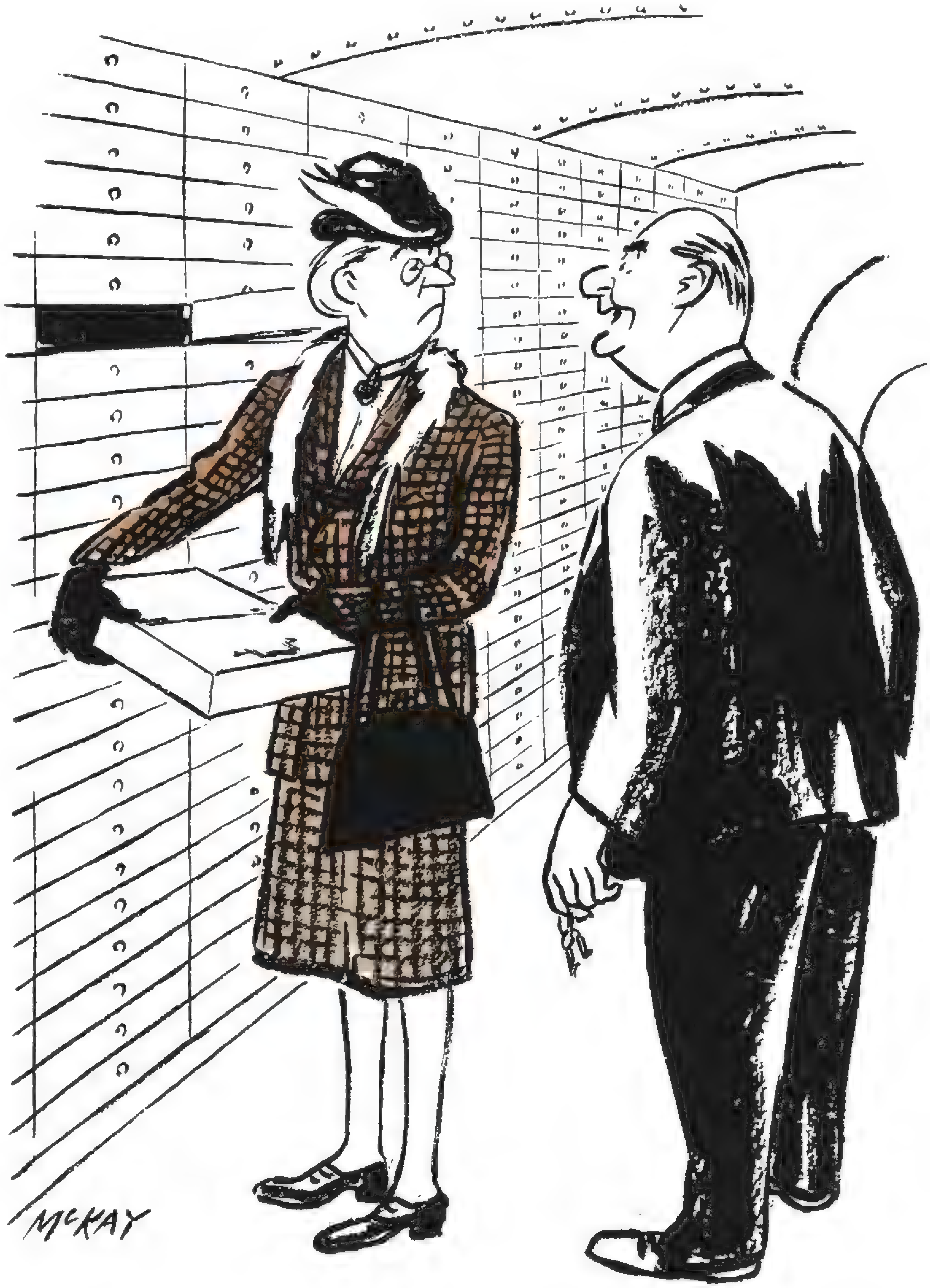
This, in a word, is the bunk, at least if the husband for whom the show is supposedly put on were allowed to comment. A husband likes mystery in his wife about as much as he would like his house copied after a dive in the Casbah. The most important fact about a wife is that you plan to live with her, which means that like a good home, or a good suit of clothes, she must be pleasant, comfortable, adaptable, co-operative and convenient.

Female "mysteriousness" would be all right in light doses if it didn't turn everything so upside down that the husband gets the feeling he is looking at the world by bending over and peering through his legs. Female mystery is like a nightgown; a man can appreciate it only if he has confidence in what's underneath it.

In every other sphere but his home, Man is constantly faced with uncertainties, many of them dire. His business or profession is haunted by invisible, ghostlike unknowns. In his relationships with his boss, with his friends, with his customers, in everything from his yearly income to his golf handicap, anything can happen. In his wife he yearns for a type of personal security; he wants to "take her for granted" in the sense that he wants her to maintain the attitudes and emotions. Compared with companionability or good disposition or co-operativeness or whatever the qualities he thought he was getting when he married her, "mysteriousness" rates a very low price, indeed.

If a woman can cook a meal without making her husband feel it was a sacrifice or chore to do it, if she can entertain his friends without spilling highballs down their necks, if she is a good lover and a good friend, and both at the right times, he won't "lose interest." This is the kind of good thing no man will ever get too much of. It doesn't spice up domestic life, but only strains it, to ring in something inferior every now and then just for the contrast.

Mystery? Change? No, keep it out of the home. The American husband is getting tired of playing Dr. Jekyll to the American wife's Mrs. Hyde. #



"Good morning, Mrs. Gregory—going out to the track?"

The Giant Killer's Story

Even as David of Bethlehem slew Goliath with his sling, Lieutenant David Waybur stopped an Italian tank with a tommy gun

by PAUL GALLICO

•ARTICLE•

When a little guy takes a big guy it's a story. It has been ever since Goliath, the Philistine giant, stomped out and challenged the Israelites to send a champion to fight him.

He was a human tank, was Goliath, according to the account in the Bible (I Samuel, 17). He had a helmet of brass upon his head and was armed with a coat of mail that weighed the equivalent of five thousand shekels of brass.

He had greaves of brass upon his legs and a target of brass between his shoulders. The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam, and the spear's head alone weighed six hundred shekels of iron. He had a guy who went out ahead of him just to carry his shield until he got ready to use it.

So then this shepherd kid, David, turned up, armed with a slingshot, five stones and faith in the Lord, and went up against Goliath. The kid was outweighed, outranged, outarmored and outweaponed, which is what made it a story three thousand years ago and a story today.

For the kid let fly with his slingshot and potted the big guy right in the forehead with the first one. He didn't even need the other four rocks, because Goliath folded up, armor and all, with a noise like a busy morning in the boiler factory and, as the Good Book says, "fell upon his face to the earth." And that was that, except for the detail of the kid David taking Goliath's own sword and cutting off his head.

It's the kind of story that outlasts the centuries because it confirms your belief in what guts and faith can accomplish for the little guy when the odds are against him. Like, for instance, recently when another shepherd kid named David faced an armored giant alone, armed with nothing heavier, practically, than a peashooter, as weapons are accounted these days, and blew Goliath to Hellangone.

You might consider it a far stretch to call David of Piedmont a shepherd boy, but it is the Army who, in a press release anent its newest winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, refers to Lieutenant David C. Waybur of Piedmont, California, as a former ranch hand who came up from the ranks to become a cavalry officer and win the unique distinction of stopping an enemy tank with a tommy gun.

Actually, there is more to David's story than being a former ranch hand. He had also been a former grocery clerk in the manner of American boys who work while they study. Born in Oakland, California, September 19, 1919, he graduated from Piedmont, California, High School and attended the University of California for one and a half years.

In November of 1940, he volunteered as a private in the 11th Cavalry. A year later he went through o.c.s. and emerged a second lieutenant. His rendezvous with Goliath was still two years away. It came on July 17, 1943.

Goliath was an Italian tank operating near Agrigento, in Sicily. It weighed some twelve tons compared to David's 150 pounds, bristled with machine guns, packed a 27-mm. cannon and was clad in steel armor that was impervious to anything but a high explosive shell. It led a column of three more tanks that came in behind a volunteer reconnaissance patrol of three American jeeps armed with .30 and .50 caliber machine guns, led by young David one bright moonlight night, and trapped the Americans between them and a blown-out bridge.

Outnumbered and outgunned, young David ordered his men to engage the enemy. The two leading tanks opened up with everything they had. In five minutes the little American force was finished. Three men of the six-man patrol were wounded. All guns were knocked out. Lieutenant David Waybur had a bullet through his side. The fire from the American machine guns had rattled harmlessly off the armor of the tanks. The enemy machines moved in for the kill.

And then in the moonlight a lone figure, a tiny figure opposed to the huge, looming, fire-spitting black bulks of the tanks, stood in the roadway, one hand holding his wounded side, the other cradling a .45 caliber Thompson submachine gun.

This was Lieutenant Waybur, alone opposing the deadly onslaught of the inhuman, mechanized giant; David with his slingshot against Goliath clad in armor that weighed many thousands of shekels of brass.

His men were scattered in the ditch, bleeding from wounds, taking cover where they could behind the blasted and riddled jeeps and in clumps of cactus; but David stood uncovered and unprotected, facing the Fascist giant.

But like young David of Bethlehem so many centuries ago, David of Piedmont was armored, too. He wore the greaves and target and breastplate of faith, the shield and helmet of courage.

His was the faith of being an American, of fighting against evil under the banners of light, of knowing himself a citizen soldier of a free and decent people.

He wore as his buckler his responsibility to the five men he commanded, the noncommissioned officers and the privates, the whole and the wounded, the five lives entrusted to his care, yes, his responsibility and his understanding and human pity for them.

At that moment, too, he had his own faith in his God, the God that the soldiers of the Republic have found on the battlefield.

And so, as young David of Bethlehem slung his stone, David of Piedmont loosed a burst from his pitiable popgun and hit Goliath squarely between the eyes and slew him.

The slugs went ripping through the open ports of the tank, killing the crew. Insensate then, the mechanical monster ground on straight ahead onto the shattered bridge to fall with dreadful iron clangor into the stream bed below.

The three monsters following paused to think it over. Lieutenant David Waybur, disabled now by the wound in his hip, toppled into the ditch.

But the tanks had had enough. They had seen their leader perish terribly. Overestimating the strength of the defenders, they contented themselves with firing all night into the cactus cover and the ditch. Waybur gave his pistol to Private First Class Ball of Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and sent him for help.

Ball got through. In the morning he brought supporting vehicles, infantry and medical corps men. The enemy abandoned the three tanks and fled, leaving them to be captured intact by the Americans. They say that the boys stood on the broken bridge and looked down with awe at the monster that Lieutenant David Waybur had slain singlehanded with a popgun. For by that time the five men who owed their lives to Waybur were telling the story of what their looey had done for them.

And it's always a good story when the little guy with the odds against him takes the big guy, from David of Bethlehem right down to David of Piedmont, California, U.S.A. ##

Party Line at Portland

The flying colonel's altitude remained a military secret, while his message to Mobile was something less than private

by ROBERT GOLD

FICTION

"WXDC, THIS IS DC3, OVER!" the pilot's voice thundered through a speaker. Steve turned down the volume gain of that receiver and strolled to a window. Five small planes circled in the dusk over the airport. One straightened out in a long glide down to the field.

"How can such a little plane make so much noise?" a weather bureau girl came over to the window and stood beside him.

Steve smiled. "Why, Honey, if they ever spot a sub, they want to be sure someone hears them holler for help."

"WXDC, THIS IS DC3—ON AT 08. OVER!"

"I'm just thankful their ground station isn't on one of our frequencies, too," Steve muttered.

They watched the C.A.P. planes follow each other down onto the runway, their lights glittering in the fast falling darkness, almost hidden by the snow banks lining the stretch of pavement.

"How cold is it, Honey?" Steve asked.

"Fifteen below," the girl said, "and the name is Dorothy."

"That's plenty cold, Honey," Steve said. "What are you doing tomorrow night—that I can't do?"

"You—radio operators!" the girl swept out of the station into the adjacent weather bureau office.

The teletype burst into a steady beat. Steve watched the southern weather relay coming through the landline. It was cold all the way down to the deep South.

He turned back to the windows. The last plane was wheeling into the hangar. It was dark now, the white surface of the field a pale canvas in the night light. Across the distant river the city sparkled on the horizon.

Steve stood there listening to the hum of his radios. Each of the six receivers had its own peculiar medley of faint calls and transmitter squeals. Out of one poured the constant rhythm of his own range, the steady flow of directed sound out onto the airways. On another, an Army cargo was having trouble raising Miami. United's Trip Twelve was pleasantly wishing Cleveland tower a good night.

"Portland Radio, Portland Radio—" loud and clear, this call. "This is Army 301. Over."

Steve sat down at the radio rack, dialed on his transmitter and pulled the microphone to his lips. "Army 301, this is Portland Radio. Over."

"Army 301 reporting position," the pilot responded. "Two zero miles south of your station, enroute Presque Isle. Over."

"Roger," Steve said. "What is your altitude? Over."

"I cannot disclose my altitude," the pilot told him.

"Roger, Portland out." Steve clicked off the transmitter and pressed his interphone button.

"Boston," the voice of the controller promptly answered on the interphone speaker. Steve picked up the phone.

"Portland Radio, position," he reported. "Army 301 is two zero miles south of Portland at 2005. He will not give his altitude."

"Okay, Portland," the controller said. "We know about his—"

"Portland Radio from 301—" urgently out of the receiver.

"Stand by, Boston," Steve told the controller.

"Coming down," the pilot called. "Emergency landing. Estimate Portland in ten minutes. Have you got lights? Over."

Steve swung out the microphone. "Lights not operative. Will have flares lit along the runway. Watch for our beacon. Out."

He picked up the phone to the hangar, and the C.A.P. operations answered.

"Emergency landing," Steve told them. "Can you light the flares in ten minutes?"

"We'll try," the C.A.P. said.

"Make it the north-south runway," Steve suggested, "and don't forget the beacon."

He returned to the interphone. The controller was waiting.

"301 coming down for emergency landing," Steve told him. "Estimates Portland in ten minutes."

"Wait on the line, Portland," the controller said. "Northeast Augusta?"

The airline at Augusta responded.

"Is Northeast Ten still on company frequency?" the controller asked.

"No," Northeast advised. "He switched over to the range."

"Portland," the controller said, "contact Northeast Ten and instruct him to hold on the north leg of the Portland range until further advised. Trip Ten is estimating Portland 2009."

Steve turned back to the microphone. "Northeast Ten, this is Portland Radio. Over."

"Go ahead, Portland. This is Trip Ten," the pilot answered.

"Boston Airway Traffic Control instructs you to hold on the north leg of the Portland range until further advised. What is your present position? Over."

"We are ten miles north of Portland at six thousand," the pilot sang out. "Will hold as directed. Out."

"Army 301," Steve called, "flares are being lit along the north-south runway. Wind is north, northwest, nine miles. Altimeter is 2996. Over."

"Roger, Portland, thanks," the pilot acknowledged.

Dorothy and the senior weather observer stuck their heads inside the station door. "What's doing?" she asked.

"Night landing," Steve told her. "Come over to the window, Joe."

The headlights of two cars moved slowly down each side of a runway. They stopped briefly at twenty foot intervals and at these places the brilliance of a flare burned in the night. The cars reached the end of the runway and behind them a chain of lights outlined the long, paved lane. Steve looked at the station clock. They had finished the job in seven minutes.

"What's the trouble with the plane?" Dorothy wanted to know.

"All I know is that he wouldn't broadcast his altitude," Steve said, "and that could only mean he was up so high it was a military secret."

A stream of yellow light swept horizontally across the field, disappeared, cut again into the depth of the darkness as the beacon turned on top the fifty-foot tower near the hangar.

They heard the muffled roar of powerful engines and Steve pointed to the southwest sky. Green and red night lights rode steadily down through the darkness. Fast and lower, down over the far edge of the runway. The flashing beacon caught it, held for one second the giant span of wings. Then it was down smoothly on the runway, gliding swiftly across the field. The plane rolled onto the ramp before the administration building.

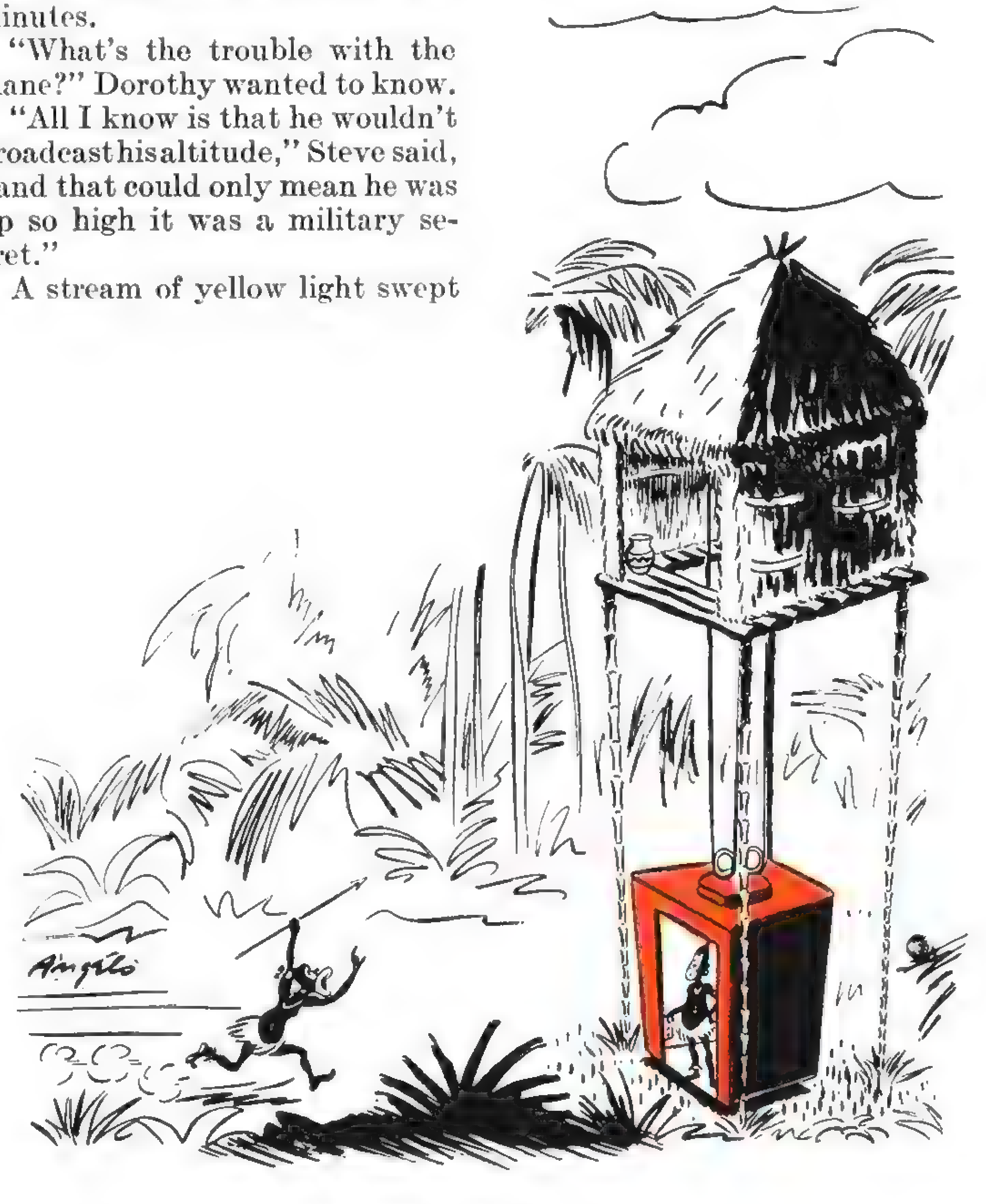
"What is it, Steve?" Joe asked him.

"Well I'd say it was a bomber," Steve suggested.

Dorothy had to laugh. "Excellent deduction, genius, but even we lowly weather people can see that. What's the make?"

Steve shook his head. "Never

Continued on page 152



"Up!"

Buffalo Bill's Last Stands

What Cody suffered in those last Wild West shows required more courage than shooting buffalo and fighting Indians

by JOHN WILSTACH

• ARTICLE •

How I came to see Buffalo Bill as a heroic figure in a way that he never appeared to the world is the subject of my story.

That morning I was in the Sunday Room of the New York *Morning Telegraph.* The door slammed back and Irving Lewis, the managing editor, hurled himself in. One of Lewis's brothers owned the paper and another was Alfred Henry Lewis, the western story writer. Lewis was followed sedately by Bat Masterson, now fat and old, but always with the cold eyes of the former western gun fighter and deputy marshal of Dodge City, Kansas, toughest cow town of the old West. Lewis nervously transferred a revolver from a left to a right coat pocket. No one winked an eye at this kiddish bravado. He said:

"I've been trying to get Bat to go down to the Garden and write us a piece on Buffalo Bill. Bat won't go."

"Send someone who doesn't know the old West," growled Bat. "I know too much. Cody was an office boy on horseback for Majors. Cody has Alec on a pension so Alec says Cody rode pony express. Tall Bull wasn't killed by Cody. Major North killed that Indian but North joined the Wild West show so he keeps his trap shut. As a civilian scout Cody should never have been given the Congressional Medal of Honor. He will lose it when they start investigating. I can't go down, thinking what I do, and drink Bill's whiskey and write the lies Major Burke pours out. Windy old fraud."

Bat at this time did an occasional sport column for *The Telegraph.*

"You go and interview Buffalo Bill," said Lewis to me. "I want a spread for Sunday. If I sent a drinking reporter he wouldn't be back in a week."

Down at Madison Square Garden there was confusion. Dress rehearsal today, opening tomorrow. I found Major Burke in a room filled with smoke, reporters, bottles and glasses. Burke was long-haired and benevolent looking.

"Have a drink, kid. Lots of drinks."

"No. I want to interview Colonel Cody. Can I see him?"

"He's in his favorite saloon—among fifty," drawled a bald, youngish appearing man I afterward knew as Courtney Riley Cooper, biographer of Annie Oakley. "A good story with Bill in it is going to pop, kid. Try to get it." Cooper good-naturedly gave me the tip. "This is it. Bill Cody once backed Katherine Clemmons in a play. That lovely lady lost him sixty thousand dollars. Bill was plenty chivalrous about the loss. He knocked Fred May unconscious in Washington for being funny about it. Now, after being married to Howard Gould for a time, she wants out. The lawyers would like to find a way to use Cody against her. The old boy says he indignantly refused to be a witness."

Cooper told me where I could find Cody; it probably was the old Hoffman House bar. On the way I stopped to telephone Rennold Wolf. He was running a show-biz gossip column in the *Telegraph.* He used nearly a column built on what Cooper had told me. The story broke everywhere later but this was a scoop.

The saloon was crowded with men in boots and ten gallon hats, pounding on the bar and singing.

"Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill
Never missed and never will;
Always aims and shoots to kill,
And the comp'ny pays his buffalo bill!"

This old joke was good for a big laugh from the cowboys. I found Bill Cody at the end of the line at a little table in his famous fringed buckskin outfit. His big hat was on a hook. The moustache and goatee were noble but his long hair had thinned to straggling locks and he wore an obvious toupee.

Afterward he wore a wig. Major Burke said Bill once fell asleep in a barber chair after too many drinks. The barber trimmed him close. When he was awakened Buffalo Bill looked at the floor, saw the locks the Indians had never been able to get and sobbed. "They took my scalp at last. They took it at last."

"Set up four more rounds for the boys, barkeep. Then I'll nurse 'em back to the Garden."

The voice was quiet, almost gentle. So was the smile he gave me. The eyes still were splendid in his sixties. There was something so friendly, so warm about Buffalo Bill (Cody he was always named around the lot) that everyone was captivated by him. When I told him I was from the *Telegraph* he led me into a back room. He seemed relieved when I said it was too early for me to take a drink.

"It *is* too early," he said. "My health and mind have been ruined by two things—sociability and lies. The sociability means too many drinks and the lies—when they are not Major Burke's and harmless, or my own—for fun and showman purposes—they drive me almost mad. The bottle makes my shooting bad at times. An inventor comes to me. Wants to sell me glass balls that will burst a few seconds after being thrown, whether I hit 'em or not. Hard not to manhandle him. Me—a faker."

Cody rambled on, gently talking.

"I'm a good shot, son—at my best just as good as Doctor Carver, the so-called great shot who left a dentist chair, went west on a railroad and returned as, 'The Evil Spirit of the Plains.' When we quarreled I bet him five thousand I could beat him in a match. He refused. Now he says I use split shot. 'Course I do—can't use rifle bullets in a show. He uses split shot, too. I offered to fight him with six guns at twenty paces. Carver said Wild Bill Hickok had taught me murderer's tricks."

His hand absently reached for a glass not on the empty table. I rang for the bartender. When the drinks came Cody automatically pushed my money back to me, the lordly gesture of the man who always paid.

"You might not think it, youngster, because you never saw and knew Wild Bill Hickok, but he could have been a much greater character than Bill Cody. Wild

Bill was the handsomest man who ever lived—a great scout who might have saved Custer, if Bill hadn't missed a wire telling him to join on; a great hunter, a great town marshal. As for shooting with a six gun or a rifle—he never had an equal when you take *speed* into consideration.

"The fact is Wild Bill had the *first* Wild West show, with some buffalo and Indians at Niagara Falls. But he didn't have a tent or an enclosure; everybody saw the show for nothing and he went broke.

"We two started even in the show business for Wild Bill was as famous as myself then. Ned Buntline—his real name was E. Z. C. Judson—he wrote any number of western novels about me—he lured Wild Bill, Texas Jack and me into a three-star play presentation called *Scouts of the Prairie*. Wild Bill and Texas Jack were supposed to bring east some real wild Indians. They said they rounded up a batch but couldn't stand the smell of the blamed dirty things, so left 'em behind and we used supers dressed like Indians.

"When my wife came to the show I'd locate her in the house and yell at her, 'Here I am, Ma. Ain't I the worst actor you ever saw?' She got so ashamed she stayed away.

"The first night we had a scene of the three of us seated around a campfire. We'd pass a bottle full of cold tea, for whiskey, and each would take a snort and tell a tall yarn. When Wild Bill got the bottle and took a gulp he spit it out and gave a yell. 'Do you think I have lived to be the worst idiot that ever came east and don't know whiskey from cold tea?' The house roared. It went so big that Buntline wanted to give the scene that way every night but Bill refused. Keep him in real whiskey, he said, and he'd consent to continue and make a fool of himself.

"In the fights we were supposed to shoot over the supers' heads, using blanks. Wild Bill's idea of fun was to shoot them in the pants and make them dance and yell like mad. He always had real bullets in one gun and once he shot a super in the leg. We gave the fellow a hundred dollars. Wild Bill said that came from making a fool of himself on the stage. He was the one who should be shot. He hated the business. He loathed the spotlight. One night when the man in the gallery was following him with the light, Wild Bill pulled his gun and shot the spotlight out.

"Well, he had the appearance and a fine speaking voice but he hated acting. He always insisted it was a humiliating business for a man to make such a show of himself. He refused to go on as a showman. So what happened. He got himself killed in Deadwood because he forgot his usual habit of sitting down with his back to a wall. He might have gone on—as I have. Sometimes I wonder if he weren't the wiser of the two, for he went in the full tide of his youth, splendid and handsome—and I—I have been dragging myself on so long that I'm beginning to miss glass balls and they want me to become a faker."

The baritone voice went a tone deeper. I was silent and thrilled. I had talked to some big people but none of them was like Buffalo Bill.

"Texas Jack was a really great scout. He and I took the Earl of Dunraven on a buffalo hunt and got paid big. That was when we thought of going into the show business. Buntline introduced Major Burke to me and he has been with me ever since, the most loyal soul that ever lived, my friend, press agent, nurse and all-around right-hand man. Texas Jack hated the stage, too. When he left we got 'Captain Jack' Crawford, the 'Poet Scout,' only poet I ever heard of who was a teetotaler and worked at it."

"But there never has been but one Buffalo Bill," I said sincerely.

"Thank you, son. *One* has sometimes been a bit too much, perhaps. I must give 'Captain Jack' credit for writing some fine lines. This is from the poem he wrote about the burial of Wild Bill Hickok:

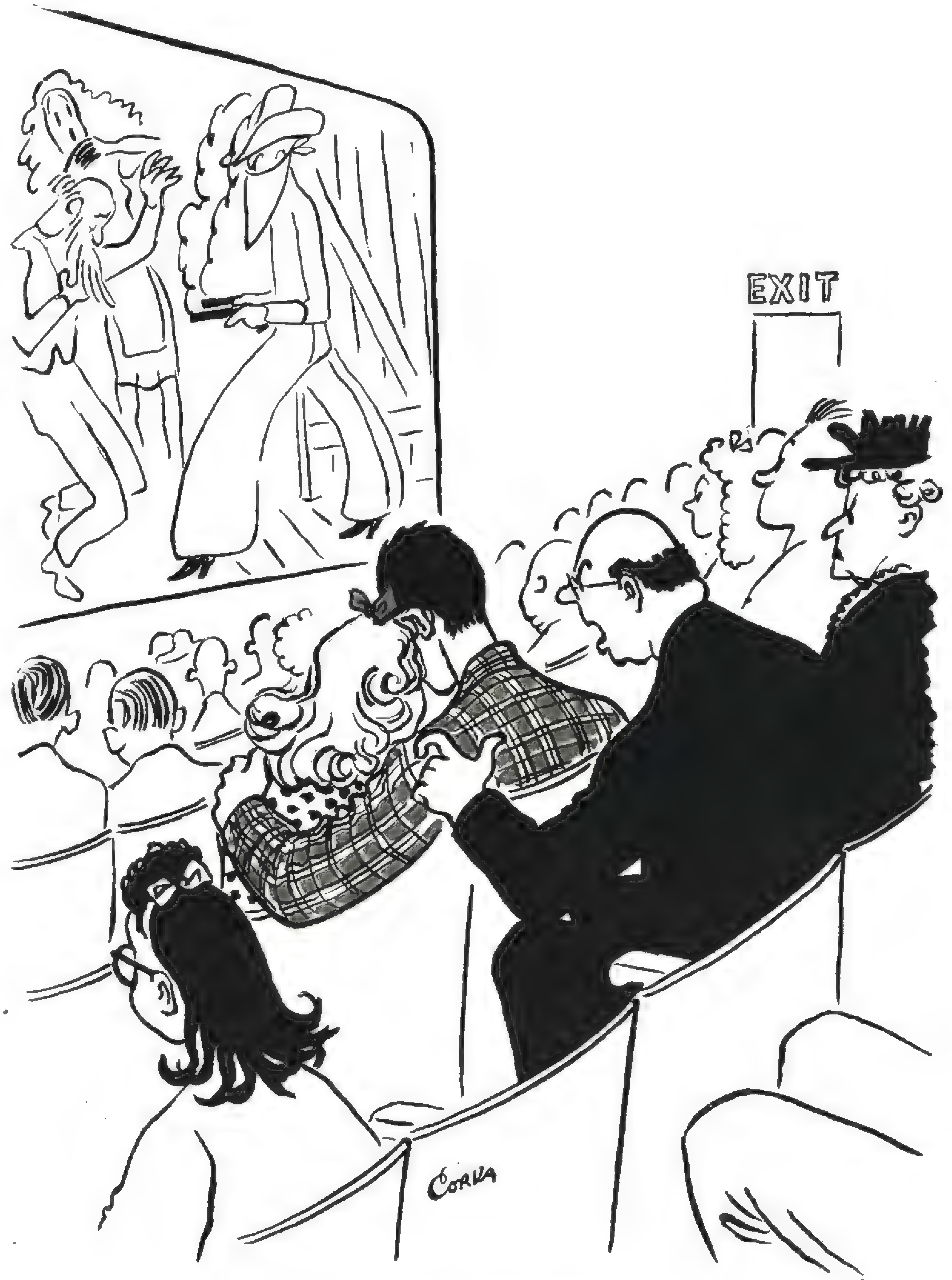
'Under the sod in the prairie land
We have laid him down to rest,
With many a tear from the sad, rough throng,
And the friends he loved the best;
And many a heartfelt sigh was heard
As over the sward we trod.
And many an eye was filled with tears
As we covered him with sod.' "

There was more, he told me hurriedly, as if ashamed of the feeling that shook his voice.

"You wouldn't want me to use any of this you have been talking about?" I asked.

"No, no," he said. "Get your story out of the *Life* the way they all do." I was to learn that no interviewer was ever able to

Continued on page 126



"This is where you two came in"

The Owl That Kept Winking

He had his reasons for killing this bird of prey, but first he resolved to savor the full flavor of revenge

by THEODORE PRATT

• FICTION •

THE man waited in the darkness behind the palmettos. He sat on an orange crate. He shifted the double-barrelled shotgun which lay across his thighs. The gun was heavy.

He craned his neck around and looked to the east. That was the direction in which the sea lay, the Atlantic coast. No light showed from there. It wasn't yet dawn. Not quite. The owl still didn't have light enough by which to make his darting flight. It wasn't true that owls could see in the dark. It was merely true that they could see with only a very little light, almost none at all, but not nothing.

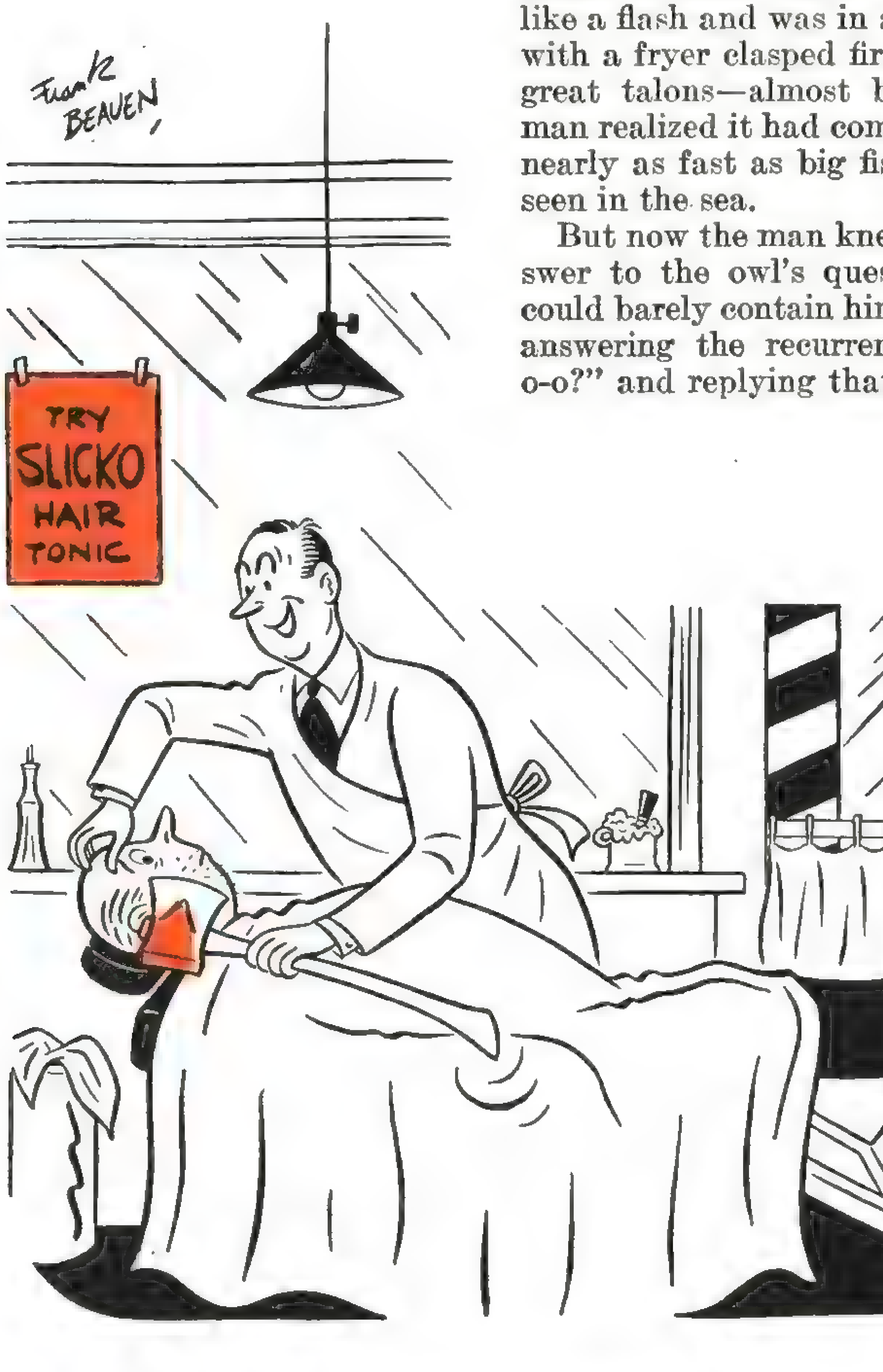
The man looked to the west. There lay the Florida Everglades. For a mile or so before the brown flat stretches of saw-grass were reached, the slash pines were decorated with vivid red air plants. Moccasins crawled in the hyacinth-choked drainage canals, sometimes slithering over the moss-grown back of a gator. Ibis flashed white across the stark blue sky and occasionally there came the shriek of a wildcat.

Now the man heard another sound. It was soft, deep and gently inquiring. "Who-o-o?" It came through the black night. "Who-o-o?"

The owl's call no longer made the man's gorge rise. He had resolved to keep his temper. He could afford to keep it. He did not get angry now and curse and rant against the bird which stole his chickens. He had discovered where the owl lived and how it could be killed. He knew there was a pair of them living high inside the big cypress and that it was the male who came for the chickens.

Before he gained this knowledge, by careful, painstaking watching, the owl had made away with seventeen fowl. Shots at it made from around the chicken runs had no effect. By the time the man grabbed up his gun and fired, the owl was well away. It came, at dawn or dusk, like a flash and was in and out—with a fryer clasped firmly in its great talons—almost before the man realized it had come. It was nearly as fast as big fish he had seen in the sea.

But now the man knew the answer to the owl's question. He could barely contain himself from answering the recurrent, "Who-o-o?" and replying that it would be, "You-o-o, you-o-o." He was not waiting, with fury, for the owl to come to the chicken yards. He had come, calmly, more than half-way to the owl. He was secreted in the palmettos on the route the owl would take from its hide-out in the tall cypress. The owl wouldn't be flying fast here. It would make an excellent shot. The man couldn't miss. It was a big owl, a horned owl. Some people said they were beautiful. He couldn't see any beauty in them. They were dirty, unfair thieves.



"Bob Hope's gag man gave me the idea!"

Back toward the house, in the runs, the roosters were crowing. They seemed to know before anyone else the moment of exact dawn. They were getting busy, leading the hens out for water, for the day's feeding. The owl knew they would be there at the precise time he would come for them, the best time for the owl, the time of least light.

The man glanced to the east again.

He was almost too late.

He could make out no sign of dawn. But it must have been there, evident to the roosters, plain to the owl. For the owl just then flew over.

The man had planned to get it as it came toward him. He sensed it rather than saw or heard it. There was nothing to hear, for an owl flies noiselessly. There was just something going overhead. It would be a harder shot, much more difficult than he had counted on. It was, in fact, virtually impossible.

The shotgun came up as the man switched around on the orange crate. The safety was already off. He fired.

At first he was sure he had missed. There was no solid plump sound to indicate that the body had hit the ground. There was no noise at all as the dawn made itself completely evident.

Then the man heard a faint half-swishing, half-flopping sound. It was a wing beating at the ground, a bird vainly trying to get into the air.

He hurried toward it and he met with great satisfaction.

The great owl lay on the dark sand, the gray of part of its body nearly matching the earth. Its tufted horns lifted high on its large round head. Its wide jowls blew themselves out as though in anger. It glared from big wide yellow eyes as it flopped. One wing functioned, spreading itself and working to fly. The broad wing reached over two feet from the body. The other wing lay only partially opened and didn't move. From it a few feathers were missing.

Man and owl stared at each other, both in hate, one mixing his hate with glee and a fine, full feeling of having inflicted deserved revenge.

The man laughed in the dawn, looking down upon his adversary. He spoke aloud as though the owl could understand him.

"I got you that time. I reckon I did. I got you sure. That was a shot, a pure good shot. It was a miracle shot. I'll never make another like it. I got you good, and how do you like it? Do you want the other barrel?"

The owl worked its good wing, beating it at the earth. It jumped into the air a little, using its strong, long, sharp claws. But the one wing wasn't enough to fly with and each time it flopped back again. It went in circles no larger than its full wingspread of four feet. It left uneven tracks in the sand.

"Look at you," the man crowed. "Look at you now." He laughed again.

The owl lunged at him, stretching its neck. It struck at the man's heavy leather boots with its hooked beak.

"You would, would you?" Savagely, the man kicked at the bird which rolled over on its back and lay there, now helplessly.

The man brought up his gun again. He sighted it at the owl.

Along the sights he saw the yellow eyes hating him, staring steadily with plain, straight, pure hate. Only a wild, unafraid thing could hate like that. Or a man, who could reason his hate, as in war.

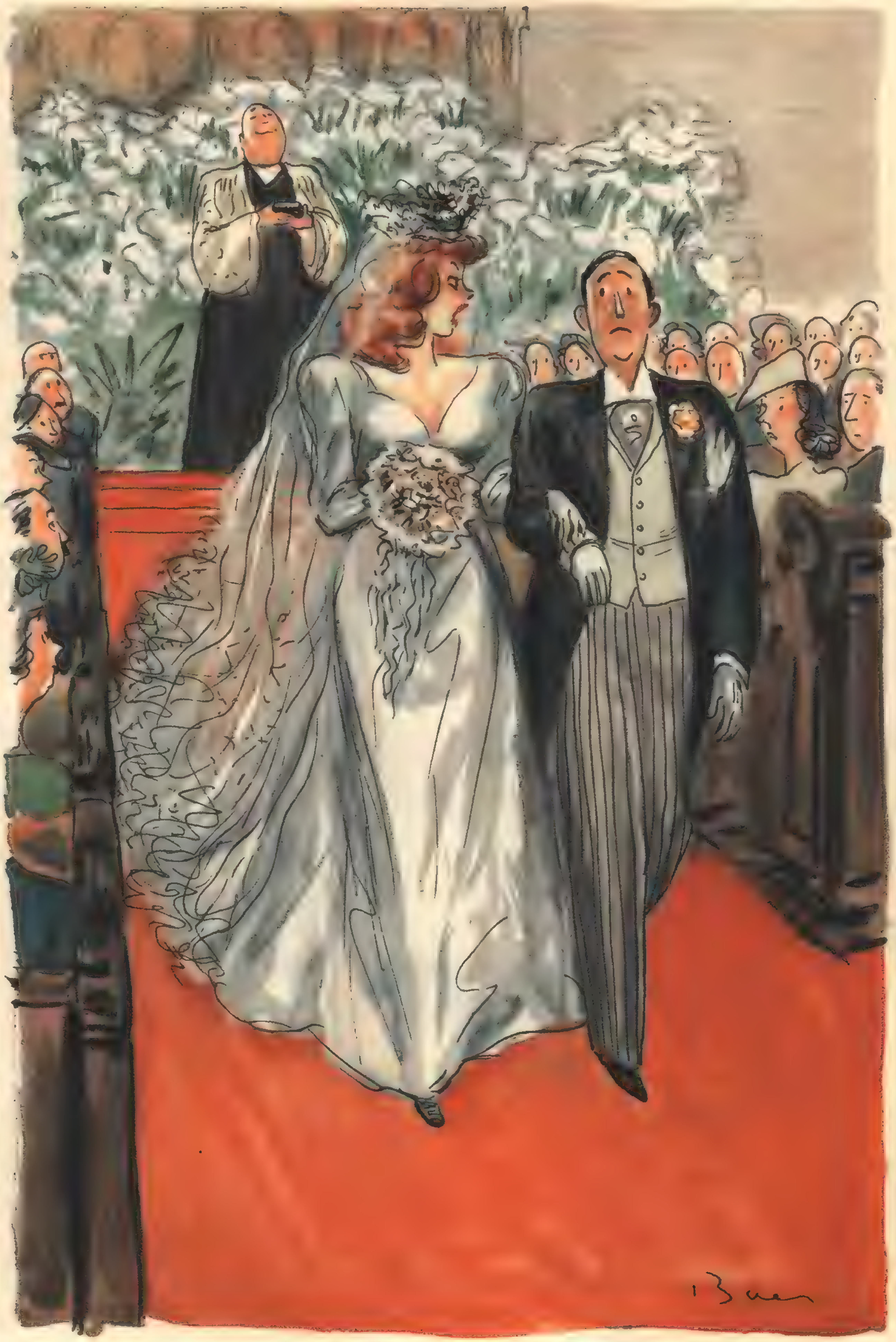
The man lowered the gun. He had another thought. The owl had made him suffer for many weeks. Now that he had caught it alive, he would make the owl suffer before killing it.

He reached down and caught the owl by its good wing, at the base, near the body.

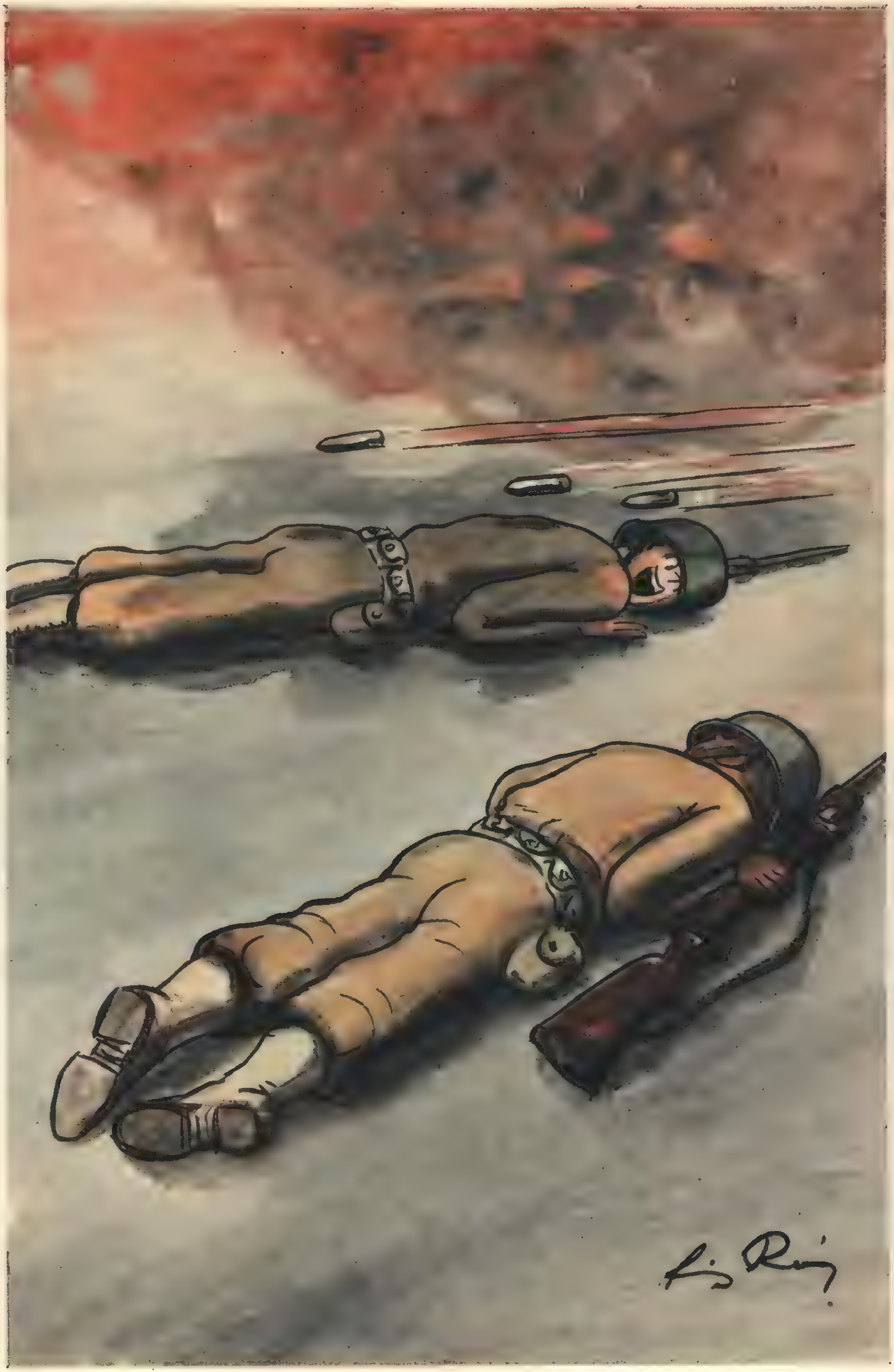
The next instant he howled.

He dropped his gun as a talon went deep into his thumb. The claw was as sharp as a steel gaff used in a cockfight. It cut to the bone. The owl came up with his hands as he tried to get rid of it. He couldn't free himself. The heavy bird clung fast and beat furi-

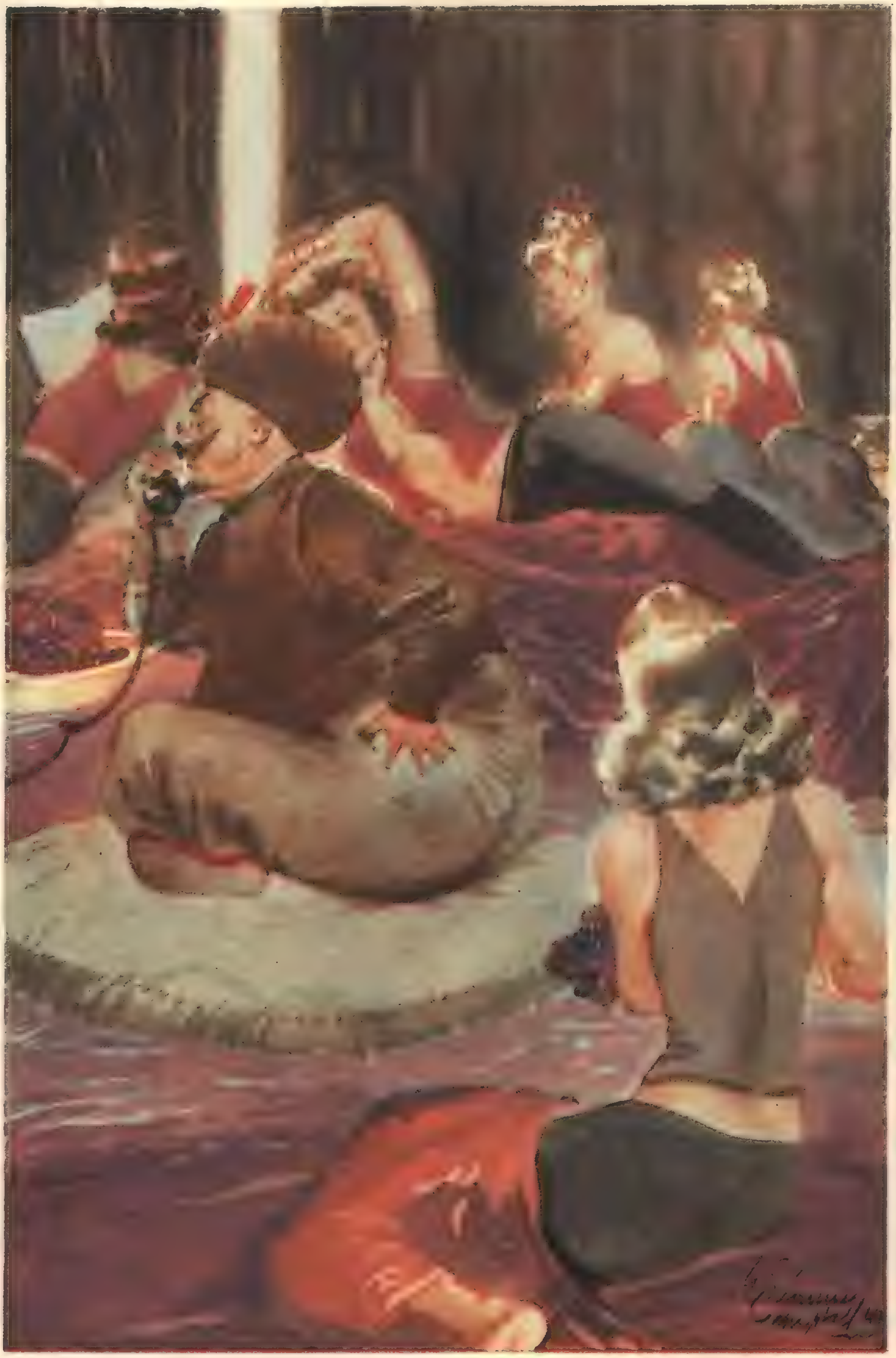
Continued on page 124



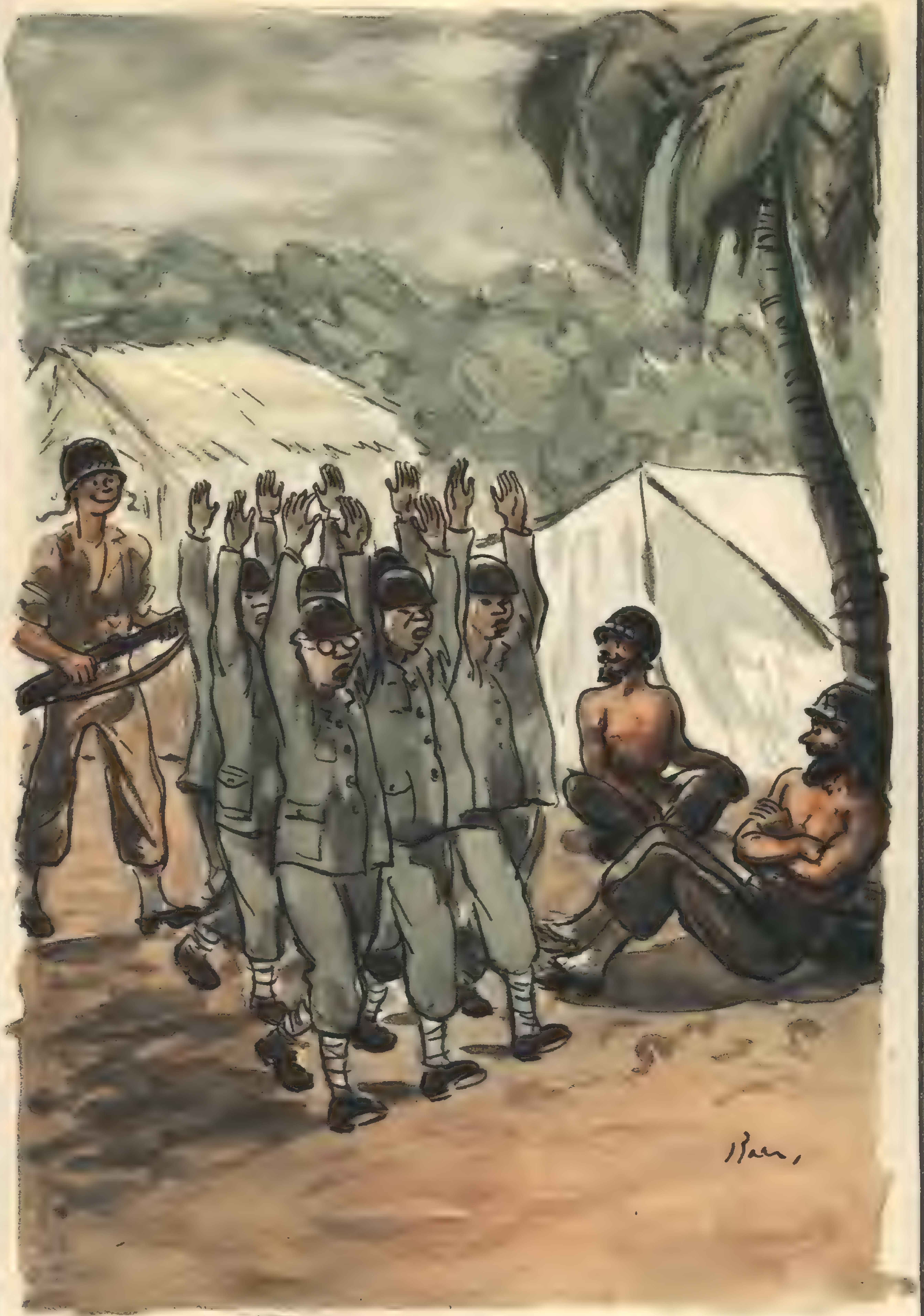
"You should have known better than to ask the minister to change a hundred dollar bill—now he owes us ninety dollars"



"Boy—what an ideal spot for a foxhole!"



"Of course I'm not alone—you ought to know better than to ask such a silly question, Mabel"



"The kid had to do something—he couldn't raise a beard"

Now I Stash Me Down to Nod

Dan Burley is an adroit, prolific source of jive which is circulated through his column in Harlem's *Amsterdam Star-News*

by STANLEY FRANK

• ARTICLE •

ALTHOUGH Dan Burley will grin with self-abnegation and mutter that this square is putting down a heavy hype, the truth is that he is doing more than anyone else in the country to jolt the English language into new life. As a matter of fact he is probably the most widely quoted man in America.

Widely quoted by millions of people who never heard of him, not to mention the thousands who have—he is today's foremost creator of pure jive. Through his column in Harlem's weekly *Amsterdam Star-News*, stocky, nervous, thirty-six-year-old Dan Burley has become the nation's poobah of spiels—in more or less straight talk, the nation's No. 1 mouthpiece of the new vocabulary.

He is managing editor of the *Amsterdam Star-News*, as well as its sports columnist, but such genteel activities did not educate Burley in jive. Jive is derived largely from terms used in swing music and from the slang of hoboes and jailbirds. Burley is a composer of distinction in his set and a top-flight boogie-woogie pianist of the old Chicago school. At one time he was a celebrated riverboat pianist and in his youth often hit the road. In fact the only real gap in Burley's jive education is that he never spent any time in jail.

True jive is not the stereotyped jargon affected by the high school ice cream parlor crowd and brain-fagged radio comedians. Jive has etymology, formal rules, a constantly expanding vocabulary currently estimated at over a thousand words and an infinite number of phrase combinations. Burley calls it "language in motion" and though he often discusses it in the most scholarly terms he claims you can't understand the idiom unless you understand the people who use it. Jive, he says, is the Negro's defense mechanism.

"Few Negroes have had much schooling," he explains. "As a result, my people are inarticulate; they feel keenly their intellectual inferiority in competition with the white man. . . .

"Zora Neale Hurston, the famous Negro novelist, says the white man thinks in terms of a written language while the Negro thinks in terms of hieroglyphics, and I believe she's right. Jive gives the Negro the word pictures he needs to interpret his thoughts. There are no words for abstract ideas in jive. There are only action words in the vocabulary and most of them are in the present tense. . . .

"The chief appeal is that it is pretty much of a secret language. It gives the Negro the satisfaction of knowing he is mystifying the white man, putting something over on him. All other minorities have a foreign language, which gives them a feeling of solidarity when they gather in small groups. The Negro had nothing that served this purpose until jive was developed. . . ."

This last point is interesting. Among all people with an intricate language, children have a universal trick of inventing their own words, which they delight in using to confound or exclude hostile adults. The manufactured words may sound like gibberish, but they are perfectly understandable to the kids of one family group. Rhymes also have a strong appeal for children, and the underprivileged Negro, as Burley himself has pointed out, is a child intellectually.

A child of any social stratum would prefer to say, "What's your duty, tutti-fruitti?" than ask the polite, deadpan question: "What do you do?" Similarly, "he collars a broom with a solid zoom," the elementary jive equivalent of "he left in a hurry," has a cadence that is pleasing to the ear, although the mature mind will reject it as labored elaboration of a simple fact.

The word "jive" itself is a distortion of the old, basic verb "jibe," or to speak fast and inarticulately. "Jibberish," derived from the same root, is unintelligible speech. Jive came into use among Negroes in Chicago around 1921 as an expression of sarcastic comment. Negroes of that period had developed an affected manner of speaking of each other's ancestors and hereditary traits, much after the fashion of Orientals and Mohammedans. ("Thou art the artificially inseminated son of a sterile camel.") At first it was called "playing the dozens"—clacking the teeth rapidly—but in time it was shortened to "jibing" and then "jiving."

Ragtime musicians, who made Chicago their Mecca, adopted the new words to color their trade talk. One of the earliest jive terms was a corruption of the word "forte," for anything that was pleasant or distinctly all right, such as a pretty girl, a free dinner or a pocketful of easy money. In music, forte means strong, sustaining ("solid") and through common usage it came to mean approval. Pronounced "forty," it soon went through the process of elaboration and came out as "twice twenty" and "thirty-eight and two."

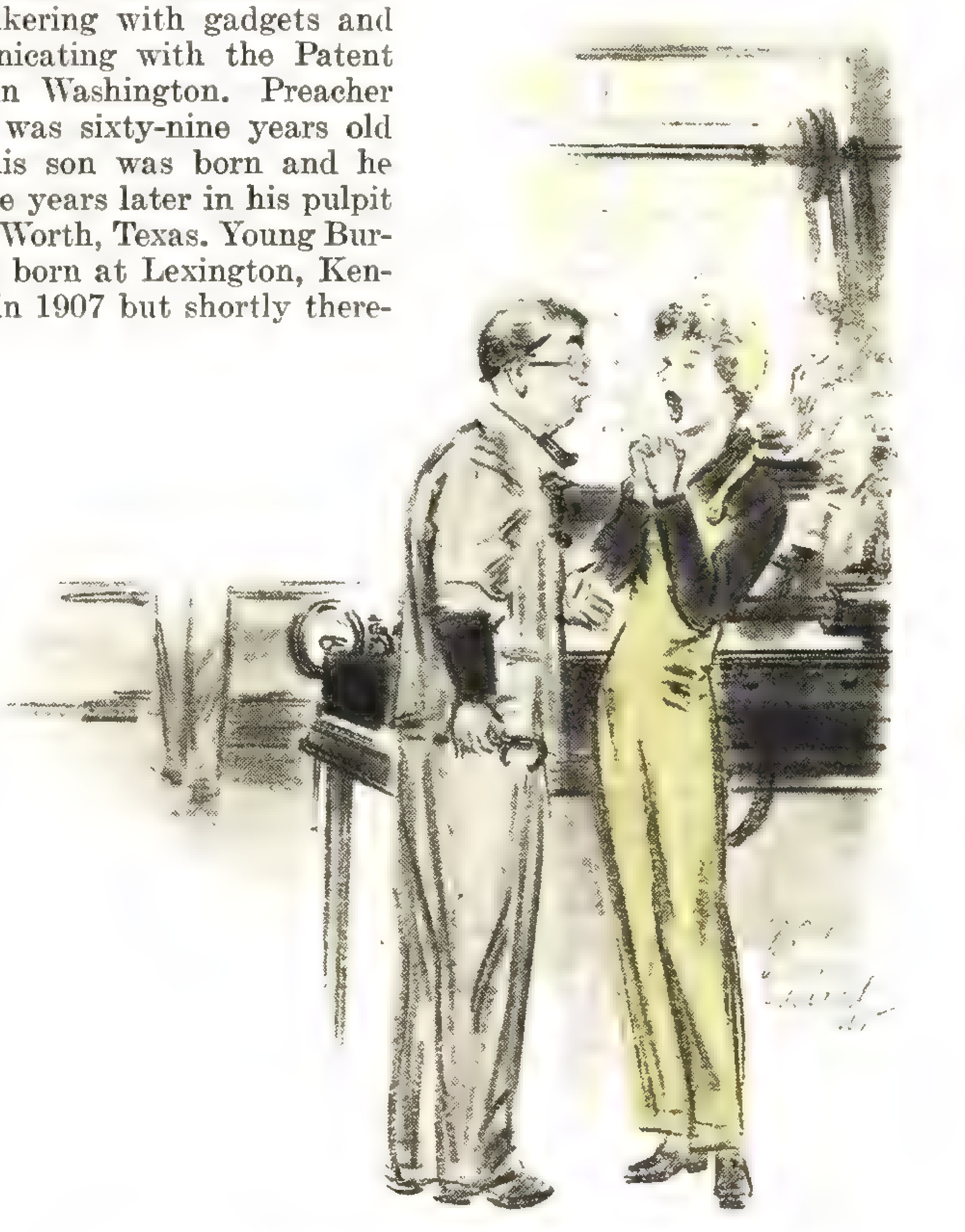
The common word "cat"—denoting a gent who has been around and, having heard all the questions, knows all the answers—also stemmed from the Prohibition era in Chicago. Among swing musicians, it originally meant the man in the band who improvised in an ecstatic mood. He usually was the man who played the clarinet and/or the saxophone and the imagery was perfect. A hot obbligato on the clarinet is reminiscent of nothing so much as the caterwauling of a cat on a back fence at midnight.

Unlike most Negroes who go for jive, Burley comes from quality folks. His father, born a slave, became a traveling Baptist evangelist after the Civil War and his mother was the first Negro graduated from Armour Tech in Chicago. Burley's only recollection of his father was that he always was tinkering with gadgets and communicating with the Patent Office in Washington. Preacher Burley was sixty-nine years old when his son was born and he died five years later in his pulpit at Fort Worth, Texas. Young Burley was born at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1907 but shortly thereafter was taken to Texas, where he lived until he was eleven, when his mother, who was thirty-five years younger than the preacher, remarried a Chicago man.

By all accounts, Burley's mother was a remarkable woman. Before her first marriage she taught at Tuskegee under Booker T. Washington and later was considered the key to the Negro vote on the south side of Chicago. Burley remembers such dignitaries as Big Bill Thompson and Len Small dashing in and out of the house at all odd hours.

Burley himself grew up without too much discipline and became a bush league hot-shot around the south side, a very hot locality during the free and easy Prohibition period. He went through the motions of attending Wendell Phillips High, was conspicuous only in arithmetic, in which he was conspicuously bad, dabbled in football and wrestling and one year finished fourth in the inter-

Continued on page 168



"Crying isn't going to get back that .0001 of an inch, Miss Farley!"

The Faith That Failed

Father was a stanch supporter of free silver, Bryan and the Democratic party, and as father went so went the precinct

by PETER B. KYNE

• FICTION •

I NEVER see a Shorthorn steer without recalling how my father's political Gethsemane came upon him, although he was not a politician but a farmer who took an alert interest in local politics. He was a Democrat who believed that the principles enunciated by Thomas Jefferson still survived in the party. However, not until William Jennings Bryan practically upset his reason with the Cross of Gold speech did we discover that father possessed a faith as sturdy as that of the Christian martyrs during the reign of Nero.

Those who delve into the economic history of our country will discover that the second term as president of Grover Cleveland was four years of terrible economic depression. My father spent those four years defending Grover Cleveland. He could prove to you that the Republicans had so manhandled the country's financial system that the economic collapse was imminent when the Democrats took over, and that it had not been a matter of surprise to thinking men when Grover awakened one morning in the White House to discover a panic in bed with him.

Father believed Bryan was the leader, anointed of God, to save the country from ruin. And although in 1906 we were getting ten cents a dozen for eggs, a dollar and a half a dozen for chickens that now cost us two dollars and a half each, a dollar for a two-weeks-old dairy calf and twenty-five cents for a hundred pounds of choice Early Rose potatoes, my father was so busy arguing for the coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one that he neglected to bring his hay in out of the field and an early fall rain caught it and ruined considerable of it. And we had expected the sale of that hay to pay the interest on our mortgage. Had The Peerless Leader appeared on our farm thereafter, my common-sense and highly intelligent mother would have run a pitchfork through him. When she wept and demanded of my complacent sire what we were going to do, he informed her blandly that the Lord would provide. Hadn't the ravens fed Elijah? I remember mother stating that she had no confidence in the hospitality of a raven and less in the ability of William Jennings Bryan—the blatherskite—to lead us into a promised land of milk and honey.

The above is merely stage setting for the catastrophe that threatened us the day I left the door of the potato shed open and a fat eleven-hundred-pound Shorthorn steer got in, upset a bag of potatoes and started eating them. When I tried to drive him out, he withstood the belaboring I gave him with a buggy whip until he had got a mouthful of potatoes he planned to escape with to munch at his leisure. Alas, one of them, extra large, slipped down his esophagus and stuck there, cutting off about four-fifths of his wind and throwing the steer and myself into a panic. Even in those hard times he was worth thirty dollars and to lose him, in addition to the hay, was something too horrible to contemplate.

I fled to the house to report that the roan steer was choking to death on a spud and my parents were so flabbergasted they ignored my confession of delinquency in leaving the door of the potato shed open. The family dashed out and stood around the steer, watching him moan and grunt and foam at the mouth and roll his eyes in agony. All my father could do was mutter his chief oath: "Dang his buttons." My mother said: "Do something." Father said he thought it was too late to do anything, but he did commence massaging the steer's throat, hoping to force the potato down into a less constricted area, whence, by gravitation, it might be presumed to drop into one of the animal's four stomach compartments where the gastric juice would obviate the danger of an obstruction subsequently. He failed.

"Private Perkins certainly has a way with animals"

Now, of course, nobody, unless he be a starving war refugee, will eat an animal unless it has died a violent death. So my mother said: "Butcher him, Johnny. Hit him on the brow with a sledge hammer to render him unconscious, then cut his throat and bleed him, skin him, dismember the carcass and haul it in to the local butcher in the farm wagon."

Now the largest creature we had ever slaughtered was a hog and we didn't skin hogs. We used scalding hot water as a depilatory, hung him on a gallows frame until rigor mortis had been fully accomplished, then cut him in two with a hatchet and with a knife and a carpenter's saw dismembered the pieces and pickled what we couldn't eat fresh. "I—haven't the tools to butcher a steer," he pleaded. "And that gallows frame will not hold him. Neither have I the material to build one that will. I'd have to buy a meat saw. Besides, if I hauled the dressed carcass down to the butcher he'd give me half what it's worth because he'd realize I have to take it or lose all. And I doubt if it's worth fifteen dollars to go to all that trouble. We'll save as much as we can by pickling and eating the rib roasts; we might sell some to the neighbors but most of the carcass will have to go to the hogs."

At this moment a man driving a pole team hitched to a shiny piano-box buggy drove into the farmyard. I had never seen this man before but I had seen the team and buggy and harness frequently. It came from a livery stable over at the county seat, and that fall candidates for county offices used to hire it to drive around the country and call upon every voter they could find at home. It was the custom, also, for candidates to carry with them a box of five-cent cigars and a couple of quarts of squirrel whiskey to "treat" the electorate. A candidate who did not proffer a drink or a cigar lost face and, frequently, votes. I suspected our visitor was a candidate making his canvass of the electorate.

At sight of our steer in agony this man leaped out of his buggy and cried sharply: "What's wrong with that cow-brute?"

"Choking on a potato," my father replied and indicated the slight bulge in the steer's sleek neck. "Looks as if we've lost him."

"Not at all, not at all," the

visitor replied. “I'll save him.” He shucked his coat and began rolling up his sleeves. “Get me a piece of two-by-four scantling about ten inches long,” he ordered. “Get me, too, a brace and bits, a length of baling rope and twenty feet of one-inch Manila rope.”

I ran to the wood pile for the object that had practically ruined my life—the sawbuck—while my father scurried for a length of two-by-four redwood scantling and mother went into the tool shed and emerged with a handsaw, the brace and the case of assorted bits. “Get me your four-horse whip,” the stranger ordered and while I went to get it out of the whipsocket on our farm wagon, he sawed off a segment of the two-by-four, bored a hole in each end, bored three or four holes in the center of the block, knocked out the core with the butt of the whip, rove the baling rope through the small holes at the end and was ready for business.

“Open the steer's mouth,” he ordered. The wretched animal's mouth was half open then and before he could resist, father at his upper jaw and I at the lower, yanked his mouth wide open and the stranger flipped the piece of two-by-four into it, holes to the front, and tied it in securely by passing the baling rope around the steer's horns. We then pushed and dragged the steer over under a tree; the stranger passed a loop of the one-inch rope around the steer's horns, tossed the other end up over a stout limb and proceeded to raise the steer's head until its neck stuck out horizontally.

“Mustn't have kinks in the neck when you do this operation,” the visitor declared and thrust the hickory stock of our four-horse whip through the center hole and down the steer's throat, until he contacted the potato, when he tapped gently and presently the whipstock slid inward a foot. “Got it,” shouted the savior of our roan steer and withdrew the whipstock. The steer belched, burbled and coughed, for of course his throat had been severely tickled; then he closed his mouth and snorted and took a deep breath, went over to the watering trough, washed out the memory of his adventure and ambled slowly off into the pasture.

“Always use a smooth hickory whipstock for that operation,” the stranger warned. “Then you'll never plant splinters in the critter's throat, to fester and probably kill him later of blood poisoning.”

“You're a genius,” my father declared. “To whom are we indebted for saving our steer?”

The stranger drew two cards from his breast pocket and handed one to father and the other to mother. I looked over mother's shoulder and almost froze with horror to discover we were indebted to one Bob Binney, the Republican candidate for sheriff. I saw a glint of triumph in my mother's eyes and realized she was rejoicing at the discomfiture that must now be father's portion, for he was a prideful and independent man and while he had no objection to being under an obligation to a neighbor because he could always repay it, to be under an obligation to a Republican candidate for office was, decidedly, another pair of boots. I saw him flush with embarrassment; then he proffered his hand to Binney, thanked him heartily and said: “I ought to vote for you, Mr. Binney. In fact, I'd like to, but unfortunately for you I am a Democrat and your opponent is an old and valued friend, as you may know, and has already committed me.”

Mr. Binney grinned. He was a handsome man in the middle thirties, big, broad shouldered and tanned. “While we have not met previously,” he told my father, “I know all about you. I looked you up; then I gave you up. However, I thought it would do no harm to come in and get acquainted, because I'm going to defeat your friend and if I make good as sheriff in the next four years maybe you'll not commit yourself again and when I stand for reelection you can conscientiously support me—and throw your not inconsiderable support to me.”

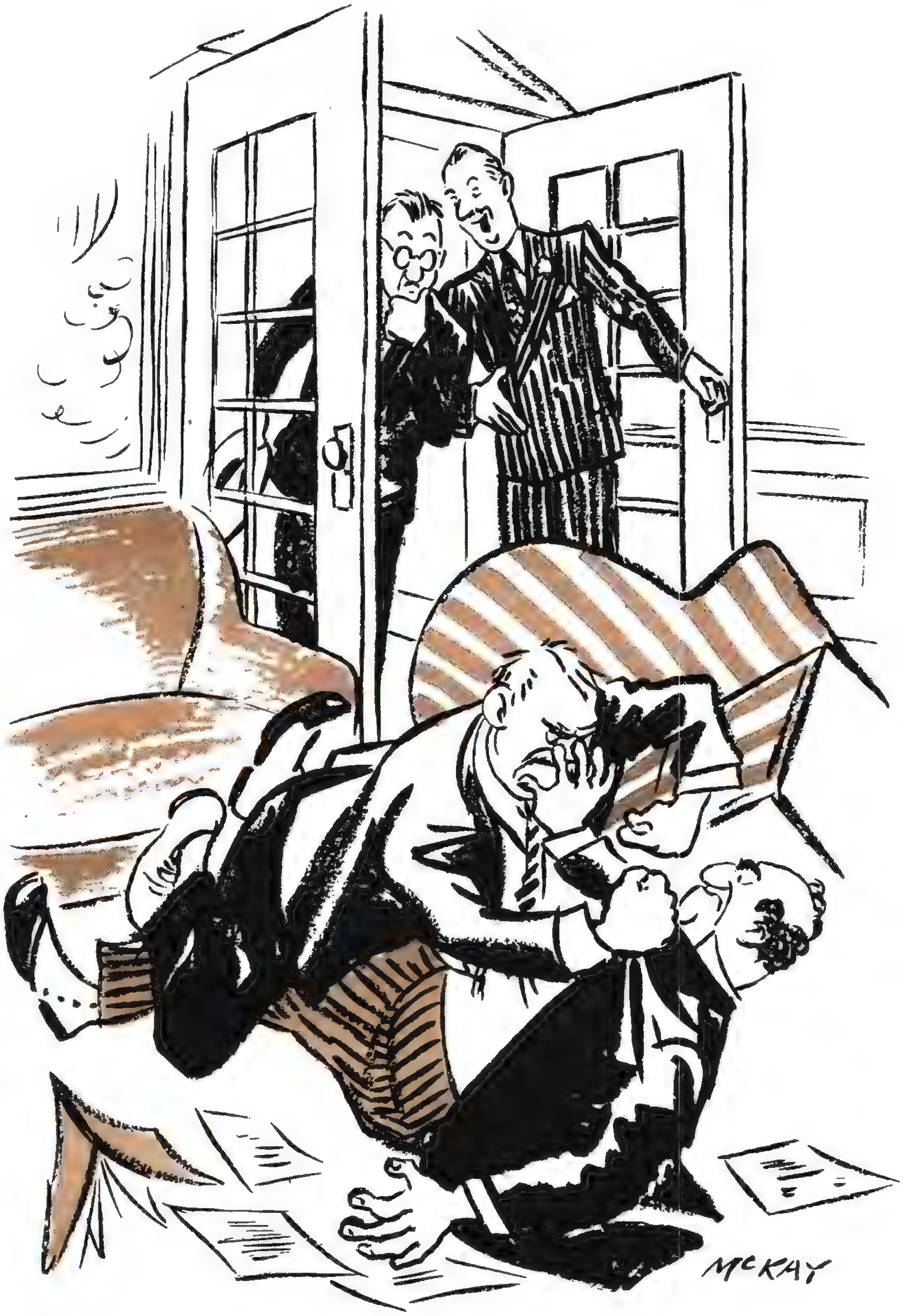
“Where's your whiskey and cigars?” my mother demanded. She was a mischievous woman.

Binney flooded her with his infectious grin. “Well, knowing your husband was a pipe smoker and a teetotaler, I hid the whiskey and cigars under a bridge down the road a piece. However, if you want a drink and a cigar I'll run back and get them.”

“John,” said my mother, “this young man belongs in the office of sheriff. He's a quick thinker, young, hearty and kind. He would never abuse his prisoners. He saved our thirty-dollar steer and I expect you to vote for him and ask your friends to do likewise.”

“Oh, no, no,” Binney protested. “Do not embarrass your husband. I understand his position perfectly. If every voter were as

Continued on page 149



“Senators will be senators!”

Gibbons, Pillar of St. Paul

The heavyweight who fought Dempsey for fifteen rounds twenty years ago is now thrice-elected sheriff of Ramsey County

by GEORGE A. BARTON

• SPORTS •

Being honest in the prize ring and private life has paid big dividends to Thomas J. (Tommy) Gibbons of St. Paul, Minnesota, for a number of years one of the leading pugilists in the heavyweight division.

The man who fought Jack Dempsey fifteen rounds under a blistering hot sun for nothing but an opportunity to bid for the world's heavyweight championship at Shelby, Montana, July 4, 1923, is one of the most highly respected citizens of St. Paul.

The people of St. Paul recently showed their admiration for Gibbons by retaining him, by popular acclaim, for his third successive term as sheriff of Ramsey County in which the Saintly City is situated.

The former boxer made such an enviable record during two previous terms of four years each that he was re-elected without opposition for the first time in St. Paul's history. Others coveting the office realized it was futile to run against Gibbons.

Time was when St. Paul bore an unsavory reputation throughout the United States for harboring notorious criminals, among them John Dillinger, Alvin Karpis, Verne Miller, Tommy Touhy, Doc Barker, Harry Sawyer, Jess Doyle, Cassius McDonald and Bill Weaver.

It was during this reign of crime that St. Paul was the scene of two of the nation's most sensational kidnapings. The victims were William Hamm and Edward Bremer, millionaire brewers. Hamm paid 200,000 dollars for his release, Bremer 300,000 dollars.

Gibbons co-operated with F.B.I. agents and St. Paul police in rounding up all these criminals, except Dillinger, Touhy and Miller. Tommy was charged with the responsibility of holding these killers under lock and key and safeguarding against delivery by their pals of the underworld.

Thanks to Sheriff Tom Gibbons and a revised police department, St. Paul has become one of the most law-abiding cities in the United States. It has clamped down on racketeers with such a firm hand that even pin-ball operators have long since tossed in the towel in token of defeat.

One of St. Paul's largest luncheon clubs, comprised of leading business and professional men, two years ago bestowed upon Gibbons a medal for his outstanding work as a citizen.

This medal, awarded by the Exchange Club, together with another medal presented to him by Pope Pius XI for his generosity in building and contributing a Catholic church, costing 35,000 dollars, to Osakis, Minnesota, are Tommy's most precious keepsakes.

Tommy has owned a summer home at Osakis, in the heart of Minnesota's Ten Thousand Lakes, since 1915. Friendship for a priest and the people of Osakis prompted Tommy to present that little town with a badly needed new church which has become the pride of Osakis and the surrounding country.

"I cannot think of a nicer way of spending money," declared Tommy in a brief presentation speech.

Gibbons studied for two years at St. Thomas College in St. Paul before launching upon a professional boxing career. He is well educated and has broadened his education by reading the best authors and studying world history assiduously.

He is a clever speaker and his services are in big demand at luncheons, dinners given by civic, fraternal organizations and churches. Tommy helped to land the American Bowling Congress for St. Paul in 1939; he is a director in St. Paul's famous winter carnival association, director of the Boy Scouts of the Saintly City and past deputy in the Knights of Columbus.

The "mob"—tavern owners, gamblers and the like, among them several former boxers—were elated when Tommy was elected sheriff nine years ago. They had visions of running wild under his administration.

Imagine their consternation when Tommy called in violators and told them in emphatic language they would have to live up to the law or suffer the consequences.

"I like you fellows personally," Gibbons told them collectively and individually, "but the law provides all taverns must close at one a.m.; it prohibits gambling and it likewise prohibits sale of liquor to minors.

"I intend enforcing the law to the letter, which means fines and jail sentences and revocation of licenses. It is up to you to respect the law or pay the penalty."

Owners of nightspots learned quickly Gibbons meant business, for, true to his word, he closed up violators.

* * *

The highlight of Tommy's fistic career, of course, was the fight with Dempsey at Shelby almost twenty-one years ago on Independence Day.

A small group of men, headed by Mayor Jim Johnson of Shelby, conceived the idea of staging the Dempsey-Gibbons fight for the purpose of promoting the sale of land purported to be rich in oil.

Recalling how the late Tex Rickard put Goldfield, Nevada, on the map by staging the memorable fight between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson in 1906, Johnson proposed the Dempsey-Gibbons bout to bring Shelby national prominence, thereby booming the sale of property for oil wells.

Moses Zimmerman, St. Paul businessman who was deeply interested in the Shelby scheme, contacted Mike Collins, noted Minneapolis boxing promoter and manager of several outstanding pugilists—Mike Gibbons, Fred Fulton, Jock Malone and Johnny Ertle. Zimmerman outlined the plan to Collins in a long distance call and requested Mike to come to Shelby for a conference.

Collins, unimpressed by Shelby, a typical Montana cowtown, when he alighted from a train, regarded the proposed fight as a wild dream on the part of Johnson and his colleagues.

But Johnson, Zimmerman and their associates sold Collins on the idea with their talk of an unlimited bank roll.

Collins first contacted Jack Kearns, then manager of Dempsey, for his terms for a championship fight with Gibbons. Kearns demanded a guarantee of 300,000 dollars and 10,000 dollars additional for training expenses.

Collins prevailed upon Kearns to meet him, Johnson and Zimmerman in Chicago.

Kearns tried to discourage the promoters because he could not picture a title fight drawing a corporal's guard in such a small town so far away from large cities.

He warned the Shelby promoters the entire guarantee of 300,000 dollars must be in his hands before Dempsey would enter the ring. He stipulated they must pay him 100,000 dollars upon signing the contract, 100,000 dollars more on June first and the remaining 100,000 dollars on July first.

Collins and his colleagues prevailed upon Gibbons and his manager, Eddie Kane, to gamble with

Continued on page 121

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Rebel Randall

Rebel Randall, born Alaine Brandes, and crowned "Glamor Girl of Hollywood" by Paramount photographers as having the composite beauty of Greta Garbo's eyes, Linda Darnell's nose, Ann Sheridan's mouth and chin, and Hedy Lamarr's hair, is actually something on her own. In high school she wrote and directed a play which was presented in the school auditorium and on a local radio station. To have written and directed your own play at any stage is no mean accomplishment, and should tell men weary of gals with vacuums behind their sweet eyes that Rebel has Intelligence.

Afternoons after school, instead of drinking sodas and flirting, Rebel was busy at a playhouse in Chicago acting in everything from Ibsen's *The Wild Duck* to Eugene O'Neill's *Long Voyage Home.* Came modeling, with Rebel's lovely face smiling down on everybody from billboards and the pages of magazines, luring them to buy chewing gum, bathing suits, hair shampoos, motor cars. And all this while Rebel was still in high school.

At graduation she played the lead in Booth Tarkington's play, *Seventeen;* was seen by a talent scout who suggested that she audition for Max Reinhardt's Workshop in Hollywood. Of over a thousand applicants, Rebel Randall was chosen to go to Hollywood to study with the late master theatre man. By now our Rebel is in Hollywood where, after six months with Reinhardt, she found herself under contract to Paramount.

Since then Rebel has been in many pictures, has appeared on the legitimate stage in *Big Time* and is writing a novel.

She is modest, kind, endearing, answers every one of the thousand fan letters she receives monthly, is eager to learn new things, see new people, *grow.*

On the subject of men, says she: "I like wide-awake men, keen—and kind. I hate bullies, and I can't bear conceit. It doesn't seem like much to ask for—but actually it's quite a lot: a good brain and a kind heart."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Age:* 22; *Height:* 5' 8½" with heels; *Weight:* 118; *Bust:* 34"; *Waist:* 23"; *Hips:* 35".

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

Anton Bruehl

How to Talk Sense in Company

Since no one is purely reasonable, there will be some hitting in the clinches, but here are the rules

by MORTIMER J. ADLER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE right to *talk* is a democratic right. The right to *think* is beyond the reach of any tyrant, except, of course, in so far as he poisons men's minds. But the man who has the right to *say* what he *thinks* is a free man. We abuse this liberty unless we make every effort to think straight. Free thought and free speech fuse to form the foundation of democracy. Outside the realm of force, the most important single thing we democrats can learn to do is to talk sense.

Not all our thinking involves talking to others. Sometimes we talk sense to ourselves. Sometimes we discuss our problems with an author in the course of reading a book. But sooner or later we get into real conversation, two-way or many-sided. We meet with our friends on the street, at lunch, in each other's houses. The casual exchange of opinions becomes an airing of our common problems. It is such discussion, in which men try to learn from each other and persuade each other, that I want to consider here.

The purpose of this article is to tell you how to talk sense in company. (If you can do that, you can certainly talk sense to yourself.) If I sound impudent, let me acknowledge at once that I violate, every day of my life, one or another or all of the rules I am about to set down. No discussion will ever follow all of them at every stage, simply because men are not gods. The rules of talking are idealistic the way the rules of tennis are. They are counsels of perfection. Even though we violate some or all of the rules of tennis when we play, we try to follow them if we are trying to play tennis.

What is extraordinary is that so few people seem to realize that there are rules for good conversation. A distinguished educator recently pointed out a paradox about our country. We have achieved wonders in mechanical communication, but human communication has been breaking down. People still gather socially, but more and more they turn to the radio or bridge; and if they talk, they tend either to talk about trivial things or, if they begin talking about serious matters, they tend to get into bitter and fruitless disputes. I have been teaching young people and adults for twenty years and I find that even among my students at the University of Chicago, an institution whose standards are probably the highest in the country, the one game played without any rules is that of discussion.

Let me say here what I mean by "good conversation." Discussion is good when it is both pleasurable and profitable. To be able to persuade someone to see a point your way—to win his agreement by moving his mind, not by bludgeoning or intimidating him—is certainly as pleasant as winning at bridge or golf through an exercise of skill. To learn something as a result of being genuinely open to persuasion is a profitable use of conversational time.

Now the rules, even though they are "ideals," are neither hard to understand nor impossible to follow. I suggest that the next time you meet with your friends and begin discussing, say, the war, you place a copy of these rules in the hands of the coolest-headed member of the group. Appoint him chief umpire and bouncer. See if it doesn't make a difference.

An orderly conversation has a beginning, a middle and an end. The rules fall into three groups, corresponding to the three phases of discussion. First, there are the preconditions for serious conversation, without which it cannot be undertaken at all. Second, there are the rules to be followed during the course of the discussion. Third, there are the precepts that deal with its conclusion.

I. Beginning a Discussion

Pick the right occasion.

There are times for small talk and times, so to speak, for big talk. A dinner party is a bad place for big talk. Whenever conversation must be larded in between other activities, such as going to the theatre and going to bed, it might just as well be trivial. You must always have plenty of time. Good talk is usually slow in getting started and long in winding up. A gathering in which many of those present are strangers is usually a small-talk group. An evening of relaxation, when most of those present are tired, is no occasion to solve the problems of the world. But when friends are gathered and they share an impulse to talk about their common problems, then serious discussion can take place.

Pick the right people.

Don't try to discuss everything with everybody. Even some of your best friends may lack competence on certain subjects. Some people aren't interested in some subjects. Sometimes it isn't competence which is lacking, but the affinity of temperaments. Some people "just don't get along together." If you happen to know that Green and Robinson hate each other, keep the conversation on the weather. And be sure that everyone present is going to participate. People who whisper on the sidelines disrupt discussion as fatally as kibitzers spoil bridge.

Don't argue to win.

Of course, you want to persuade, but you should also be open to persuasion. Good discussion is an *exchange*, not a blitzkrieg. If you want to fight, join the Army. You know the difference between brawling and fencing. There is the same difference between wrangling and arguing.

Don't argue for argument's sake.

Don't pick an argument on every point regardless of what you really think. Don't disagree just to keep the argument going. There is no point in going on and on. Better taper off into small talk before everyone is antagonized and discussion becomes a feud.

Don't be polite.

Discussions are often nipped in the bud because people don't want to quarrel. They suppose you can't argue without losing your temper. They don't want to quarrel with their friends and, if they suspect they disagree on fundamental issues, they definitely avoid serious conversation. This is an unfortunate mistake. The minor agony of examining a difference of opinion is one of the best expressions of friendship. Those who are willing to take pains in honest and forthright discussion are helping, not offending, each other. (When I say "Don't be polite," I don't mean that you should be rude. The boor who interrupts all the time ruins any conversation.)

Don't listen only to yourself.

Don't sit around thinking of a bright remark with which to break in and win applause. It is not your private train of thought which matters most. If you lapse into soliloquy, you will lose track of the argument; and then, no matter how good your next idea, it is likely to be irrelevant. Of course, you may get a good idea at a moment when someone else is making a long speech. It is hard to be patient—but it is the only way to talk sense.

These rules state the preconditions of conversation. Though some of them may actually operate during its course, they really

Continued on page 171

◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Judy Garland

THE public life of Judy Garland, nee Frances Gumm, began at the age of thirty months when, uninvited, she toddled on the stage of her father's theatre in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, and joined her two older sisters in the trilling of *Jingle Bells*.

Before parentage pinned them down, Judy's father and mother had been vaudeville troupers. Inevitably the three Gumm sisters formed a dancing and singing team, trained by their mother, who thumped out the piano accompaniment. They first clicked at the Oriental Theatre in Chicago, where Master of Ceremonies George Jessel suggested a change of name, and thereafter were billed as "The Three Garlands." A movie agent who heard Judy sing at Lake Tahoe suggested a film tryout, but her mother protested the snub-nosed, red-haired twelve-year-old wasn't pretty enough. The agent was persuasive and Judy was given a seven-year contract with M-G-M.

After attending the M-G-M school and playing a series of minor parts, Judy made her first big hit in *The Wizard of Oz*, receiving the Oscar in 1939. Obviously too curvate for pinafores, she was assigned more adult roles in *Ziegfeld Girl*, *Life Begins for Andy Hardy* and *Babes on Broadway*, though romance was confined to calf love.

Now at twenty-two, Judy is still studying. "In this business," says she sagely, "you have to know you're good but you also have to know that you can do better."

The former Baby Frances Gumm has come a long way and learned a lot—both about dramatics and life's little ironies. In 1941 she married David Rose, the composer, orchestra leader and erstwhile husband of Martha Raye. The marriage didn't jell and now Dave is in khaki, contributing his talents to *Winged Victory*. Judy is growing up, actually and in pictures. She would like to be cast in a Broadway musical and hopes eventually to drop singing and dancing to become a serious dramatic actress.

Vital Statistics: *Hair:* red-brown; *Height:* 5′ 3″; *Weight:* 110 lbs; *Bust:* 33¼″; *Waist:* 22½″; *Hips:* 34″.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

The Turning of Radiquet

He had always been esteemed as a hero by boys in the village, as a sick man by his wife, a headache by the police

by GEORGES SURDEZ

• FICTION •

The children of the village of Harquemont knew from the talk of their elders that Melanie Radiquet was the unhappiest woman in the whole mountain district. She had married misfortune. We considered her with some pity and strong curiosity, kept track of the shifting hues of her more visible bruises and were alert to spot the new crop on most Monday mornings.

It was partly her fault, all agreed. Her father had left her some property, she could have chosen a good man instead of picking on Jules-Aristide Radiquet, who did not own a square inch of soil under the sun, because he was handsome, carefree and a good singer. There are those who sing and there are those who work. Jules had sung his way through her dowry inside two years, and for more than fifteen years thereafter, she had supported the two of them by washing, practical nursing, embroidering and farm labor. In those days and in that remote region of Eastern France, there was nothing a woman could do about a worthless husband: probably there is not much for a woman to do even now.

Melanie was a tall woman and under normal conditions would have been a handsome, well-rounded, attractive matron at thirty-five. But she wore discards, often was shod in man's shoes. Worry, poverty, hard work had made her appear fifty. La Radiquet never complained; her voice was soft and gentle; there was a patient, vaguely haughty look in her battered face. She did not allow people to pity her to her face, had been known to leave jobs when her husband was criticized. She went to church and prayed for Jules every Sunday the year around and attended the seasonal devotions.

"Heaven is good," she had been heard to remark. "We have no children. With that sickness he has, Jules would have had a hard time rearing them and he'd have felt very bad."

To her, Radiquet was not mean, cruel, lazy and drunken; he was a sick man. She told a story that he had been struck on the head with a heavy stone when but a boy and that the blow had affected his brain. She pointed out that when he liked he could be intelligent and clever enough. She was right.

As the peasants put it, Radiquet "could do anything with his ten fingers." He knew farming as well as the next man, had a way with horses, with stock. Like many of the local men who owned no land, he had learned a trade to occupy the long winter months when farm labor was not needed. He was an expert watchmaker and, when he elected to work, was counted the best in the village. But what made him a hero to us, the boys of Harquemont, belonged in another sphere.

His skill as a poacher, his exploits as a smuggler, had earned him fame. And although he was truculent and likely to cuff or slap when drunk, sober and in the right mood he was friendly to kids. For instance, he could show you how to make a wire snare for hares, for rabbits, for squirrels, tell you what tree to lime for what kind of birds, what preparation to use. He could carve out a whistle in five minutes, turn a hazel stick into an ornamental cane.

His knowledge of wood lore and wildlife was prodigious; his yarns more interesting than any book, even more than the colored crime supplements of the city papers. He knew where different foxes lived, how many little ones to a pair in a given season, was an ambulating *Almanac de Gotha* for the few deer and wild boars remaining in that region. Once he had returned to the village claiming he had seen the tracks of wolves in the snow. People had laughed at him for wolves had not been seen for some forty years. Two days later he brought back a dead wolf, not a very large wolf but a wolf. His talents were multiple. He could beat on the ground with his knuckles and coax a rabbit almost into his hands; he fooled birds by imitating their calls. And he could look at a man's catch laid out on the inn table and tell him just where, in what small pond, in what stream, he had caught his fish.

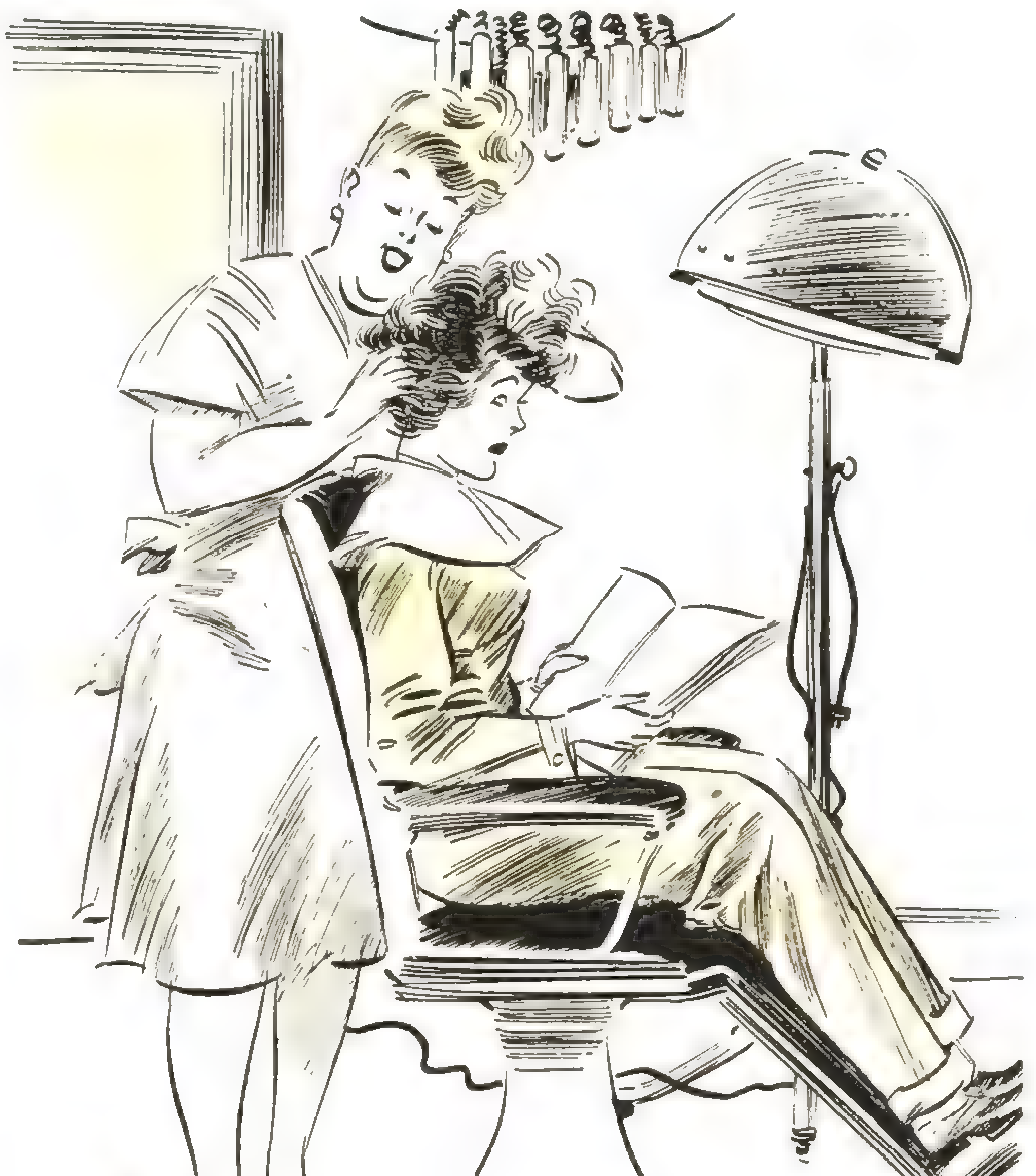
By poaching, he kept inns for miles around supplied with game and fish out-of-season, with small birds for old-fashioned pies. As a smuggler, he had no peer; one ordered from him as from a legitimate shopkeeper. He brought bundles of laces, cartons of watches, coffee, matches, tobacco from across the Swiss border. Everybody knew about that, but he made fools of the field guards, the customs agents, the gendarmes and even of imported detectives. In the long talks around the fires during the winter nights his name came up often, connected with this trick or that ruse, with some fantastic prank he had played.

But what won us completely was that, while unwilling to be taken by the authorities and not caught, he did not hide his dislike for uniformed men. From time to time, without reason, he would pick a quarrel with a gendarme, with a guard, and it was a matter of record that no man had ever managed to arrest him without assistance. Two had done it on rare occasions, more often three and four.

He was strong as a bull and agile as a cat. His appearance was deceptive, for he was not very tall, five feet nine or ten; many men were taller, more massive. But with some drinks in him, he could lick burly, sober men. And we all knew that even then he was not trying very hard; he seemed careful, never inflicting an injury that might turn a misdemeanor into a crime, always contriving to shape the quarrel so that the blame was divided. As proof that he kept under control, the longest he had ever served in the cantonal jail was thirty days.

Radiquet made trouble as regularly as a clock ticks. On the national holiday, fourteenth of July, on the village feast day in the fall, ceremonies were not considered officially started until Radiquet had been "taken in." Gendarmes and guards would wear their oldest tunics until he was safe in the lockup, then change to dress.

His exploits, always magnificent, were on occasion almost epic,



"I'll bet I know whose lathe the foreman will be hanging around tomorrow"

as witness the time when Oscar, the blacksmith's son, came home on leave from the Fifth Regiment of Artillery in which he served. He was a big fellow with a sloping brow and red hair, two inches over six feet, weighing a trim ninety-four kilogs. He was an exponent of the new science of fighting at which Georges Carpentier was then winning fame. He was a champion of sorts, whether regimental, brigade, division or corps, nobody knew exactly. But he strutted about, talked jabs, hooks, swings, refused to smoke or drink for fear of injuring his wind.

Radiquet looked upon him with growing annoyance.

Then he grumbled that the new science was bunk, that it was imported, that good old French methods were better. That led to arguments, challenges, then to an open space behind the inn, next to the bowling alleys. It was a blazing hot summer afternoon. Radiquet was giving away four or five inches, somewhat more than forty pounds and over sixteen years. Moreover, as he shuffled forward, his limbs seemed unsteady under him and the big youngster apologized aloud for the massacre that was to follow.

The spectators expected something amusing and got it. At the signal, Radiquet ran forward, crouched suddenly, scrambled on all fours, rose with his head between the big fellow's legs. The champion sat up, dazed, with a broken collar bone. His father wanted Radiquet arrested for assault, but even the gendarmes told him how ridiculous the charge would be.

But when Radiquet got home, his wife told him he should be ashamed of himself, a grown man playing such pranks and injuring a nice boy. The poacher disliked comment on his personal affairs. Melanie had two black eyes when she reported at the mayor's farm for her usual chores. The mayor took the field guard along to remonstrate. Radiquet was suffering from a hangover—absinthe, brandy and ordinary red wine did not always agree. Being a local man who wandered about of nights, he knew something of the personal histories of both his callers and in his irritation referred to their private troubles, with the conclusion that if *they* gave *their* wives black eyes once in a while, the community would have less to gossip and laugh about.

The two went home; one word led to another; there were explanations and revelations. The village exploded like Vesuvius and for several days thereafter Radiquet was forgotten. In a spirit of mean revenge, someone informed Melanie that her Jules did not spend all his nights out smuggling and poaching, named this farm and that inn where doors or windows were left unlocked on moonless nights. Melanie, who knew what went on as well as anyone, nevertheless, then felt obligated to reproach Jules. Jules immediately and vigorously resented this intrusion upon his private life.

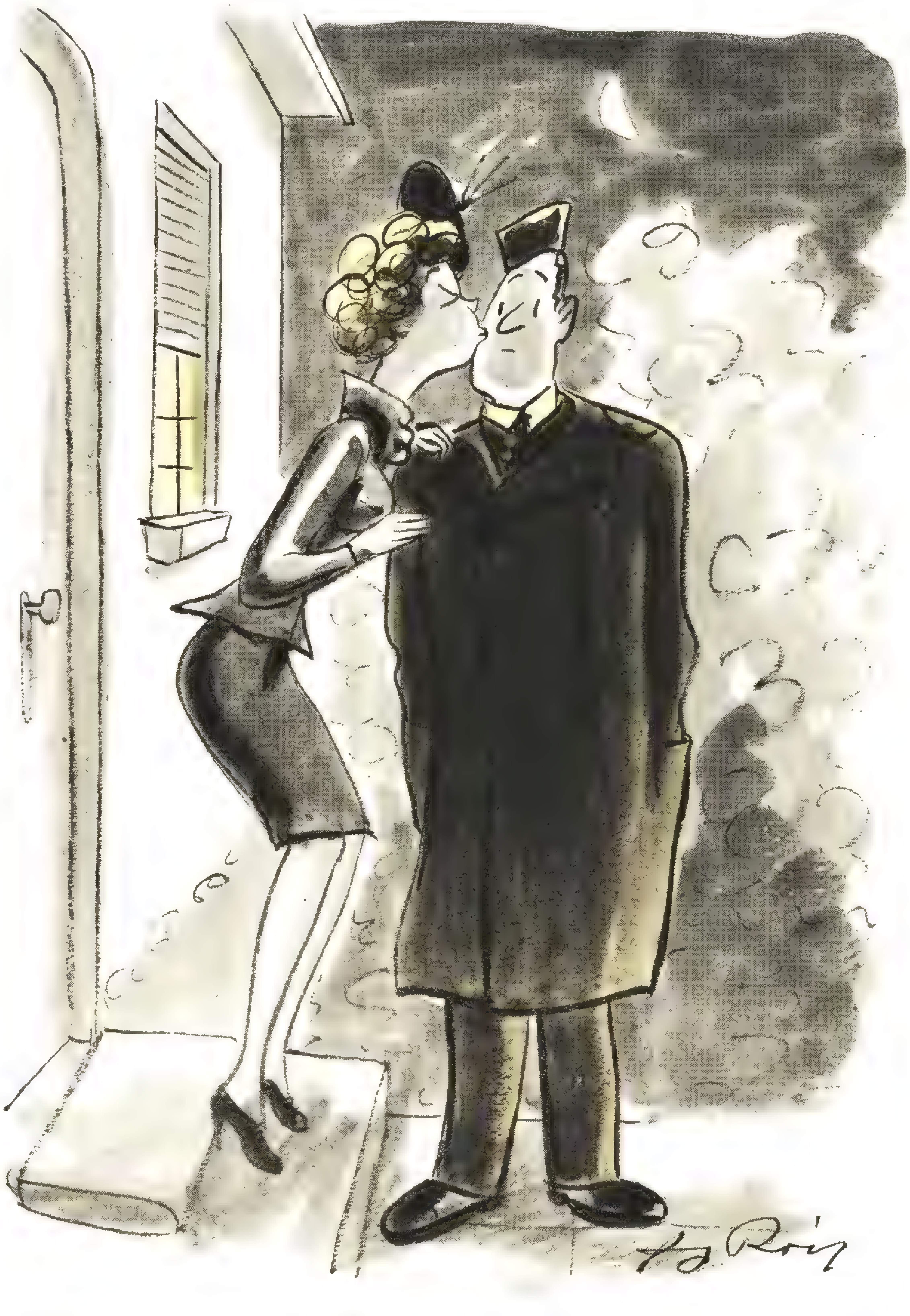
Not content with direct reprisals, he allowed himself to be caught, with a hare hanging under his coat, by the most stupid guard in the mountains, to show plainly that it was done on purpose. And Melanie had to work the harder to settle a fine of one hundred francs and spare her man long captivity. Ah, her life was no picnic then—up with the sun to go to work, doing embroidery by lamplight until after midnight in her efforts to make ends meet. For Radiquet had a very strict principle. Any cash he collected for his illegal activities could not serve banal utilitarian purposes—it was to be used for tobacco, cards and drink.

It was the following winter that the accident happened. Radiquet was having a bit of sport, taking goods over the frontier. So that pursuit should make the trip home seem shorter, less tedious, he allowed himself to be seen by the guard at the bridge, who telephoned to other outposts. Several guards fanned out into the forest slopes, each one armed with carbine and pistol, each one carrying handcuffs and a burning desire to square accounts.

Radiquet avoided them and their dogs without trouble. But one of the guards, a surly Corsican by the name of Bonnetti, slipped and fell into the Doubs River which at that point is strangled between the hills and forms a regular torrent.

His nearest comrade was two miles away. Radiquet heard his calls for help. He was not a killer and perhaps imagined he would be accused of having shoved him in. Bonnetti swam like a cast-iron stove lid; Radiquet swam like a fish. He hid his bundle, trotted to the rescue, plunged into the icy stream. He caught the guard all right but had quite a time getting him ashore because the banks were high and slippery. He very probably did risk his life. But he got the guard ashore, built a fire, gave him a drink of brandy—in fact saved him twice. Then, as the guards arrived, heading for the

Continued on page 143



"And now, Private Foreski, for seeing me home in a gentlemanly manner I award you my Daisy Jones seal of approval"

Dynamite for Sand Traps

Neither rough nor bunkers nor sand traps hold any terrors for golfers who master the use of that handy club, the dynamiter

by TOMMY ARMOUR

• SPORTS •

"What club will I use?" In answer the pink-faced caddy surveyed the situation and with the air of an experienced bagtoter nonchalantly handed my friend and partner, Harvey Devereux, his "dynamiter," or sand club, and said, "Put it in the cup."

Harvey and I were partners in a game of bridge golf, the rules of which are that you bid what you think the composite scores of your partner and yourself will be on the hole. Your opponents are privileged to double, and you're privileged to redouble. If they don't like the redoubles they can underbid you.

On this particular hole my partner and I bid 11, doubled and redoubled. I was on the green in 2, and Devereux was in the bunker in 3. If he got out of the bunker successfully, got down in two more strokes for a 6, and I got a three or four, we would be paid for any amount of points under our bid. Dev approached the shot out of the bunker with the bravado of a cornered Marine, but with the mental reservations of a Mr. Milquetoast. Determination was written on his cherubic face. He fidgeted and twisted in the bunker, and hurled his anatomy at the ball, with the painful result that he moved one foot. Without stopping to take a breath, he advanced one foot and attempted the same shot again. His performance was identical with the first effort. Raising his head, he looked around for some sympathy or criticism, but the situation had become too tense. We were afraid to speak.

In desperation Harvey looked at me for advice and counsel. Trying to put him at ease, I said, "Just flip it out—down in 2, get an 8, and I'll try to get a 3." This time, instead of taking too much sand, he caught the ball on the sole of the club. It flew out like a bullet and nearly decapitated the caddy who was standing at the pin, and only magnificent footwork on the part of one of our opponents saved him from being disemboweled. The ball disappeared into the bushes on the other side of the green.

As Harvey came out of the bunker onto the green, he reared his head in defiance. Nobody dared to speak! The blood was slowly leaving his head. His face became ashen gray. The blood vessels in his neck stood out like ropes, and with a roar that would have put even Tarzan to shame, he said, "Well, what about it?"

Dead silence greeted his question. Majestically he strode over to the bushes. He had to lift the ball out of them at the penalty of one stroke, then proceeded to dub two more and finally holed out with an expensive 13.

To say the situation was tense is putting it very mildly. The amount of money that we had lost on the hole would have helped to pay a great part of Harvey's income tax and all the libations in the locker room.

Walking toward the caddy, he delivered a poetic oration:

"Boy, since the beginning of time the Devereux's have dedicated their entire lives to the progress and welfare of humanity. Their deeds of kindness are legendary from 'way back in the Dark Ages in Ireland, England and France. Through our whole history we have never been known to do anything that was harmful to humanity—and I, Harvey Devereux, am going to be the first to break that great tradition. I am going to present you with this club. I want you to take it as far away as possible. You can use it as an implement of defense or offense in any fight. If you wish to ruin your life, you can practice with it—but don't ever let me see it again! I make one proviso, however, that you never tell the police, because I'm sure I would be arrested for contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

As we walked over to the next tee, a look of peace came over Harvey's face. He stood at the tee in silent meditation, and was awakened from his reverie only by the question from our opponents: "What do you bid?"

"Bid," he said, "bid? Who's interested in bidding at this moment? Do you realize you're looking at a free man—free for the first time since I took up this accursed game? I'm free from the insidious effects of that invention of the devil! No longer am I under its spell! I can face the ramparts of the pars on each hole with confidence, feeling that if I don't get a 5 I'll get a 6. That weapon has cost me thousands of hours of restless sleep, thousands of hard-earned dollars—and hundreds of social amenities. I nearly lost my home and my family through that accursed club, but now I'm free!"

For the remainder of the round Devereux kept repeating those words: "I am free, I am free!"

As we reached the relaxing confines of the lounge in the locker room and were imbibing some thoracic lubrication, Devereux arose and addressed his audience with, "Gentlemen, I am free!"

As time went on and our thirst had been satisfied, Harvey turned to me and asked, "Who invented that implement? Every time I play a shot with it, I am likely to kill somebody. It's as dangerous as dynamite!"

Slouching further down in my chair, I proceeded to tell the history of the dynamiter.

"It was supposedly invented by a man in Houston, Texas."

"May God have mercy on his soul!" interjected Mr. Devereux. "But I hope he breaks a bone in his body every day!"

Continuing, I said, "In its original form it was a heavy club with a concave face and a flange on the sole of the club. When manufactured and brought into public use, it was immediately grabbed by all professionals. After practice, it became undoubtedly the most devastating implement against par that had ever been introduced into the golf game. The amazing results achieved by this club came to the notice of the United States Golf Association, who then made exhaustive tests of the club and found that when playing a shot with it, you hit the ball twice—first on the bottom of the concave face of the club and then on the top. This made the club illegal, and it was immediately barred, to the dismay and consternation of the 'paid-to-play boys.' However, that was merely one step of the sand club on its road to ruining a great part of the golf game. Manufacturers immediately made a club without the concavity, but retaining the broad flange.

"*Then really was born an implement of devastation!* The players, much to their amazement, found this club more efficient than the old one, because the concave club made the ball run after hitting the green. This one made it stop. And then the boys began to work on it! After a few hours of practice they discovered that the terrors of the bunker disappeared entirely. Until the advent of the dynamiter it had been accepted that if you landed in a bunker there was a great probability of your taking 3 shots to get down. There was the possibility of taking 4, even for the experts, but with this new weapon it became a certain 3 and a very probable 2. Now, after years of play and practice with the club, it has be-

Continued on page 137

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS ▶

June Havoc in *Mexican Hayride*

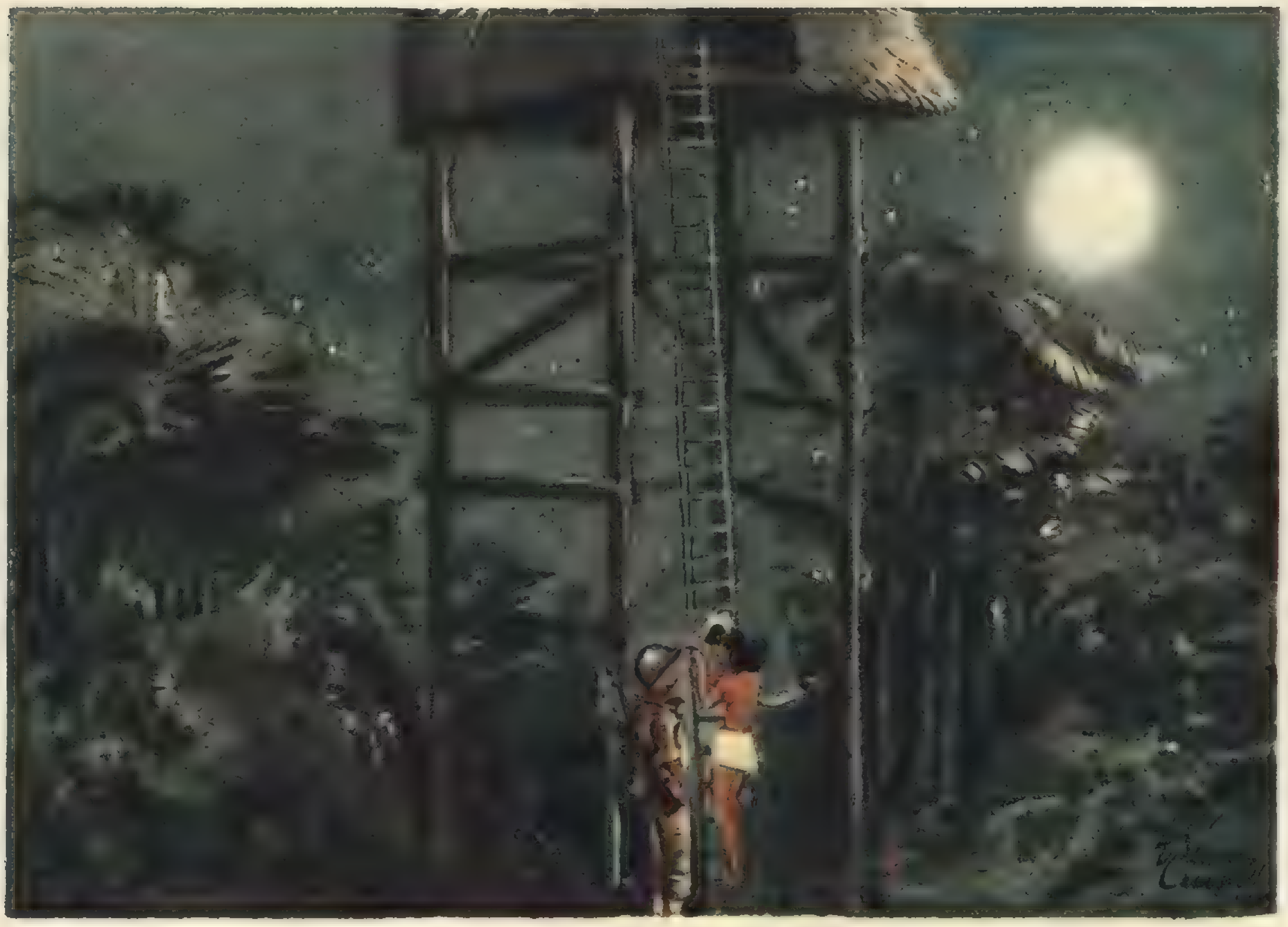
On the page opposite you see Miss June Havoc as Montana, the lady bullfighter who is the toast of Mexico City. Considering the costume, it seems credible that even the bulls would stand up and cheer. In the foreground, enjoying the double feature, are toreadors Edmund Howland and Aleks Bird.

Mexican Hayride rocked into the Winter Garden in January with a wagon load of talent, eight carloads of scenery, music by Cole Porter, book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, dances by Paul Haakon and money by Michael Todd.

The story is about a fugitive scoundrel playing cat-and-mouse with the law. Bobby Clark, beloved zany of the painted spectacles, is the desperado, disguised as a flute-playing troubadour or a buck-toothed Indian squaw. Mixed up in his troubles and having romantic problems of her own, Montana does swift shifts from amorous huddling with Wilbur Evans to strenuous clowning with Clark and George Givot. Justice triumphs and all ends happily, and if anything is worrying Michael Todd, it certainly isn't his quarter-million-dollar investment in the show.

June Havoc has been blinking into the spotlight since she was three. As a toddler in toe-shoes she began her dancing career in Anna Pavlova's ballet troupe and was a child star on the silent screen. After that she headed a vaudeville troupe on the Pantages circuit, billed as "Baby June, the darling of Vaudeville." At the age of thirteen Baby June found herself stranded in San Francisco with her mother and sister. Dance marathons had just caught on and were paying 100 dollars a day per pair of feet. Dance marathons died a natural death but June emerged from her sixth, still hardy in spirit and with 2,500 dollars to get her back east. She modeled for a while and appeared in summer musicals at Jones Beach. She got the spotlight under control again in *Pal Joey*, and Hollywood snatched her west for *My Sister Eileen, Hello, Frisco, Hello, Hi Diddle Diddle* and *No Time for Love*. Now back in New York, June is one more reason why *Mexican Hayride* couldn't go wrong.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ABBOT



"Mind if I walk part of the way up with you?"

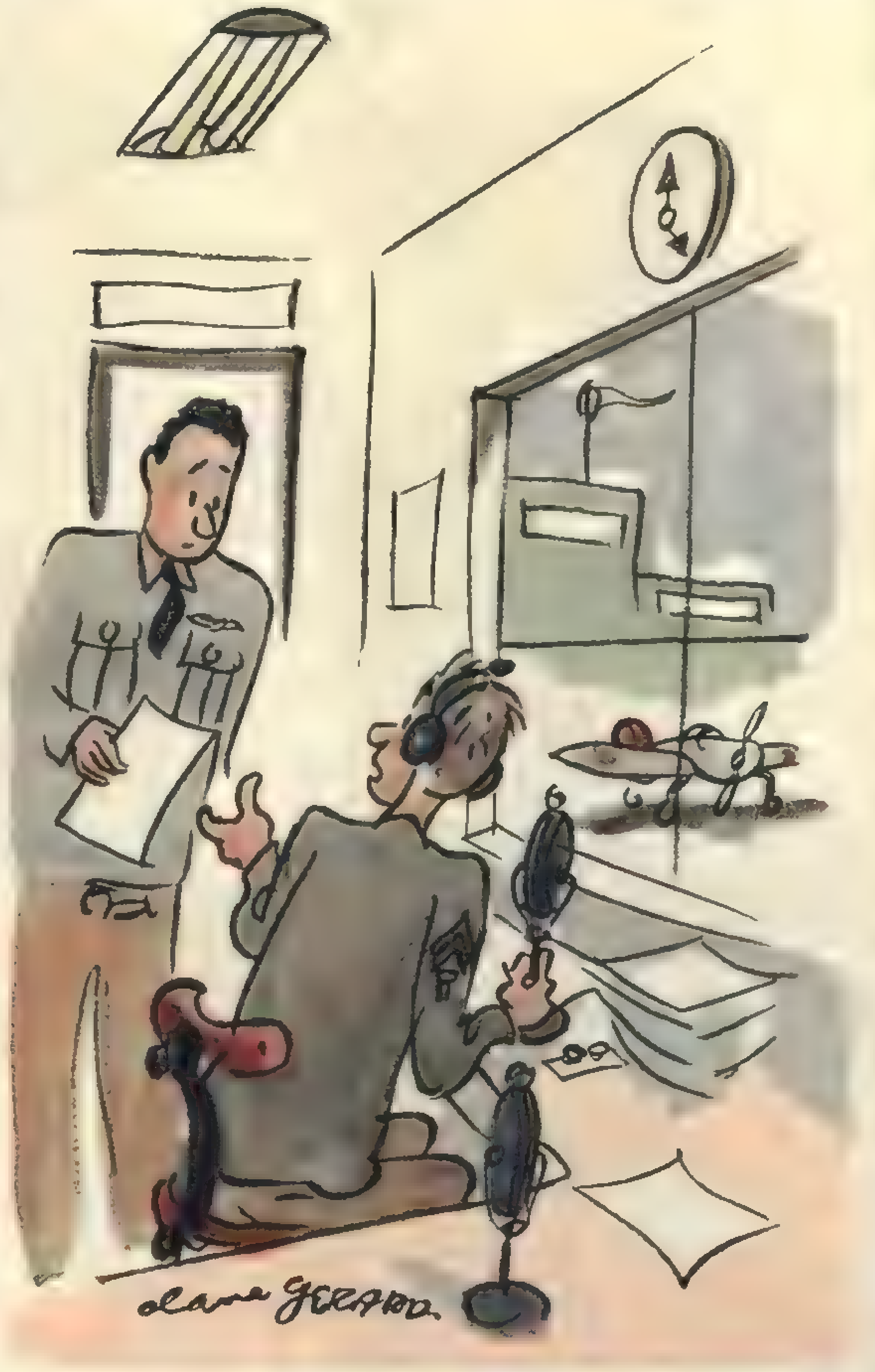
PLUM FROM THE MELTING POT

AMBASSADORS and bandleaders comprise the unique background for Lina Romay's career as a vocalist. As the daughter of a member of the Mexican diplomatic corps, she spent her early years commuting between her father's home in Mexico City and his various government assignments in the cities of this country. The social requirements of her father's job involved Lina as a witness to christening ships, meeting important personages at trains and hobnobbing with generals and other government officials. Bored, she turned to seek expression in a more personal way: without much thought of the future, she began singing, naturally and without professional lessons. Early in 1940, while attending a debut party in Detroit, she mustered up her courage, asked the pianist to co-operate, attracted the attention of the group with her songs.

It is certain that she obtained the sincere applause of at least one guest at that party, an official of radio station WWJ, Detroit. He liked her well enough to launch her professional career as a singer on a daily fifteen-minute program over that station. This was followed by a brief theatre run in Detroit, after which she became the vocalist with Horace Heidt's orchestra. Heidt had heard her during one of her WWJ broadcasts. She toured with that organization only four months, however, since during that time Xavier Cugat had listened to her singing and was so impressed by her combination of personal radiance and vocal ability that he persuaded her to join the Cugat band. That was early in 1941 and she's been with him ever since.

New York born, Lina is descended from Mexican, Irish and Scandinavian stock. She came by her interest in Latin American songs honestly. She speaks Spanish as well as a native, knows the songs which are close to the hearts of Mexicans, Cubans and South Americans. As featured vocalist of a band which headlines Latin American music, she has found a medium which allows her freely to express both her vocalisms and her personality. Currently, radio listeners are dialing her on MBS's *Your Dubonnet Date with Xavier Cugat* program. Movie-goers soon will see her in two forthcoming M-G-M pictures, *Two Sisters and a Sailor* and *Mr. Coed,* in which the Cugat band is starred. Off the job, Lina has become an expert in swimming, riding, tennis and clothes designing. In the latter capacity she has created some 40 original costumes which she uses in her work.

PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO DYER



"He says the wing's gone now—he'll try it on just a prayer"

K

Outdoors Is Where They Grow

Five million kids go to camp every summer, learn to get along with their fellows and develop emotional as well as bodily health

by LEROY SMITH

SPORTS

JACK, aged thirteen, came to camp expecting to be a star on the baseball team. Baseball was his big interest. His father was a rich man and Jack had made his father take him to see all the big league teams that played in their city. For his age, Jack could talk baseball wonderfully. He could catch a ball if it weren't thrown too hard and could bat if the ball were tossed up to him nicely. He couldn't throw very far or straight. But he breezed into camp with the best gloves and shoes made and quite satisfied that his father only had to issue the order for him to be made the captain of the team. First baseman and captain—that was what he was going to be. His dad said so.

Our camp was full of all sorts of boys, by no means all rich, and the baseball team was seasoned by plenty of previous sandlot competition. They gave Jack his chances at different positions but in any fast play he simply wilted. Drill he couldn't see. He wouldn't work out in the sun, learning to stop grounders and burn them to first. He wouldn't go out to catch flies and throw them in. Batting practice lured him more but he shrank away from the plate when the more inconsiderate pitchers slammed them in too hard. So he wrote his father, putting the blast on the camp, and Jack's father took time off from his business to come down and give the director a going over.

That was when the director had to explain himself. He didn't want this influential man to take Jack away and give the camp a black eye. Neither could the director have camp policy upset.

"Your boy," he said, "would run into the same situation at any good camp you sent him to. If you let him run out of this baseball test, you can ruin him for life. He's learning now the big lesson that can make a man of him. He has the desire and he can make a player, and the sooner he gets it out of his head that you can pay his way to the top the sooner he will go to work to make good on his own. I'll bet nobody bought your way to the top."

This man was high up in business, a farsighted leader; the boy was his weakness and he realized it. He was glad to talk to an educator specializing in such problems and it was an educator that he had carefully chosen. The director seized the moment.

"The thing for you to do is to stay away from the camp. Don't make visits. Jack is all right here. We'll take care of him. If there is any reason for you to come, you'll be notified instantly. Leave him with us. He is a little man among men here, learning his own strength and learning to hold his own. That's what he is in camp for, as well as for outdoor life and health."

Results were good. Jack was not a problem child, except as parental indulgence had given him a push in that direction. Ball playing was a phase of his development. On his own he settled down and became good enough to play in the infield and it was a pleasure to see his delight in handling a hot liner.

There are always several Jacks in every camp and any capable director is quick to spot them and can usually straighten them out if—and the *if* is a big one—the parents of the Jacks will only lay off, stay away from the camp and permit the director to do his work without interruption. Parents should give the camp director all their confidence or none at all. A parent who comes to a camp and sympathizes with a child can undo in an hour everything that the director has accomplished in a month or a season.

Some five million children go off to camps every season, which will give some idea of the importance of the educational work. Healthy outdoor life is the basis of it, but equally important is the creation of a healthy personality. In camp a boy learns to work and play and get along with other boys. His character is formed and it will never be difficult for him to make future adjustments.

Present wartime conditions are specially good in camps, for one great reason that everybody accepts. Even in camps that are luxurious—mistakenly so, I think—little paid help can be had. Boys have to do things for themselves and for the group, and nothing is better for them. It develops amusing personality contrasts.

Tom was the son of a practical family, financially middle class, and he had been accustomed to be of use to his mother. Bill's people were on the rich side and he had never had to hang up his own clothes. Now when Tom came to camp he decided this was his time to rough it and live like a he-man in the woods, which included going dirty and sloppy as he pleased. The other boy could never be untidy personally but kitchen work was something outside of his world. So when the two boys had their turn in the kitchen, Bill was fussily neat, but when he peeled a potato it came out in his hands the size of a golf ball. He polished glasses and dishes like diamonds but required endless clean towels.

The thing came to a crisis one day when Bill was bent over the potato basket. Tom slopped in with muddy feet, shoes united and stockings hanging down. "Huh," he said. "Haven't you got sense enough to peel a potato. Give me the skin and you keep the potato."

"I have sense enough to wash my hands and comb my hair," said Bill.

"Look at the way you break dishes and waste towels," said Tom.

"Look at that dirty shirt on you," said Bill. "I wouldn't wear it into a pigpen."

The two boys worked on each other, which is one of the great benefits of camp life. Tom became a model of neatness while Bill learned some practical aspects of life that he would have missed.

Traditionally boys can stand a lot of dirt, but on the other hand boys have immense, deep-seated pride. Reaching their pride, one can do anything with them, and it is through their pride that they can receive hurts that will mar them for life.

One melancholy, shambling twelve-year-old worried me for awhile. Competitive athletics is the best way to rouse a boy's spirit and get him into happy relations with a group, but Johnny simply slunk away from games of any kind. I never saw a boy with apparently less impulse toward sports. He had big hands and feet—promising signs to an athletic instructor—but all he would say to suggestions of baseball, basketball, archery, swimming or boating, was, "I don't want to." He was standing vacantly near the tennis courts one day and I asked him to try a game. He seemed to shrink into himself. "I don't want to."

He was always a very courteous kid. I said to him, "Johnny, I need some practice hitting balls over the net. Would you mind standing over here and throwing them back to me?"

That was something he couldn't refuse. He couldn't stop any of the balls. He always had to pick them up after they bounced

Continued on page 123

OLD TIME SONGS

While Strolling through the Park One Day

GIVING the Gay Nineties come-hither with "a roguish pair of eyes" is Joan Edwards, singing co-star with Frank Sinatra on *Your Hit Parade.* As you will remember, the gay dog in the straw skimmer lost his heart "while strolling thru' the park one day, in the merry, merry month of May." The song plot really amounts to a pick-up but apparently this did not offend the proprieties of that gentler era. Boy often met girl while promenading, as witnessed by other current songs: *Walking down Broadway, Twilight in the Park* and even *Strolling on the Brooklyn Bridge.*

Ed Haley wrote *While Strolling thru' the Park One Day* for the Du Bell Twins, who introduced the song in 1880, probably on the stage of one of the Brooklyn variety houses, discreetly advertised as "Ladies' Theatre and Family Resort." Its rocking lilt was a perfect background for soft-shoe patter after the vocal duet, and the piece was a favorite with song-and-dance teams through the great years of vaudeville.

Joan, by the way, is the niece of Gus Edwards but was born too late for his famous *Revues.* Something of a piano prodigy at seven, she was headed for a keyboard career until she discovered her voice. Rudy Vallee discovered *her* when she was a student at Hunter College and engaged her for a Florida appearance with his band during one Christmas vacation. After eight months as vocalist with Vallee, Joan toured with Paul Whiteman's orchestra and for the past three years has been starred on the *Hit Parade.* She swings easily from pert nonsense like *Mairzy Doats* to the yearning *My Ideal.* While Sinatra's bobby-sockers form clubs for organized swooning, Joan gets equally vociferous backing—complete with low whistles—from the male contingent. As one columnist put it, "She has a sweater girl voice." She still plays hot piano and is studying arranging and composing. Her humble ambition: "someday to write music one-tenth as good as Gershwin." And being a man's woman, she has a sound respect for the art of cooking. In fact, she admits she's good at it!

DESIGN BY STAPLES-SMITH; PHOTOGRAPH BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

The Champeen of the World

It was a pleasure to see Eddie and Joe in the ring, even finer to watch them outside, walking along proud as tigers

by EDWARD L. McKENNA

FICTION

Some time ago, but not so long that the book won't prove it, two welterweights fought up at the ball park for the lightweight championship of the world. If they were satisfied to give or take a pound, who else should complain? Call them Eddie and Joe.

They had boxed before, over at the Garden. That was a more spectacular fight, more action in it, more excitement for the boys in the cheap seats. At the ball park they knew all about each other and it was just precision and timing and careful boxing and accuracy, and maybe it was a little dull. Neither was a first-class showman; they were a little too honest. No business could be done with either of them. Eddie did bet on his fights: he bet on himself. Joe never bet, probably because his wife wouldn't let him. Eddie had a wife, too, generally.

It was a delight to see them, wherever, whenever they fought, and against anybody. They were lithe and quick and dangerous and smart and brave. Each was knocked out once when he was coming up: Eddie at the Saint Nick; Joe at the Cambria, where he was boxing in B.V.D.'s and a pair of ninety-eight cent shoes. The experience had not taught them cowardice.

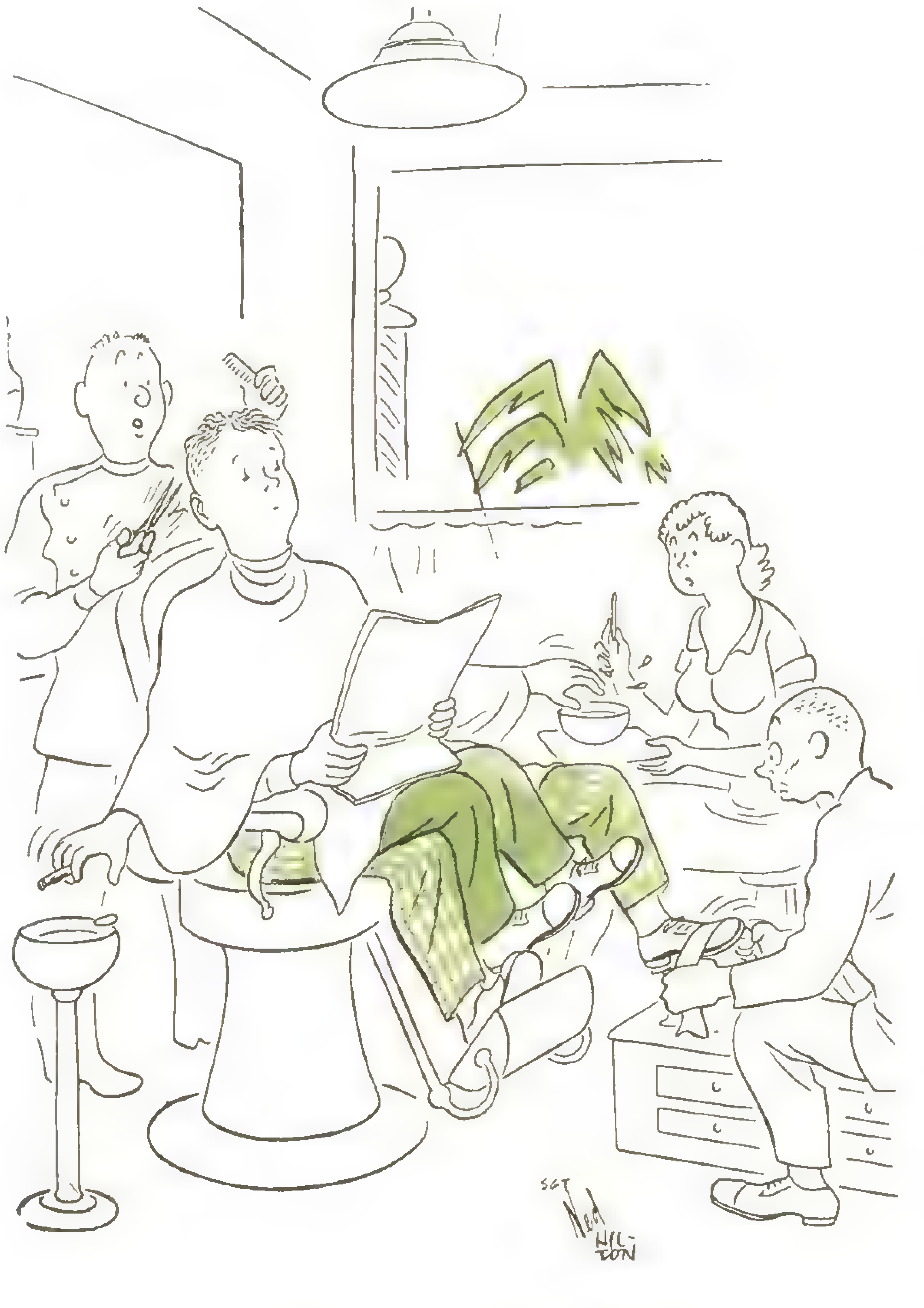
This bout up at the ball park was a disappointment to many and to others it was a dream of perfection. Pat O'Brien refereed it; at the end, he looked worse than either of them. All he had to do was to tap them on their wet and glistening backs; he never had to go between them. "Break! All right now, boys! Break!" They'd break; they'd drop their hands and glide away from each other, falling into position like the colored glass in a child's toy, and there would be Pat O'Brien skipping about like Buttercup in *Pinafore*, anxious, solicitous as a mother hen.

Many people hate and abominate professional boxing. Their point of view is to be considered and respected. At its best, it is beautiful and fine and clean. This bout could have taken place in a drawing room, and many a meaner, dirtier one has. There was no blood; there were no knockdowns; there was no false jocosity or amiability, no slapping each other on the back; no words of any kind passed between them. It was deadly serious; each had met his match and couldn't and wouldn't believe it. They were trying every minute, with everything they knew, except with cheap and paltry tricks which they disdained and discarded. Once Eddie had Joe off balance, turned sideways to him; he didn't lower his hands and walk away, to wait for cheers; he sparred daintily till Joe got set and then he went after him like a mongoose and got a nice left to the mouth for his pains.

It was like that, it was all like that. Anything could happen, nothing did. It ended, as all such bouts should end, not in the middle of the ring and a flurry of wild blows, but with each of them shuffling and shifting and stalking the other. Fresh, eager, unbeaten, even then they could have taken any man their size in the world.

The gong rang twice; they dropped their hands and then reached out and touched each other and went to their corners. In a moment Pat O'Brien lifted his pudgy arm. "The Winner—and still Champion," he said, and Joe went bounding out of his corner, his hands straight out, the knuckles down and Eddie came running to meet him, his hands the same way. They touched each other's soggy gloves; each muttered something and bobbed his head. One had just kept the championship of the world, the other had lost it. There was also the matter of the percentage of about a quarter of a million dollars.

Within a couple of years, Joe retired before anything really bad happened to him; Eddie lost his championship and four or half a dozen fights, besides. He wasn't down-and-out, he wasn't broke; he'd kept some of his hard-earned money. Joe, who couldn't be classified by his dearest friends as being anything like Einstein, had been prudent and lucky and, in his way, even pretty good in business.



"You're with the circus, aren't you?"

From the night they met each other that second time, Eddie and Joe were the best, the closest of friends. Eddie wouldn't put a foot into this town without stopping to see Joe, and Joe's house was Eddie's castle. A pleasure to see them in the ring, for those at least who like it, it was a greater pleasure to see them out of it. Eddie had a bad ear; Joe had a broken nose. Outside of that, nobody would ever guess them to be professionals.

Plainly, expensively, immaculately dressed, quiet and clean-spoken, they had the air and manner of distinguished men. They weighed about one-fifty-eight or a hundred and sixty pounds; they were proud and careful of their bodies. Eddie never smoked nor drank. Joe might have a little French and Italian vermouth or a dry martini before his dinner; a package of cigarettes would last him for three days. He played handball and took hot showers. Eddie had money worries, which tend to keep the weight down.

Joe would meet Eddie on the station platform. Eddie, as former champion of the world, wouldn't carry a suitcase or a bag; there are porters for that. Joe didn't drive his own car; a broken-down fighter used to do that for him. Eddie and Joe would walk toward each other as they used to walk, as if nobody else in the world were there; they'd put out their hands, perpendicular now, and grab each other. "What do you say, Eddie?" "How you doing, Joe?" Walking a little apart, as stately as two tigers, they'd go down the ramp. "Know who them two is? Know who they is?" "Sure, that's Joe the Butcher, everybody knows him." "No, but the other one, that's Eddie Kennedy. Eddie Kennedy! They fought for the championship of the world." Music unheard is sweeter still; stolid, impassive, Joe and Eddie would walk along as if bathrobes were still fluttering about their heels.

Joe and his wife had many a conversation about Eddie. "Ida, I ask you," Joe would say, "what's that guy think he is? He thinks my house is a hotel, huh? Every time he comes here, he brings you a big bottle of Chanel Number Five. He's got to give Louis a finnif for driving him. He brings presents to all the kids. I'm going to speak to that guy, Ida."

"Joe! The poor fellow! He hasn't got any kids, any home. He comes here; it's like his home. You never smell a drop of liquor on [illegible] and no spearmint, either."

"Oh, no! No! He never touches it."

"I wish that fellow could get a good girl, Joe."

"Him! Well, it wouldn't be for not trying. Remember that babe I told you about, the one up at the Garden? I think he was even married to her at the time. She keeps yelling, 'Get him, Eddie! Kill that pork-and-beaner, Eddie! Kill that club fighter! Send him back to Phillie.' Yeah, I try to knock him in her lap—I could do nothing with him. He was all right, that fellow."

"You know what he told Junior? He told him, 'Your pop was very good, in close. All the Philadelphia boys are good in-fighters. Your pop was the best. But he never clinches; he never hangs on; he never tries to rough you up.' "

"He tells Junior that, huh? Well. Well, you see, Toots, that's the way we learned. Fighting in the amateurs, over at the Bijou, the burlesque theatre. Sometimes they might just as well put the two of you in a cellar. You learn how to take care of yourself like that, you know—So—So he tells Junior that, huh? Ida—you know—you know, I don't think he's going so good—I—He's a funny kind of fellow, Ida. You can't talk to him about it. He'd knock your block off. He's, he's kind of an educated fellow, too, Ida. He told me his people wanted him to be a priest."

"A priest?" said Ida. "How many times he been married, now?" said Ida.

"Yeah. Yeah, I know," said Joe.

It's possible that Eddie knew exactly who it was came to him with backing for a bar-and-grill in New York; maybe he did not. It was one of Joe's friends, and one of Eddie's friends, too. It was just another venture for Eddie, anyway. Joe the Butcher Schultz came over for his opening and stayed three days. There were pictures of them both in the papers, two middle-aged men squaring off at each other, pictures of them in property white coats tending bar side by side. Between them they would have had trouble mixing a Scotch and soda. They hated liquor. The captions gave their names prominence. "Champion and Contender Meet Again—Eddie Kennedy and Joe the Butcher Schultz." "Eddie Kennedy, Former Champion of the World, Poses with Joe the Butcher." Ida clipped the photographs and pasted them in Joe's scrapbook. Joe always professed not to be interested in this large album, but Ida had caught him looking at a picture of himself, from the old *Ledger*, the time he fought Tom McKeon. After that she saved every notice, every small mention of him. There was a fine column by Frank Graham, in the *Sun*, about all the lightweights from the time of Joe Gans and Frankie Erne, and one by Ed VanEvery, a little piece about Eddie by Paul Gallico, a mention of Whitey Fitzgerald by Bill Dooly, referring to the memorable fight between Mooney and Fitzgerald, in which Dooly said, "But it was when Whitey fought Joe the Butcher Schultz that he knew he had come to the end of the trail, because Joe the Butcher had the class . . ." Well, so Joe did have class. He was, as they say, a very stylish fighter.

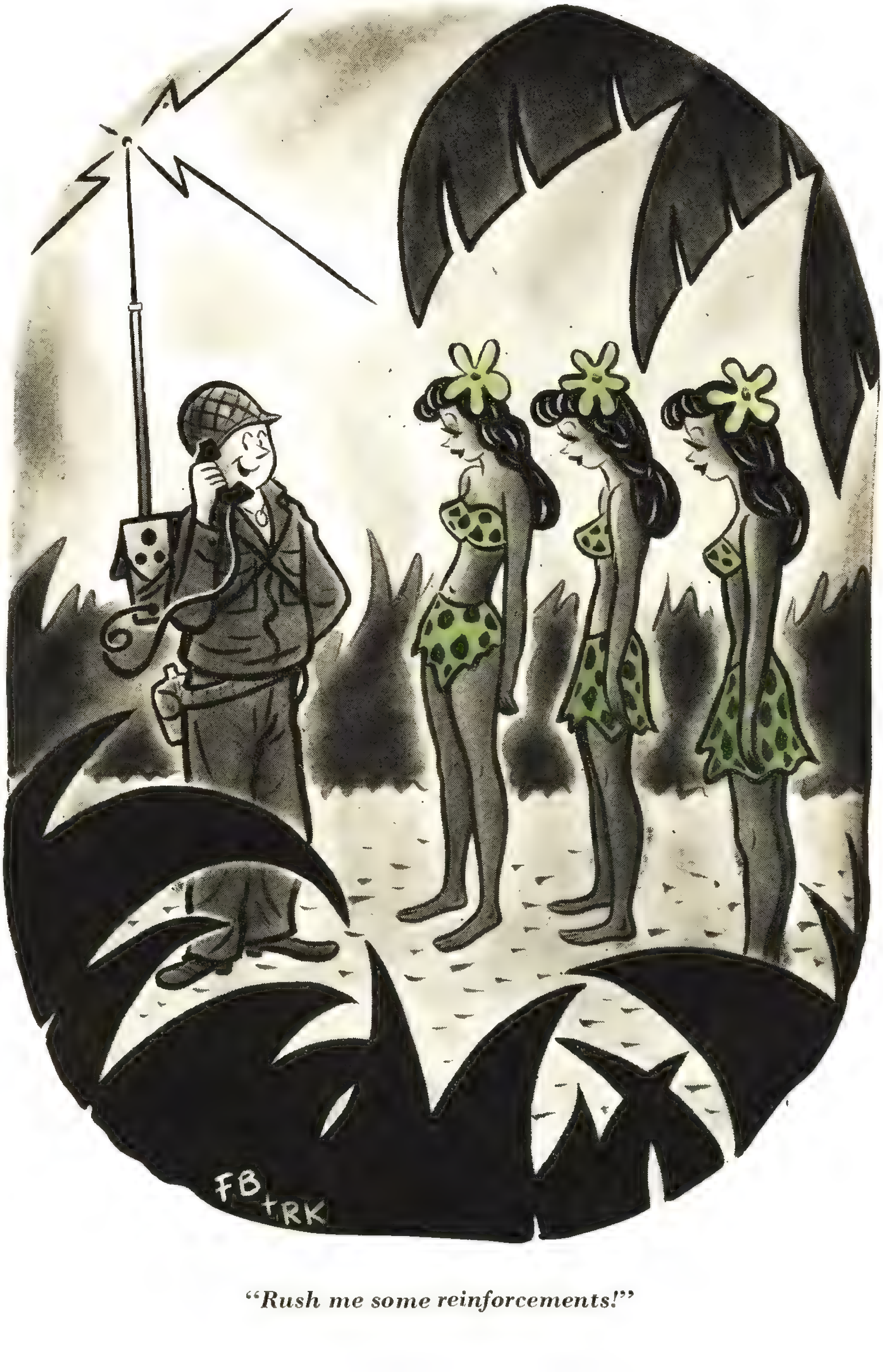
Eddie's bar-and-grill wasn't a great success; he closed it, quite honorably, and a little ahead of the sheriff. Eddie had no knack for business. His luck had come to him before he was thirty; the rest of his life was a retrospect, the fitful retrospect of a man who once thought he saw the downward curve of the rainbow's arc just before him.

It wasn't the end for him; it was just another bad guess. He wasn't champion of the world for nothing; he kept right on going. Pursuing one more of his will-o'-the-wisps, he was going out to Chi, to start in again all over. He dropped a line to Joe, and there was Joe to meet him at the station.

"What do you say, Eddie?" "How you doing, Joe?" Sedate, majestic, they walked together. Joe was fighting a losing battle with a paunch; Eddie's hair was almost a too-aggressive black.

There wasn't much of a murmur now, an obbligato that they disdained to hear. Who'd remember them? Why, who was the blocking back for Ernie Nevers, for Albie Booth, for Bruce Caldwell, for Light Horse Harry Lee? Who made the pace for Charlie Paddock? Who rode thigh to thigh with Snapper Garrison? What horse was a fair bet against

Continued on page 155



"Rush me some reinforcements!"

1,600 Miles of Opportunity

The Alaska Highway as seen from a plane window beckons to future settlers, traders and tourists bound for Siberia and Russia

by BROADHURST JACKSON

• ARTICLE •

R

There is a scenic highway 1,600 miles long—the distance from New York to Pierre, South Dakota—which, so far, is without a super-service station, a cozy cottage camp or a drive-in sandwich palace. Its mileposts are rivers, lakes and summits, its billboards the cloven sides of mountains. It is a product of the war, and among the immediate sequels to victory will be the opening of this great thoroughfare to travel, business and colonization. The event holds promise of setting off a major land rush.

The road is the Alaska Military Highway, sometimes called the Alcan in deference to Canada's ownership of the longest part of it. In linking the United States with our military dispositions in the Far North it cuts through one of the great wildernesses remaining on earth. Thousands of square miles of virgin land, remote, forbidding and mysterious, have suddenly been made accessible. By building the road the Army has in effect enriched the United States and Canada with territory which, in sheer size, is a great slice of the Western Hemisphere.

Known resources of this vast land include metals, furs, oil, coal, agriculture, timber and power. There is another intangible one which may prove most important of all. That is the tourist business.

If, in the expectation of normal automobile travel coming back, you are flirting with the idea of a highway business of your own, such as a service station or motor court, you can make out a pretty good case for opportunities on the post-war Alaska Highway. The hopeful arguments run like this:

There is going to be an orgy of motor touring with bigger and better vacation trips. Of the millions who take to the road, many are going to hear the call of the North. The idea of heading the family bus right toward the Arctic Circle will fascinate the ardent tourist. He can wind up in the heart of Alaska and enjoy twenty-two hours of daylight. He can drive past Robert W. Service's cabin, see Whitehorse Rapids where Jack London worked as a pilot during the gold rush, and make a side trip to the old Klondike itself.

Or he can think of making some pecuniary use of this new land—anything from a silver fox farm to a copper mine.

On the Pacific Coast for years there has been an insistent demand for a road to Alaska and the great Alaska-Yukon-British Columbia wilderness. The prospect was blocked by questions involved in American financing and Canadian sovereignty. Then the war overruled all quibbling. The Army's choice of an easterly route makes the road equally accessible to the Middle West and vastly increases its prospective use in times of peace. It is reached as easily from Chicago as from San Francisco.

If the motoring public takes to the Alaska Highway, travelers will need gas, oil, parts and repairs for their cars, cabins, tents or hotel rooms, camera films, souvenirs and—above all—food. Remember that on this highway 1,600 miles long there is as yet no consumer service whatever, except in two small villages, and you can understand why enthusiasts see a commercial opportunity.

The Canadian and United States governments have recognized the need for information and guidance for the development to come and have set up the North Pacific Planning Project, with headquarters in Portland, Oregon. Our Department of Commerce has published a brief, general account of the road and the country.

Whether your ideas run toward a modest tourist business or to some long-range, basic development, an airplane flight over the country would be a valuable and distinctly sobering introduction. You can take a commercial airliner at Edmonton, Alberta or Vancouver and fly a route that closely follows the highway. The planes go to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, which is headquarters for the Army's Northwest Service Command operating the road, and then proceed to the Alaskan gold mining town of Fairbanks, the highway's terminus.

Rising above Edmonton, you'll observe two little railroads pushing toward the Arctic. One, the Alberta Northern, ends at the frontier town of Dawson Creek. This railhead, long the last outpost of dependable transportation, marks the official beginning of the Alaska Highway.

The other railroad veers eastward. Its terminus at Waterways is the jumping-off place for another immense spread of virgin land which, though not directly served by the highway, is part of the picture and in the north is connected by road with the Alcan.

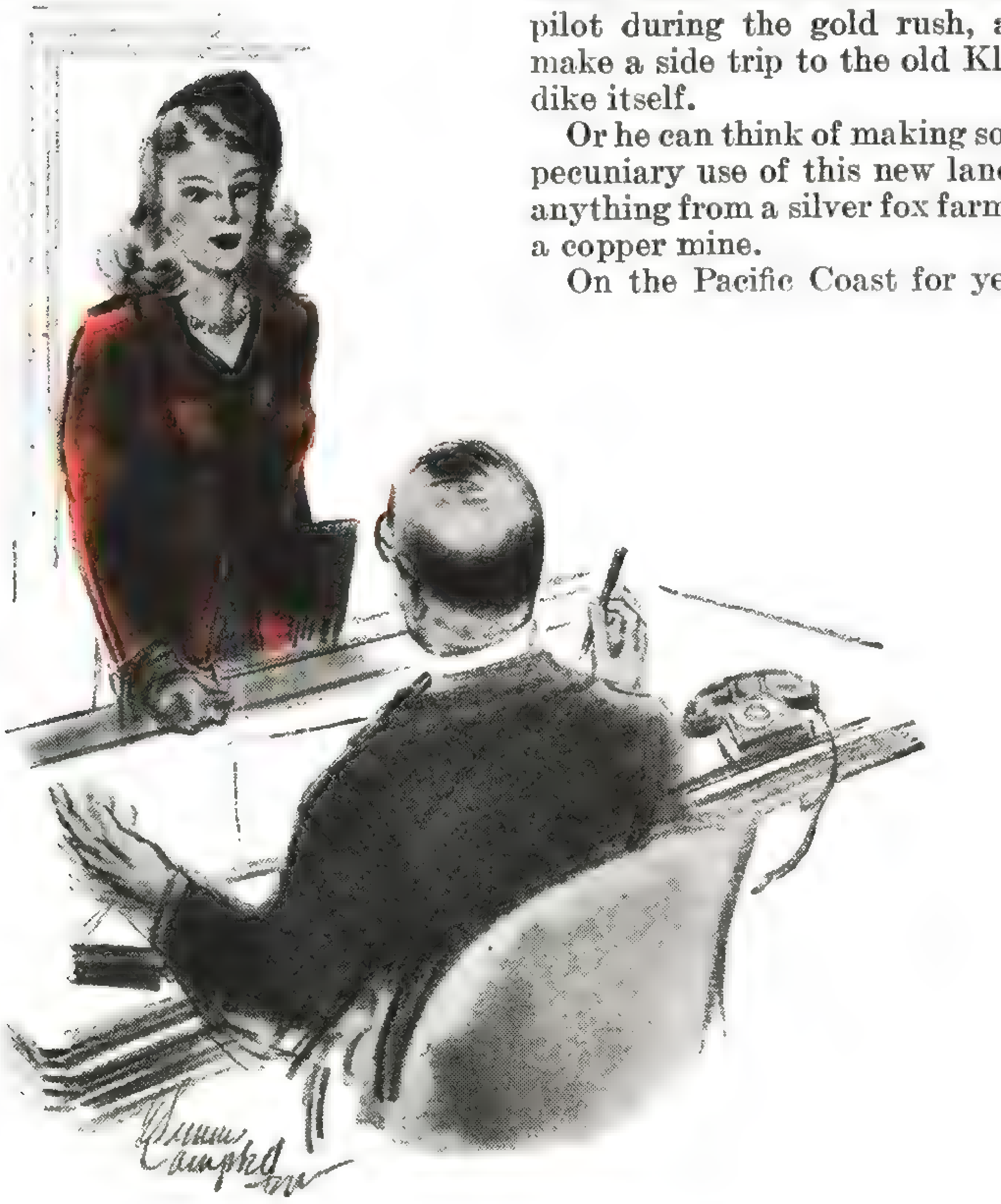
This area embraces Northern Alberta and the District of Mackenzie. One of its features is the fabulous Fort McMurray oil sands, estimated to contain up to 250 billion barrels of petroleum, enough to last North America for something like a century. The oil occurs in a transitional state, not fluid enough to flow into wells, and a government plant has been experimenting with ways to recover it. At the Yellowknife area on Great Slave Lake gold was discovered in 1935. In 1942 seven mines had a production of 3,736,000 dollars. Great Bear Lake, still farther north, is the scene of the rich La Bine Point radium strike, now one of the world's two great sources of radium. Near-by, as northern distances go, the subarctic Fort Norman oil field on the Mackenzie River has been developed by the Army and connected with the Alaska Highway by both road and pipe line. This is the celebrated Canol project, on which the Army has committed itself to spend some 134,000,000 dollars to procure its own oil for military operations based in Alaska.

The Alaska Highway's route strikes roughly north-northwest from Dawson Creek. Near the Yukon boundary it bends westerly.

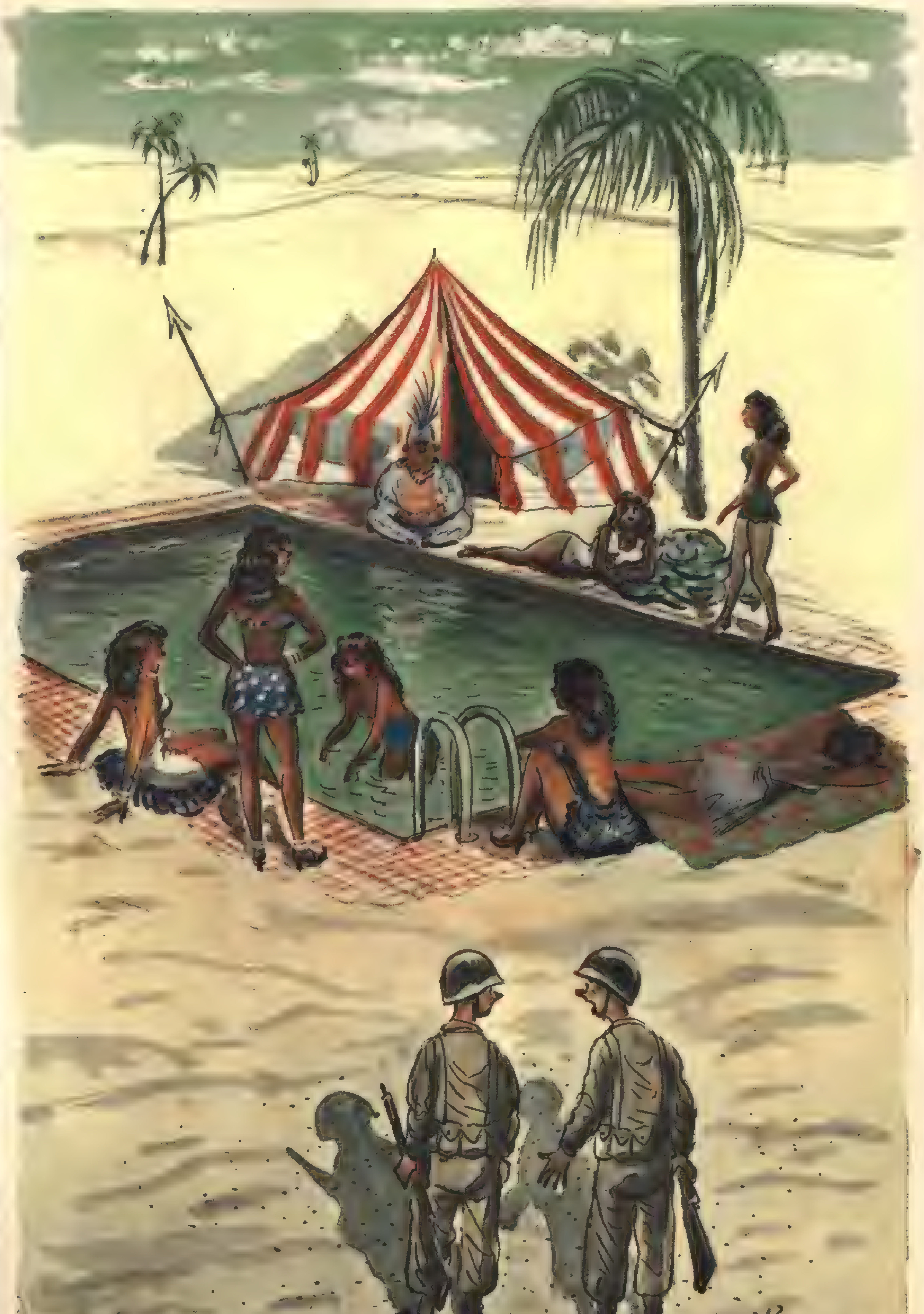
Your plane is never far from the road. For the first hour of flight you see considerable farming. Gradually the rectangular clearings become fewer and you are over the almost unbroken forests of spruce and jack pine that extend to the journey's end. The hamlet of Fort St. John, now swelled by military personnel and employees of the U. S. Public Roads Administration but with a normal population of only 530, is the last spot on the 630-mile flight to Whitehorse that can be designated even a village. Fort St. John is in latitude 56 degrees north and is 500 airline miles from the United States border.

Next to the endless monotony of woodland, the most characteristic feature of Alaska Highway country is the amazing amount of water. Mighty rivers dwarf those in the States and there are myriad lakes and ponds. These waters are unspoiled for the fisherman, as the woods are unspoiled for the hunter. The lofty Canadian Rockies hang on your left, but the route of the highway is not excessively rugged. There are hills and scattered mountain ranges aplenty with striking

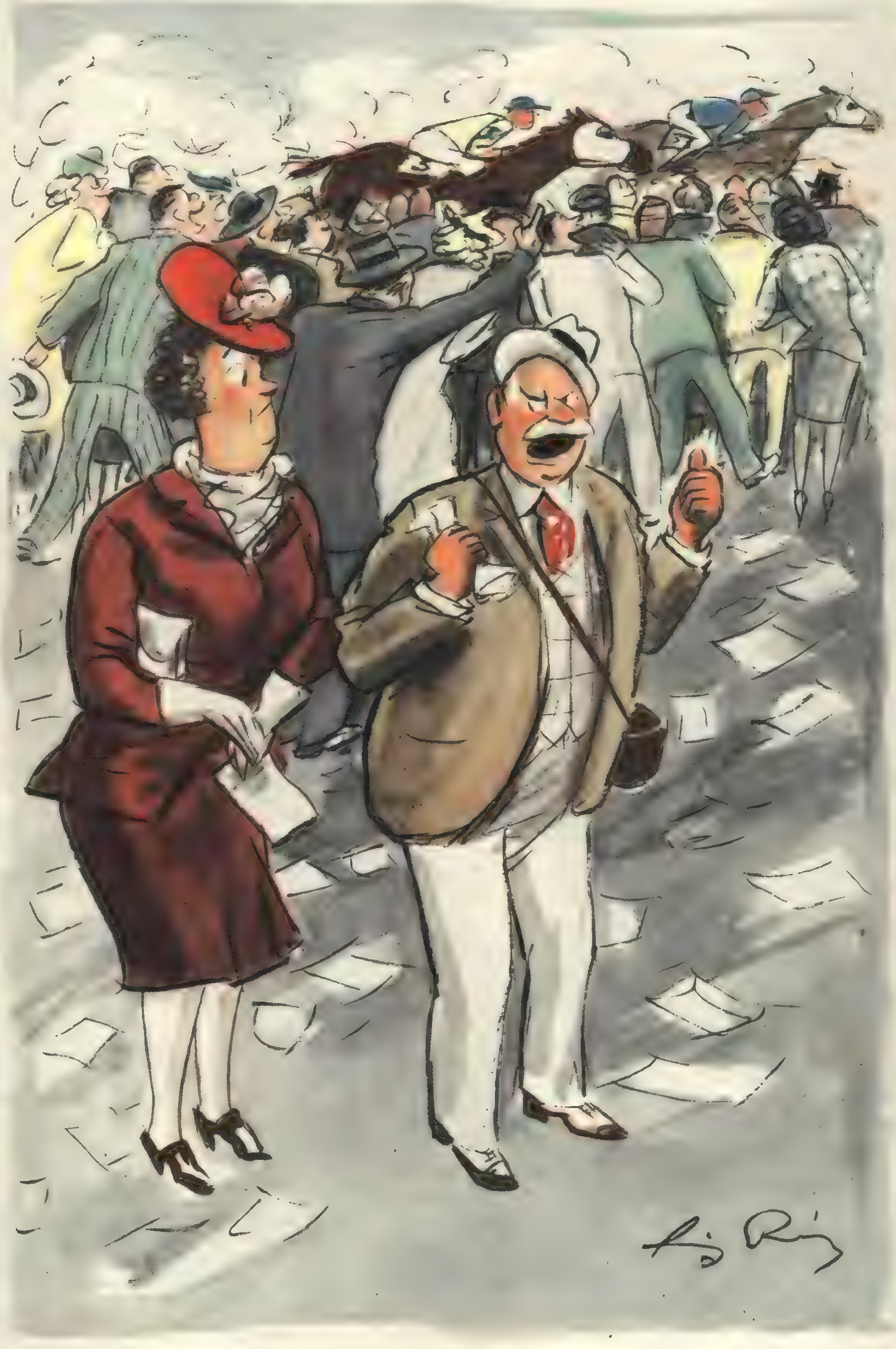
Continued on page 163



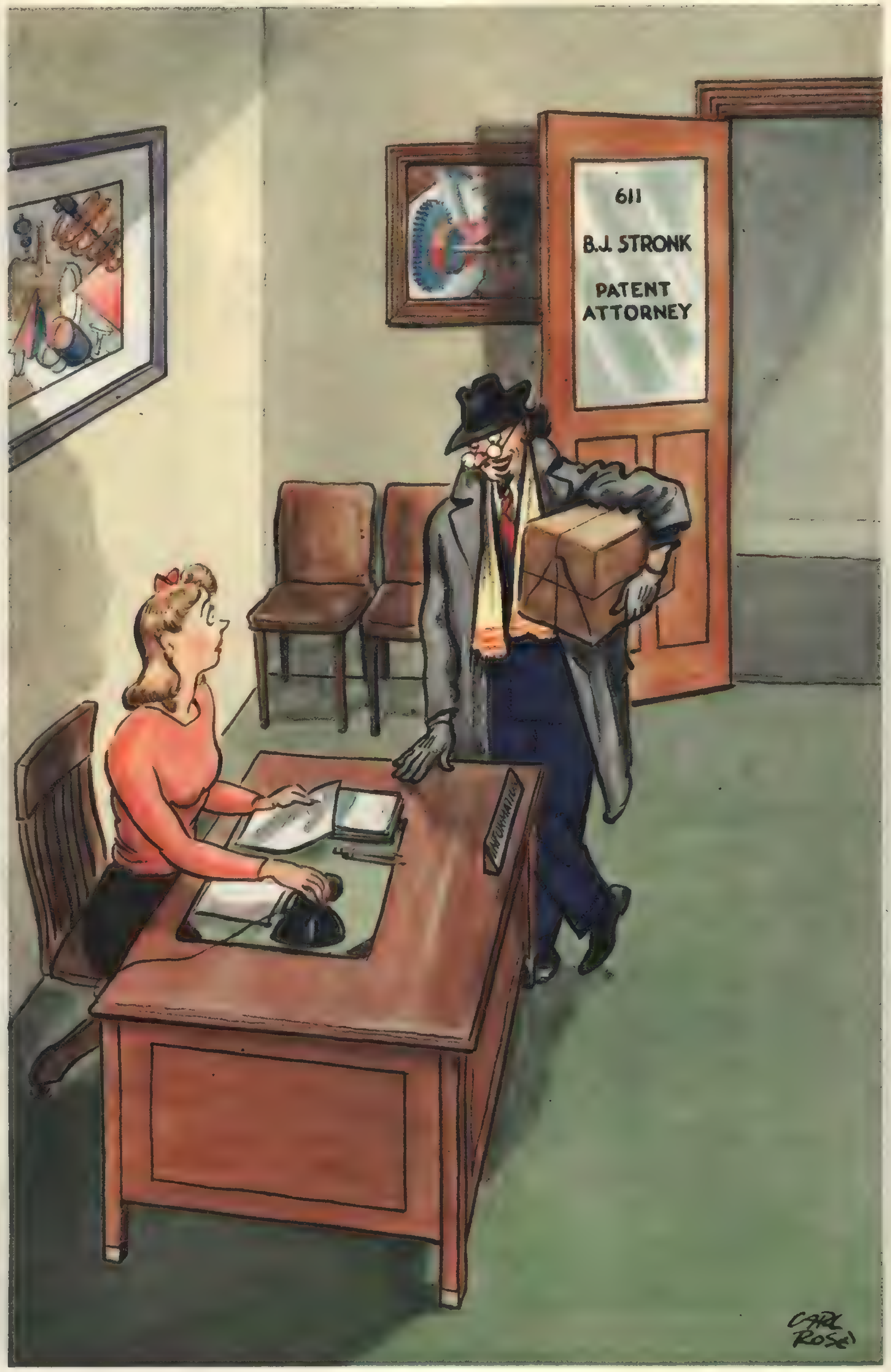
"This job offers free lunch, movies, radio and every two hours a ten minute work period"



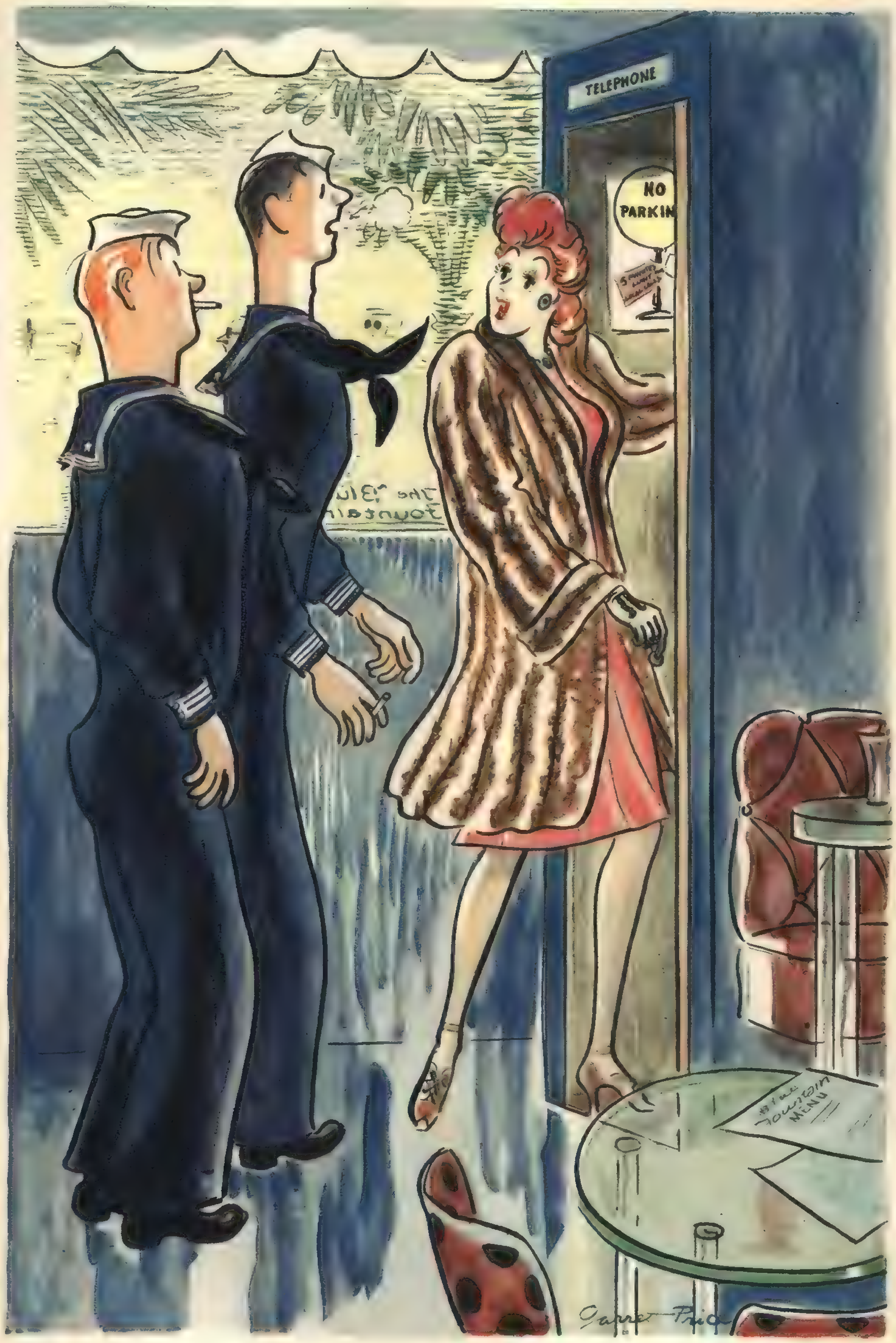
"What—go swimming and take a chance on athlete's foot?"



"Some day I hope to get at that baby with a knife and fork!"


611
B.J. STRONK
PATENT ATTORNEY
INFORMATION
CARL ROSE

"Well, well—you people still using the old telephone, I see!"


TELEPHONE
NO PARKIN
The Blue Fountain
Blue Fountain Menu
Garret Price

"Well, I'll try—but about the only girl I know in Hollywood is Hedy Lamarr"

The Sporting Scene

With so many shore loafers turned into rookies by the Navy and Coast Guard, we may expect a post-war boom in yachting

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

Mr. Miniver also was among the few who did so much. Rescuing the remnants of the beaten British army, hauling them from the inferno of Dunkirk's shores across the stormy channel to the tight little isle for an expected last stand was in many respects a performance as epic as the aerial Battle of Britain.

But already Mr. Miniver and his fellow amateur yachtsmen have been discarded as copy for history books. Mr. Miniver now is only a faint, foggy figure in a distant movie and of negligible historical reference. He now is remembered merely as the husband of Greer Garson in an Oscar-winning picture.

Mr. Miniver and his fellow Corinthians don't even get a nod, except in their own hobby magazines, in all the ballyhoo about what sportsmen have done in the war.

If Mr. Miniver were as frankly confessional as his spouse, he could say, with considerable license, that had it not been for his and England's other sailor sportsmen's salvaging a large part of what was left of the British army in early June, 1940, there wouldn't have been an England. And what might have happened to the U.S.A. is a matter of gloomy speculation.

You can mark down the performance of yachtsman Miniver and his sailing and motorboating fraternity as the foremost contribution of a sport to successful war effort in a major crisis. When the tide of war turned to United Nations' offensives, there began other demonstrations of yachtsmen's high value to a fighting country.

Landing operations in Africa, the South Sea Islands and atolls, Sicily and Italy disclosed an amazing development of American ability in the exacting art of small boat handling. One brief error in handling a small boat in surf can dump combat personnel, equipment and supplies and seriously endanger the success of the entire operation.

Whatever native instinct of seamanship there may have been in the American kid has been phenomenally magnified by training received from amateur yachtsmen who have gone into the Navy and Coast Guard Reserve. The yachtsmen, prior to their enlistment, got a great part of their higher education from the veteran coastguardmen. These hash-marked mariners are part men and part boat. They are wizards at small boat handling; "small" being any craft from a kayak to a PT boat.

In peacetime as in war the coastguardman is reminded by his service obligation, "You have to go out, but you don't have to come back." A quite natural desire to come back has been responsible for the Coast Guard having learned all the tricks of small boat handling, including several ingenious techniques acquired from rumrunners during the War Against Thirst. Those seagoing booticians had cleverly designed craft and masterly methods to use in darting ashore, rapidly unloading a cargo to ease the pain of the arid, then fleeing to sea.

Something of what not to do was—and still is—taught the coastguardmen by inexperienced amateur yachtsmen whose mistakes necessitate much of the rescue work done by the Coast Guard. The veteran coastguardman works on the basis that anything can happen and expects that whatever happens will not make things any easier for him.

Considerably due to the Coast Guard's services, so say yachting authorities, cruising developed on a sound basis in American inland and salt waters. Vestigial elements of the Clipper ship spirit also were evident in American pre-war sailing and motorboating from the outboard motoring of kids on a summer resort lake to the Bermuda cruises, Mackinac races, seagoing jaunts of the cinema notables and scientific sight-seeing tours that got to be so common that they were only mentioned at intervals in short paragraphs running no further ahead than page four of the newspapers.

Nevertheless, cruising was definitely a minor sport. It was kept thus by a common and not entirely unfounded belief that boat owning and operating expense was beyond the means of the man of moderate circumstances unless the man in that income bracket was willing to sacrifice most other enjoyments for a pleasure subject to the vagaries of summer weather.

But now, with more than 2,500,000 men in the Navy and Coast Guard and operating the Army's boats, there are many signs that post-war boating will increase tremendously. All the potential boom needs to convert it into a reality is the encouragement that could be furnished by ordinary business sense of men in the boating business.

There are some very smart and foresighted men in the yachting business who see chances for an expansion somewhat comparable to that experienced by the automobile business.

The construction and sale of cruising craft long has been retarded by a shortage of moorage, maintenance and storage facilities. This shortage has induced high prices for use of the facilities. All the traffic will bear generally has been a policy that has chilled the enthusiasm of the prospective small boat owner.

When there is a waiting list for moorage even under gasoline rationing, such as the demand has been at Jackson Park in Chicago, the Chicago Park District does not hesitate to increase moorage fees on practically a freeze-out basis. In other inland and coastal waters where facilities are privately owned, government shipbuilding or repair work has required so much of the available space and personnel that charges to the boat owners often are increased on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, in certainty that desperate owners will have no alternative but to be held up.

Notwithstanding the prevailing discouragements, the yachtsmen manage to meet the challenges to their spirit and resourcefulness and keep costs within reason. An astute owner of a thirty-two-foot cabin cruiser budgets forty-four dollars a month on a 12-month basis for six months' operation on Lake Michigan. The forty-four dollars includes all operating, maintenance, storage insurance and repair charges and yacht club dues, but does not include interest on the 4,930 dollars the cruiser cost the fellow.

His 528 dollars a year gives this motorboat owner week-end trips to the extent that gas rationing permits—which isn't a lot—a two-week summer cruise around Lake Michigan, for which he saves up his gas coupons, and an occasional short swing of a weekday evening.

It also provides pleasant summer sleeping quarters for his wife and himself when a heat wave bakes them out of their apartment. Loafing aboard, sort of sitting on a water-front porch on

Continued on page 178

BURR SHAFER

"Wilkinson will pour this afternoon"

The Admiral and the Nose

This Roger with his magic horn seems like a very interesting personality for anyone caring for games of chance

by S. A. TANNENBAUM

• FICTION •

THE first time I meet the Turk is in Red Mike's grog shop one Saturday matinee. The Notre Dames are involved in a game of football against a bunch of farmers from Georgia who call themselves the Tex, and the game is on the radio. Red Mike comes over. "Who do you like, Admiral?" he says.

"The Notre Dames," I tell him. And that's when I meet the Turk. First I hear his voice and when I turn all I can see of him is nose. It is a sweetheart of a nose. It juts out for about three furlongs and then takes a sharp drop. With a horn like that you can smoke a panatela in a rainstorm. "Wha'dya say?" I ask, careful, because it is not a good habit to talk to strangers in a saloon.

"I say Notre Dame can get beat," he says.

"Oh yeah?" This is very foolish talk, for every intelligent person knows the Notre Dames are not in the habit of getting beat by no bunch of farmers from Georgia. "'Twould be well," I snap, "that you should keep a tight grip on your moola."

He grins and hauls out five tens. Naturally, I cover. But as soon as Red Mike deposits the lettuce leaves in his drawer, the pigskin begins to take some funny bounces. One of the Notre Dames is running for a touchdown when the ball squirts out of his mitts and one of the Tex falls on it. He fakes a pass and dashes through all the Irish as if they are total poles.

"The lucky jerks!" I cry. "Wait'll Rockne puts in the first team."

The Turk just smiles. "It will not matter," he replies. And to cut my agony short, the Notre Dames do get beat by a bunch of farmers from Georgia! The Turk just smiles. "Thank you, Admiral," he says.

Now I do not like nobody calling me "Admiral" outside of Poppy Emmons or Red Mike or others who know me when I am hustling the rowboats out at Woodside Park, but I let it pass. "How come," I say, "you are so sure about the winner?"

"I get twitches in the nose," he smiles. He then strokes it like it is a pet puppy dog. "They tell me on what side of a contest to invest my beanos."

This is all highly interesting. If what he says is only half true, then his horn is an instrument which I will like to associate with more often. I call Red Mike over and say, "Red Mike, here's a friend I want you to meet of mine. What do you say your name is, my friend?"

"Roger," he says. "Roger Sanossian."

"Ah," I cry, "a Turk!"

"Armenian," he smiles.

"Armenian, too," I shout. "No wonder then you can do wonderful magic tricks with your nose!"

I invite him to have supper with me at Poppy Emmons' club. Poppy runs the joint but most of us figure it is only because he wants a place to call home, for everybody knows his first and true love is the stacking of his judgment against that of his fellow citizens. Meaning he makes book.

"Poppy," I say, "I want you should meet a special friend of mine." He thinks I am bringing a new client and gives the Turk a real welcome, even going so far as to crack a smile. But he does not take the cigar out of his mouth; this is something Poppy will not do often.

"Glad to know you, son," he says to Rajah.

"Rajah is a Turk," I say, "and also an Armenian."

"In my club," he tells me, "everybody is welcome."

I am very anxious to get down to hard tacks for I see great possibilities in the Turk's nose. "Rajah gets twitches," I tell Poppy.

"The name is Roger," the Turk puts in.

"Twitches," the boss cries. "What do you do for them, Rajah?"

He grins like something is funny whilst Poppy looks him up and down. I relate what happens that matinee and when I have finish, the boss gives me a look like a father sending his only son off to reform school. "In our business, son, the operator who depends upon twitches will wind up with a pass for the county poor farm!" He walks away leaving me somewhat upset, but still I cannot help but think how wonderful it will be if it is true.

"Your horn?" I say to him. "How often will it twitch?"

But before he can reply the lights go out and the show begins. I want to drag Rajah away with me but he has got his eyes glued upon Judy Joy, a blonde thrush who warbles twice nightly about a man of hers who has went far away but who she still loves no matter what. So I go away and when I come back in a half hour he is still goofy.

"She is a very lovely little lady." I agree and tell him that she is already tied up with a young punk who beats the drum in a jazz band.

Just then Judy Joy runs past. I grab her arm, figuring maybe she can inspire him to bigger and better twitches. "Hello, Admiral," she says. "I was just running out to meet Johnny." She is really a beautiful gazelle, with blonde tresses hanging down her back like it says in the movies.

"I want you should meet Rajah." He stands up and blushes all over including the horn, which she stares at for a minute or two. Then she waves and runs off.

"There is a little lady," he sighs, "who . . ."

"You and about six hundred other guys," I break in. "Everybody loves Judy but Judy don't love nobody but this Johnny."

"Maybe," he says, "if I am real successful—" With this his head droops into his hands, covering the whole face except for the horn. "What's the matter?" I cry. He does not answer so I shake him.

He looks up and smiles. "Admiral, old friend, do not be alarmed. I am merely having a twitch."

"Ah!" I scream with delight. "Tell me!"

"It is the Eagles over the Redskins." I try to remind him that the Eagles have not win a game all season, but he will not listen. "I shall wager five hundred beanos," he says, "and with my profits—" He looks sadly at the

"You're feeling sad, see—you've got no tires, you've used up your gas coupons and you just burned a five-pound steak"

door through which Judy has went.

Just then Poppy passes. He looks at me like I am a cat that will not part company with a rotten fish. "Poppy," I say, "Rajah has just have a two-alarm twitch. It is for the Eagles to win."

"Admiral," he groans, "your friend is a very foolish man."

"That is only a matter of opinion," Rajah grins, whilst Poppy announces that the Eagles cannot beat a grass rug. The Turk whips out his leather and counts off a goodly number of lettuce leaves. The boss picks it up and winks at me

"Wait!" I howl, running after him. It begins to dawn that he thinks I have bring the Turk here for a trimming. I try and tell him that maybe Rajah is dynamite, but he will not give me a chance. So I go back to the other room and what do I see but Judy sitting under the very shadow of that horn.

"You'll catch cold," I hear him stutter, "running out with nothing but a thin little velvet wrap."

She smiles at him like it is something new for somebody to worry over her. "If the Eagles win tomorrow," I tell her, "you can wrap yourself ever after in mink fur."

"What's the gag?" she says.

"No gag at all. My friend Rajah thinks you ought to have a mink fur coat."

She looks him in the eyes and he blushes red. "I play it square, friend," the gazelle announces. "There's only one man for me."

"Come, come, Judy," I say. "Rajah just wants to be a big brother."

"That's it," he mumbles, hiding his nose.

The next time I see him it is Tuesday night. I have stay away from Poppy Emmons. It is not my fault if the Eagles have win but he might blame it on me anyhow. But to my surprise he comes dashing over with his cigar wrapped up in the corner of a grin. "How do ya like that lucky jerk!" he cries.

"Do not blame it on me, Poppy."

"Go figure a rainstorm! Why the Turk shoulda been a weatherman!" Just then Rajah himself walks in. "Good evening, son," Poppy smiles. "You are well, I trust?"

But the Turk's mind is some place else. He keeps looking around the joint, and I am sure he does not hear a word Poppy says about how nice it will be if he can get a twitch on the Pinky Connell versus Horace Hanson fight. Soon Poppy sees which way land is. "Are you looking for Judy?"

Rajah blushes and his nose lights up like there are candles burning inside it. "Do you think she will be offended?" he asks.

"Who?"

"He," I explain, "wants to buy Judy a mink fur coat."

"Hm," Poppy says. "And what are your intentions, son?"

Rajah blushes again. "She is a very lovely little lady," he mumbles.

"In such a case," the boss breaks in, "I do not think—"

"Thank you!" The Turk cries, like he has just been give her hand to have and to hold. "I have already bought it and even now it is in her hands."

"You are a speedy operator, son," Poppy says, "but now let us talk about serious things. How about this Hanson versus Connell bout . . . ?"

Rajah taps his nose. "I'm sorry, Mister Emmons, but tonight I have a cold."

"In the nose!" the boss cries. Then, like he hears his mother scream for help from the street, he turns and dashes out of the room.

We sit down and he looks to me with a sigh. "Tell me, Admiral, and do not spare my feelings. If you were Judy, do you think I would have a chance with you?"

"Well, Rajah," I say, "Judy is crazy about this Johnny Drummerboy." He sags. "But I do not think this Johnny is so pie-eyed about our Judy."

"Even so," he sighs, "no little lady like Miss Judy Joy will look twice at a creature with a beak like this one."

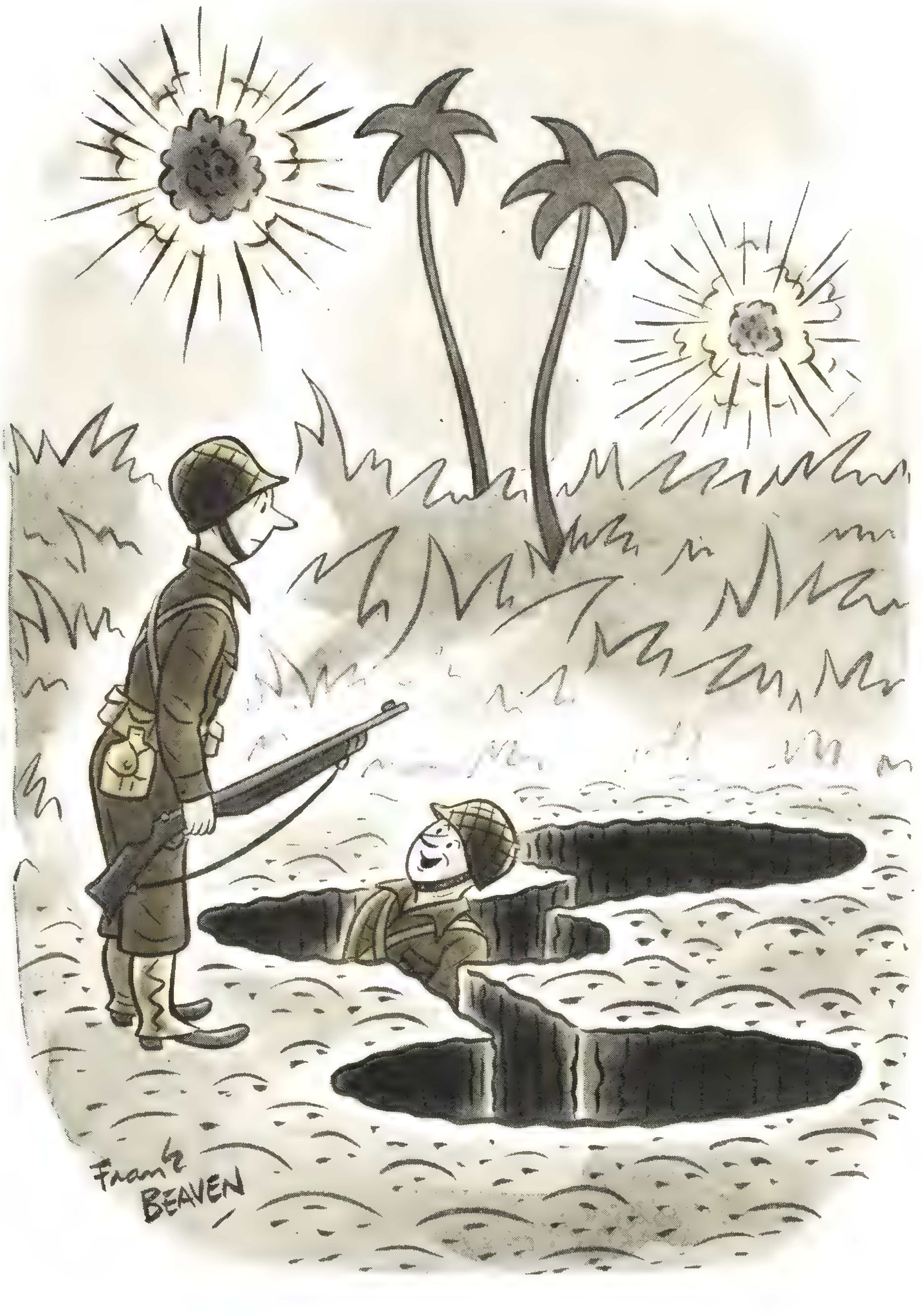
At this moment I hear a female voice and it is Judy. She comes straight over to him. "Oh, Roger, you shouldn't have done it," she oozes. He gets tongue-tied and blushes all over, including the horn. "It's beautiful! It's gorgeous! But you shouldn't have done it." She tries hard to keep her eyes off his nose whilst he looks like he is going to faint into a swoon. "I am going to wear it tomorrow," she cries, "and if you are real nice you will take me out!"

"Wait a minute," I cut in, "I thought you and the drummer boy . . ." As soon as I say this her eyes droop and it looks like she is going to bawl.

"Now look what you have gone and done," the Turk howls.

Judy snaps her head up. "I hate him," she announces. "I hate him, I hate him, I hate

Continued on page 133



"Won't you join me—I have a suite of rooms"

Baseball's Violent Vesuvius

Taylor Spink, uninhibited, articulate publisher of *The Sporting News*, keeps baseball fans' interest at fever pitch

by **HUGO G. AUTZ**

SPORTS

The cab reluctantly heeded the commanding red glare of a traffic light and screechingly skidded to a halt. Offered this fleet breathing spell, the gray-haired driver turned directly toward his passenger.

"Know him?" he smiled through both his teeth. "Why, I've been carting the little guy all over St. Louis for about twenty years. Fares don't come any better. No, sir, they don't. Sure he bellows at you, but you squawk right back and become pals. I'll tell you why I like him—he's just as plain as an old shoe."

They say cabbies are psychologists, military strategists and house mothers all rolled up into one front seat. They are among the select few who could tell those new pennies from a thin dime. Consequently, when they shower tribute on a "fare," it's the Distinguished Service Cross of the home front.

So signally honored is none other than the only still volatile volcano in the United States—John George Taylor Spink or just "J.G.T.S.," if you can decipher the flourish which completes each of the hundreds of letters which pour out of his crater like molten lava every day. Site of the continual eruption is the cluttered and musty fourth floor on Tenth and Olive streets in downtown St. Louis. Here is the capitol of baseball's fandom—the home of *The Sporting News*, unique and highly popular international sports weekly.

Never in its fifty-eight-year history has the Bible of baseball served any master but a Spink—first Uncle Al, then the father, Charlie, and since 1914, the son, Taylor. Like the lazy Mississippi, which flows a few hundred yards from their door, the Spink publications just keep rolling along, but unlike Ol' Man River, they seem to gather speed with the years. Today a half dozen or more flood the banks of readerville.

Besides baseball's beloved, there is *The Sporting Goods Dealer*, a voluminous trade journal slick now in its forty-fifth year; the annual *Baseball Register*, a special record of the diamond's 400 most precious stones, and the *Baseball Guide*, successor to Spalding's yearly summary of statistics—all fuel for hot stove leagues. This doesn't take into consideration the periodic booklets on how to play almost every position and even how to score and the special editions of statistics which radio sponsors distribute as gifts to hundreds of thousands of listeners each season.

If the era of personal journalism is waning, historians have neglected to keep Taylor Spink informed. He's of the old school, definitely. However, the mention of anything bordering the pedagogic brings to mind Spink's unhappy encounter with same. No man to be forever grinding his nose into First Readers, except probably the Archie version of Duffy's tavern, Spink and his teachers held their Teheran conference almost a half century ago, shortly after his entrance into high school. Publisher Charles C. Spink, the father, sat in as elder statesman and soon young Taylor was a free man.

Short — very short — stretches as stock-room boy in a sporting goods plant and as copy boy on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* followed and then one morning little Taylor landed on his dad's pay roll as office boy. This was a day complacent baseball magnates were long to remember, for the little fellow's pugnacious determination was to put an alarm clock under their pillows and soon to jolt the diamond pastime into wide-eyed wakefulness. Never has he relaxed his vigil over the sport; never has he lost his enthusiasm.

Revered by many, not the least of whom are some 300 leading sports writers on his regular string, Spink, nevertheless, is forced to count a goodly number as inimical. You either love him or you don't, nothing half way. One and all, however, they marvel at his lust for work—a driving passion that keeps his office staff on the triple every minute. Down to his desk early, he remains glued to it until none but he and Bish, his faithful Negro porter, are there to brave the night. His isn't a five-day sinecure; his is an "eight-day" week.

"Know what time I had dinner last night?" he roars frequently. "Quarter after ten! Yes, quarter after ten!"

The pace never slackens. He personally checks every galley proof and every page dummy, literally right down to the last comma. Punctuation is his phobia. Let one story go to press without a change in commas and it's grounds for worry. It's time to phone the doctor, so exacting is the little man who's always there.

Others marvel at his Dionnish production of ideas—sensational brain storms that pop up while he's riding to work, under the barber's lather, between telephone calls, at a hurried luncheon or under the fingers of his daily masseur. Front pages are made up and torn down with the regularity of Joe McCarthy winning ball games. But always in the end something new has been added to baseball.

Even the most calloused tremble when the volcano erupts, but once the ranting and raving subsides and the Boss has scored his point, no man is jollier. Still there are others who shudder at the thought of meeting his terrific telephone and telegraph tolls, the sum of which averages between 15,000 dollars and 20,000 dollars annually. A cross fire of wires or phone calls at almost any hour—preferably the wrong time—is the price one pays for gaining Spink's confidence. Some correspondents count up to as many as eight to ten messages in a day. Yet the entire fourth floor office has only two Don Ameches.

One of Spink's favorite stories on himself concerns this nettling habit of contacting his charges.

"Riding through Brooklyn one afternoon after a ball game," Spink relates, "I happened to notice the cab driver's name on an identification card attached to the front seat—Tommy Holmes. Now you know we have a correspondent in Brooklyn by the same name—Tommy Holmes of the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Naturally I couldn't resist asking:

'I see your name is Tommy Holmes. Don't happen to know Tommy Holmes of the *Eagle*, do you?'

" 'No, I don't,' shot back the driver, 'but I'd certainly love to get my hands on some punk in St. Louis by the name of Spink who keeps calling up this mug in Brooklyn at all hours of the night and usually gets me out of bed by mistake.' "

Spink didn't accidentally come by this telephone-telegram mania. Telegrams elevated him from the ignominy of office boy to official scorer of the 1910 World Series. They also cultivated a friendship that he has enjoyed ever since—that of Ban Johnson, father of the American League, who, Spink still insists, did as much for baseball as anyone ever connected with the game.

The Sporting News, in one of the game's bitterest fights, gave

Continued on page 112

STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE ➧

Samovar Party at the Casino Russe

Our friend Joe, on the hassock, has been invited backstage at the Casino Russe to chat with the entertainers relaxing between shows. Marusia Sava hands him a steaming glass of *tschai* (tea to us). To the right sits dancer Constance Love and beside the samovar stands Dimitri Matvienko. There's nothing so serious as international politics on Joe's mind as he joins the tea party. Like the rest of the customers, he plays escapist, reveling in a nostalgic dream of Old Russia as he watches the performance.

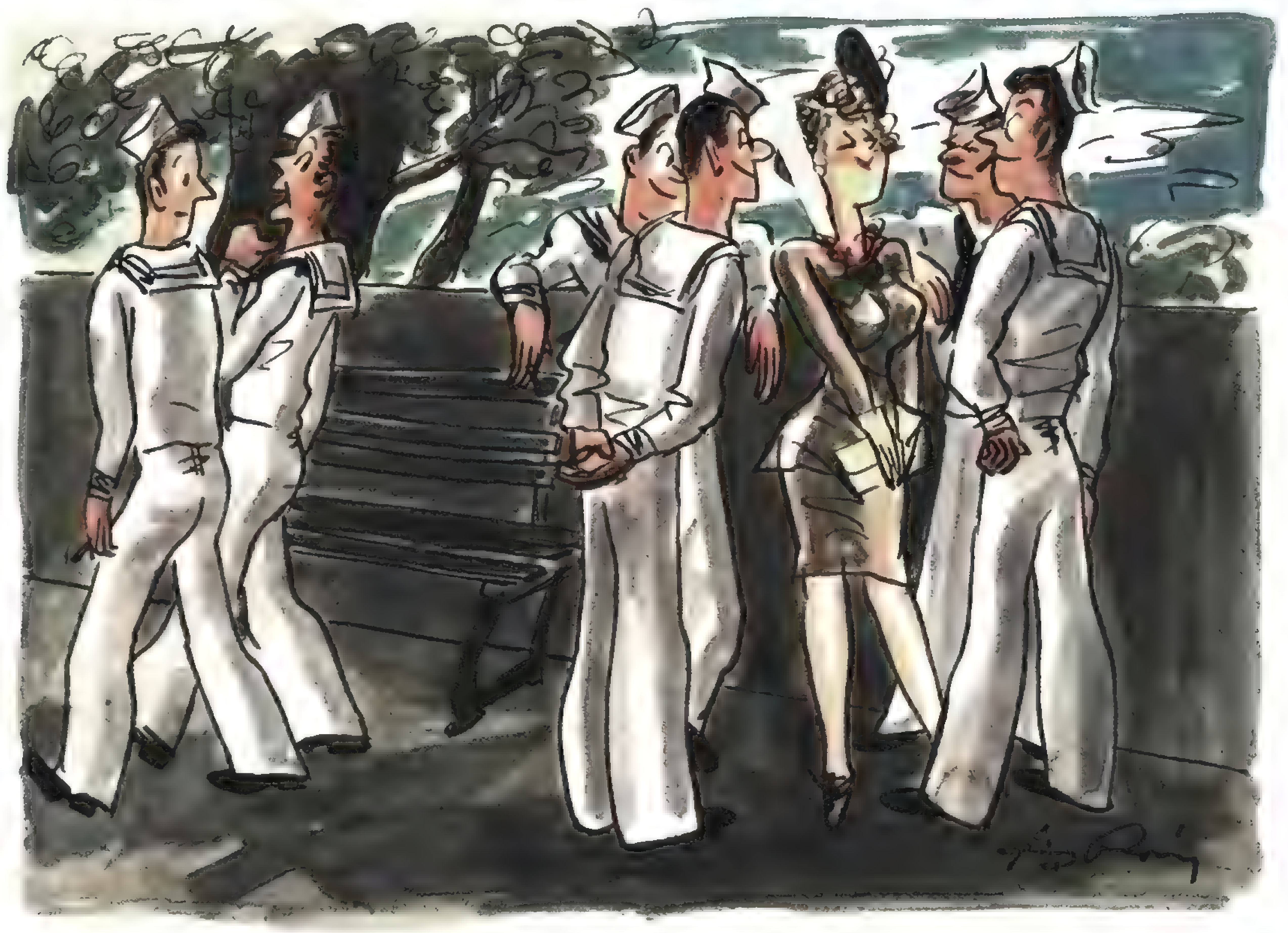
Velvet panels, mirrored murals and crystal chandeliers encourage the illusion of Tsarist splendor. Waiters in black Cossack tunics bear blazing skewers to the tables where toasts in many languages are heard. The orchestra slides from melancholy Russian songs to the stirring Red cavalry *Song of the Plains* to Broadway show tunes to a competent rumba with maraccas.

The floor show is a melange of Russian national songs and dances. There are the gypsies playing primitive pipes and, of course, a crying gypsy violin. Marusia Sava, contralto, sings and dances with passionate intensity. Twin braids hang below her waist, and peasant skirts fling wildly as the music races her heels and tambourine.

There is a miniature Russian Ballet. American born Constance Love performs with the disciplined precision of a classic ballerina. As a dancing doll in the toyshop ballet she nimbly ticks off light *entrechats* and fleeting *arabesques*.

Matvienko's leap onto the floor, in Circassian Cossack costume and with daggers in hand, draws a gasp from ladies at the ringside. He holds the daggers in his teeth and flips them into the floor with a snap of his head, outlining a pattern or pinning folded dollar bills. He balances flaming daggers on his forehead, juggles others and ultimately swallows flaming swords. Originally a trick rider in a Cossack circus, Matvienko remembers the ritualistic dagger dance from his childhood in Kuba when he watched the Cossacks competing in the firelight. He is taciturn about his asbestos qualities. "It ees military secret," he grins.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF



"That gun crew always works together as a unit"

◀ HOME TOWN GIRL MAKES GOOD

Alma Carroll, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

Introducing Alma Carroll of Los Angeles who owns a racing car, can tear down its engine with one hand, was Miss America of National Defense and is planning to marry the man of her dreams and raise a family.

What about her cinema career? Having lived so close to Hollywood all her life it never occurred to her to try to be a part of it. Alma majored in science at University High School and was all set to go to college and medical school in the high hopes that some day she would be a pediatrician. To earn a little extra money at Christmas green-eyed Miss Carroll did some commercial photography. Henry Waxman saw the pictures, took this one, and now there is every indication there will be an actress, instead of a doctor, in Alma's house.

No one is more surprised than Alma at the turn of events. Her chief concern is that should she develop into an actress, the life (which usually begins on the set at 5:30 a.m.) wouldn't be hard enough for her. "I'm strong," says she, "terrifically athletic." She swims, is a figure skater, rides well and just doesn't see what she will do with all the energy she has left over from acting.

However, she isn't worrying too much because if she doesn't click on the screen there is always that dream man waiting.

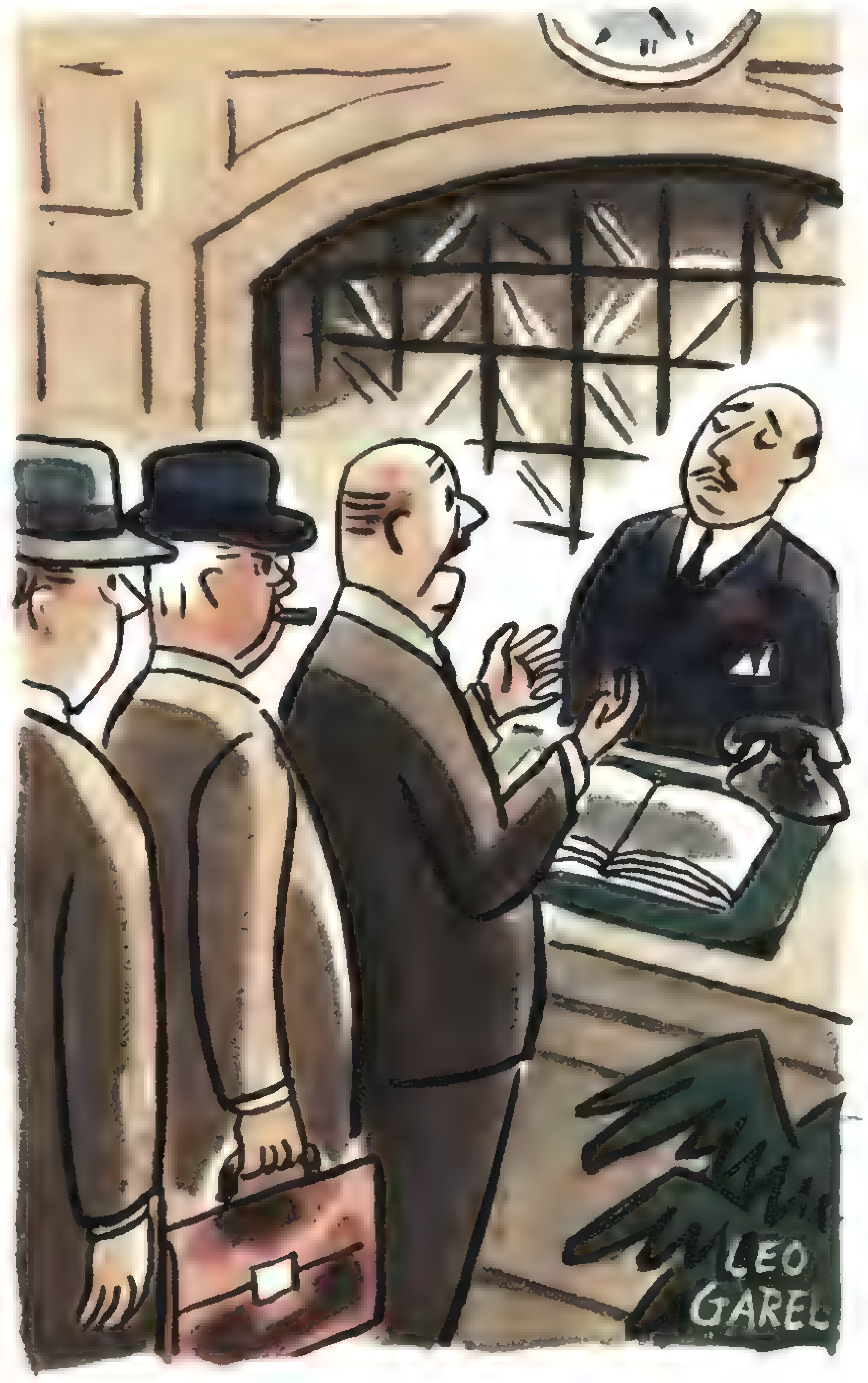
Next to children Alma loves dogs—raises boxers and French poodles—had a family of dogs under every bed. Finally her mother put her foot down and now, according to Alma, the house is empty with only six dogs left.

The two movies Alma enjoyed most this year were *Madame Curie* and *The Song of Bernadette*. An actress she would like to be like is Roz Russell. She prefers tailored clothes but puts on ruffles for her tour of Army camps.

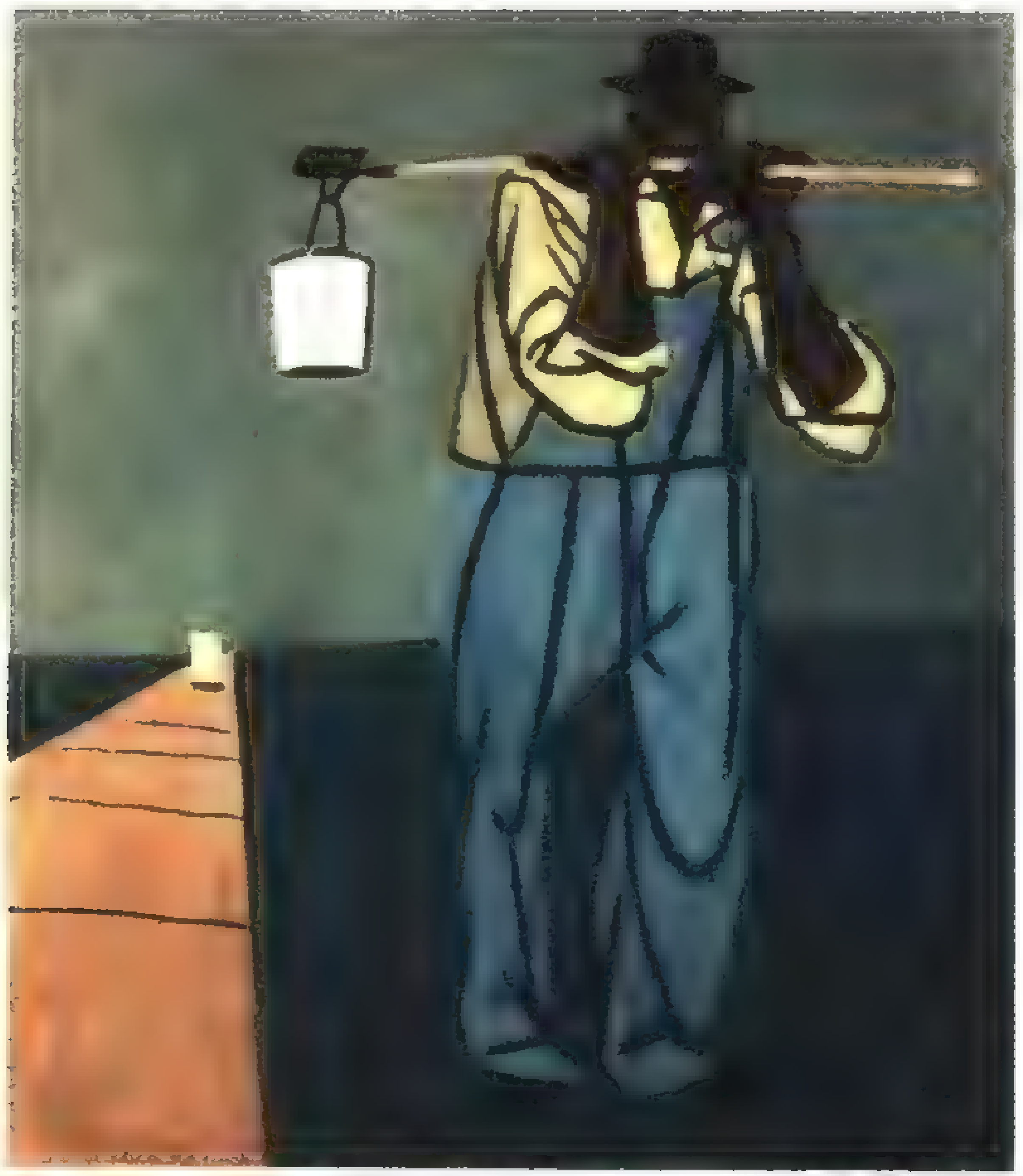
Her favorite foods are lettuce and raw vegetables, her favorite color, Kelly green. And the two things she boasts about are her Naval Air Corps brother's Distinguished Service Cross and her Irish heritage.

Vital Statistics: *Age:* 19; *Weight:* 120 pounds; *Height:* 5′ 6″; *Bust:* 35″; *Waist:* 24″; *Hips:* 36″.

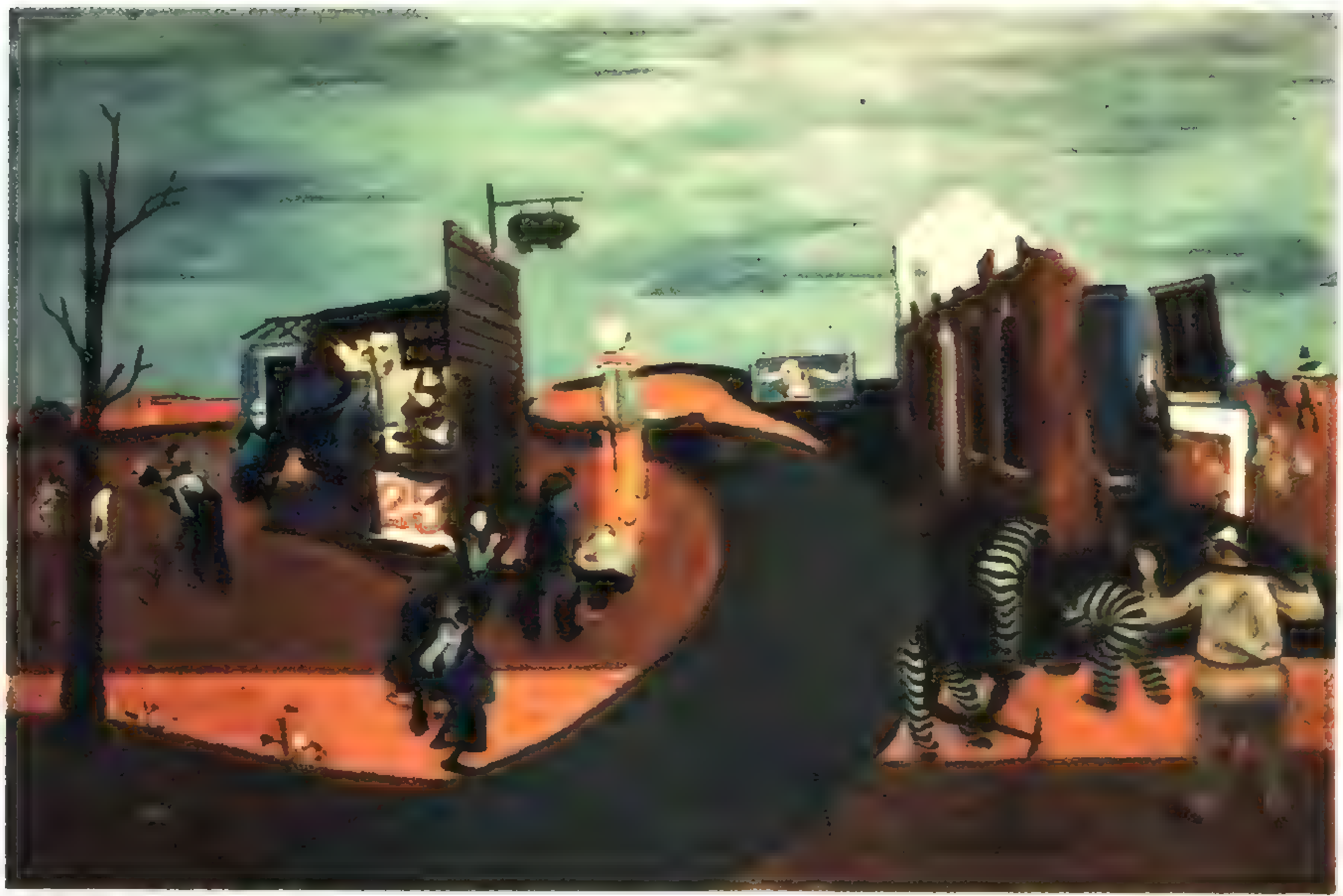
PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN



"If I keep my room tidy and wait on tables —then may I stay another week?"



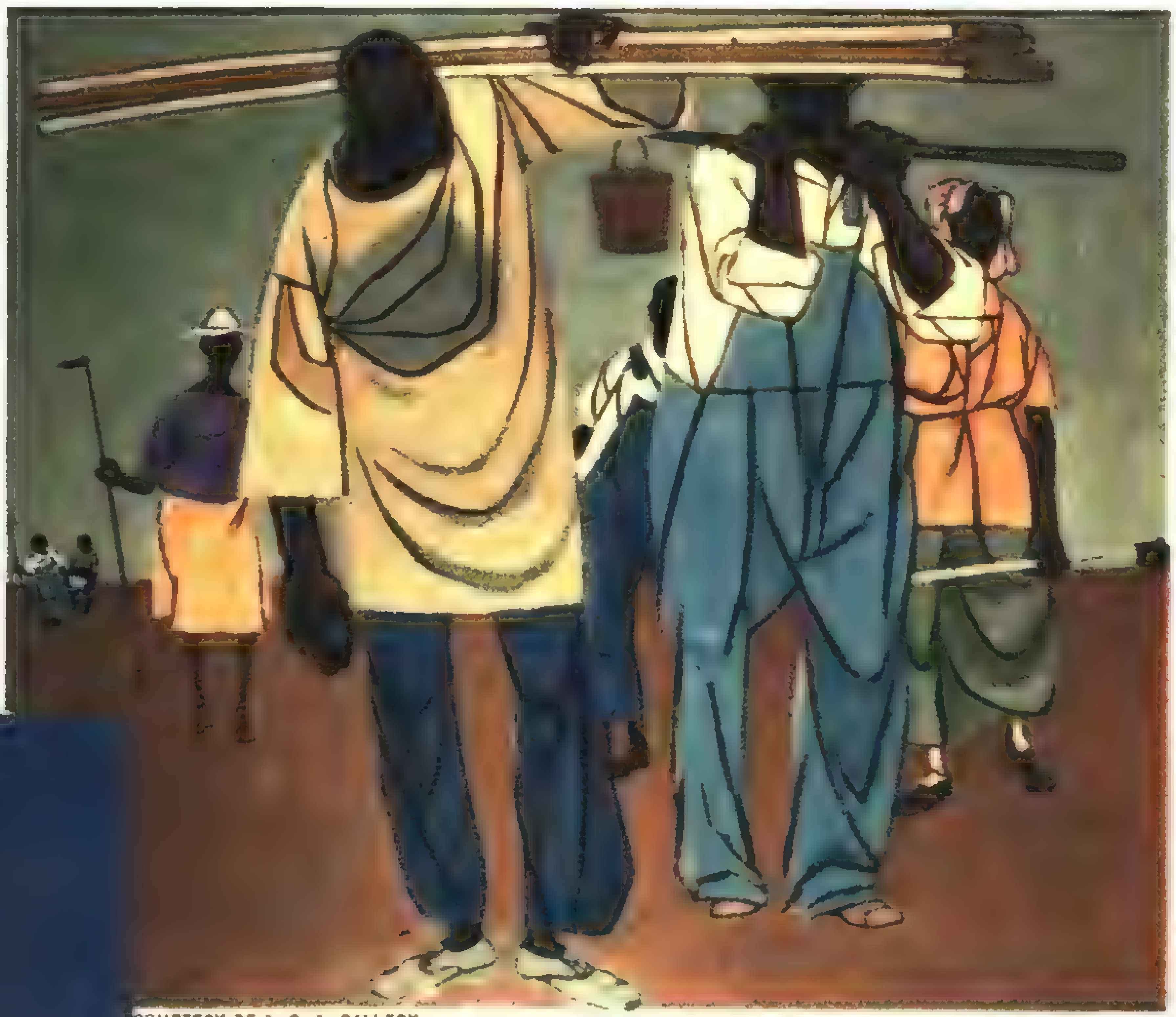
COLLECTION OF JOSEPH H. HIRSHHORN, N.Y.C. **TO WORK**



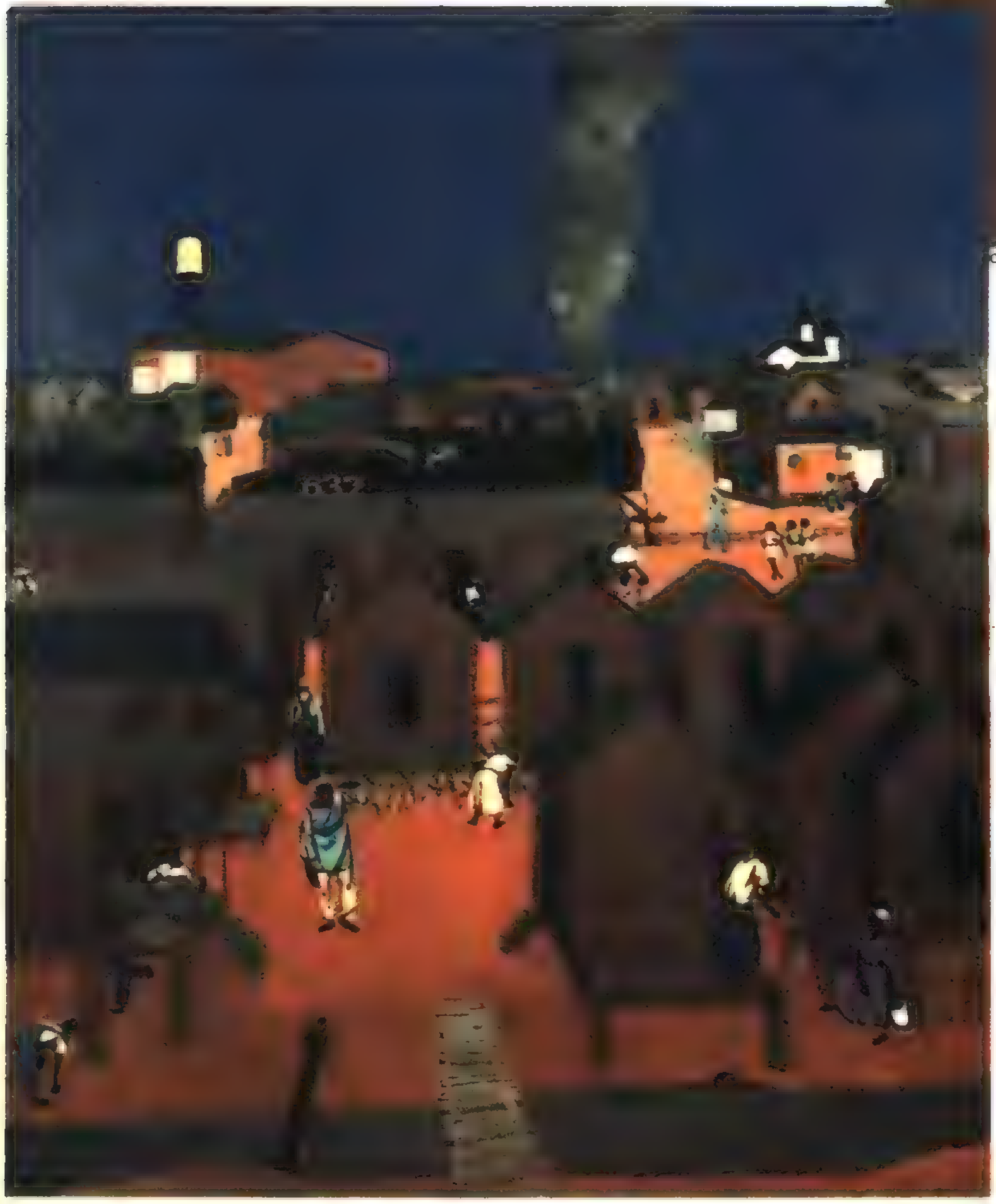
COURTESY OF A. C. A. GALLERY **THE SOUTH**

A Selection of Five Paintings

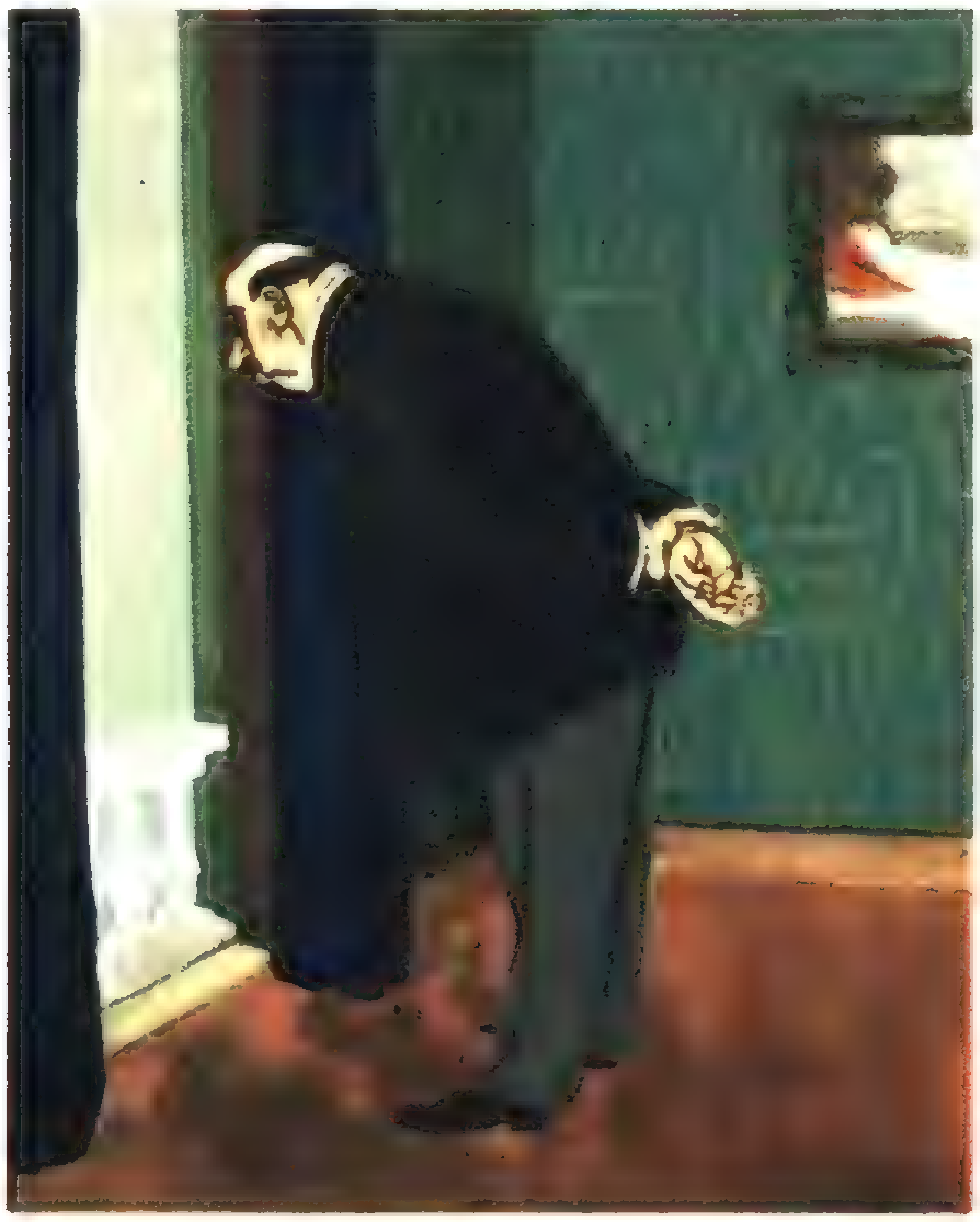
by ROBERT GWATHMEY



COURTESY OF A. C. A. GALLERY **END OF DAY**



COLLECTION OF MRS. ANTHONY WILSON, PARIS, VIRGINIA **SHACKS**



COLLECTION OF JOSEPH H. HIRSHHORN, N.Y.C. **PARADE**

Gwathmey's Editorial Art

He paints graphically and emotionally what he thinks about Southern Negroes, tenant farmers, all the proletariat

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

To most art could be tacked this footnote: "This is what the artist sees and this is how he sees it." To Robert Gwathmey's paintings must be nailed this variation: "This is what I see and this is what I think about it." And no 95 theses tacked to the door of the church in Wittenberg in 1517 could be more definite. The fact that Gwathmey paints his opinion upon that part of the visual world with which he is familiar largely determines also how he paints. For him that's putting the horse before the cart. Gwathmey paints art pictures, with oil paints on canvas, that are hung in museums almost with the intention and the drive by which the clock-punching slaves of the drawing board sketch political cartoons, caricatures and editorial opinion. His is an opinionated art, an art of protest, an art of vigorous sociological pulpit-thumping. It isn't the art of a cartoonist's leisure hours, the kind that proves the creator to have made a quick but palpable change to the smock and beret, like any one of a number of hyphenated cartoonist-painters whose canvases express opinion glossed over by the requirements of the gilt frame. You may put a slash pine border around Gwathmey's designs without adding to or subtracting from the force, pertinence or aesthetic value of his work.

It is quite likely that Gwathmey's paintings won't last for a thousand years. That will have to be all right with him, for he paints pictures almost, if not entirely, for the same reason that the early Shaw wrote plays, in the hope and with the intention that something be done soon to abolish the conditions against which they were written.

Possibly, if Gwathmey had a job on a paper in whose cartoons he could empty himself of his thinking and political and social feeling, his paintings, freed of their ballast of contemporaneous content, would rise to a higher level, like a feather floating carelessly in the breeze; but since his paintings have to carry the whole burden, he puts his ideas into them. A painting isn't bad because it packs its punch, so long as it doesn't crack from overloading of the bomb bay. But Gwathmey's is a disciplined indignation; he says what he wants to say in a manner which leaves no doubt in the average spectator's mind as to his intention, proved both by the applause and the hissing with which his work has been received.

Gwathmey thinks about the Negro and the Negro problem in the South, about the tenant farmer, white and black, about the proletarian underprivileged generally, and he paints what he thinks. He paints concretely and graphically, but his people and their scenes have monumental, universal application. He speaks with such passion, authority and conviction about these matters that it is easy to see how readily he might have become a writer.

So far as the South is concerned, he is no aesthetic carpet-bagger who rapidly realized upon a quick revulsion against conditions into whose roots he had not troubled to dig. He was born in Richmond, Virginia, forty-one years ago and at his earliest convenience he became a refugee from the Old Dominion. The first Gwathmey came from Wales in 1685 and the Gwathmeys made comfortable livings out of farming and cotton-broking up to the time of the Civil War, after which they went into a decline. The artist's father, a locomotive engineer, died in a railroad accident eight months before Robert's birth, and the painter is the only son of an only son of an only son so that all of his relations on his father's side are second, third and fourth cousins; in *his* only son the artist has made certain of a succeeding step in the march of the generations.

Now there is nothing in the appearance, accent, manner or breeding of Robert Gwathmey to differentiate him from the typical, middle-class, educated Protestant white Southerner. Were his conversation to be limited strictly to the weather, say, there would be nothing in his bland, courteous drawl to suggest the presence in him of those inner fires of social consciousness. Yet the writings of Jonathan Daniels, Virginius Dabney, Paul Green and Justice Hugo Black indicate the possibilities of adjusting that Southern drawl to another kind of rebel yell than that which we associate with the southern half of the Mason-Dixon line.

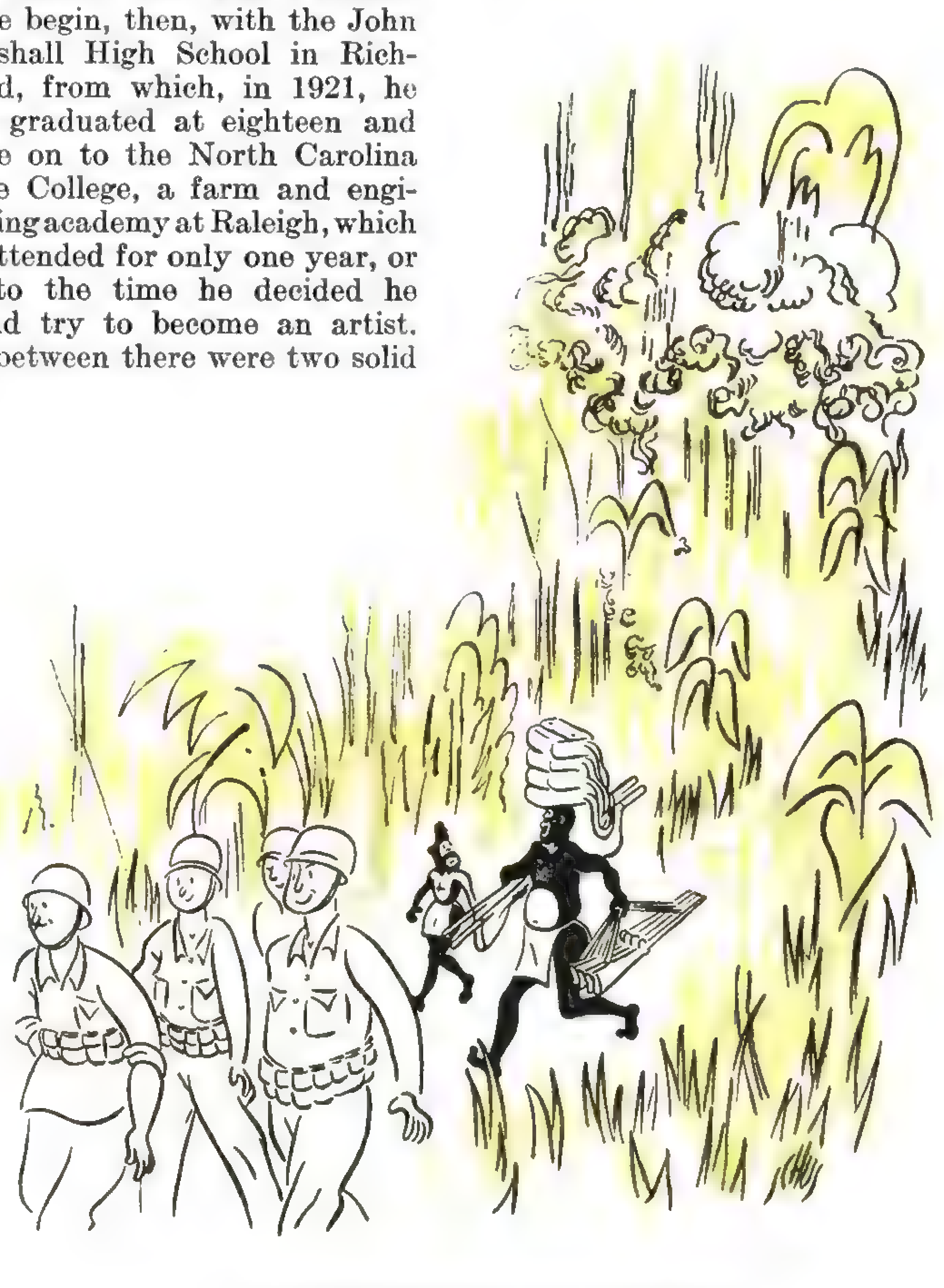
But even the knowledge of these still solitary Southern voices has not quite rubbed from Gwathmey the sense of novelty involved in his paintings and in his activities in such groups as the Artists' Union and the Artists League of America. Gwathmey's retort would be, justly, that one does not classify the human race entirely by accent or place of birth. Yet, in other ways, too, does one feel the man's contrast with his present environment and activities, in that impressive height which obliges him to stoop, although without condescension, when talking with his average colleague or student and in that large, saturnine face, sallow complexion and thick eyebrows which combine to make him appear like a big-boned Mephistopheles in modern dress.

There are a lot of schools in Gwathmey's biography, but the important things inside him happened outside and in between schools. There is, however, enough of the instinct of organization and arrangement in him to make him not only the kind of painter he is —considering purely the tasteful way in which he places the parts of each painting in relation to each other—but also as a teacher of art, in which he has buttered his bread for more than a decade.

We begin, then, with the John Marshall High School in Richmond, from which, in 1921, he was graduated at eighteen and move on to the North Carolina State College, a farm and engineering academy at Raleigh, which he attended for only one year, or up to the time he decided he would try to become an artist. (In between there were two solid years of clerking in the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad office and six months in a department store, so that it wasn't until he had reached his twenty-second year that he made up his mind.)

Desiring to study at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, he enrolled at the Maryland Institute of Design at Baltimore for the logical reason that graduates of the M.I.D. became eligible for scholarships to the Pennsylvania Academy and, sure enough, on the eve of the Sesquicentennial Exposition, Gwathmey arrived in Philadelphia, a scholarship student. At the end of his third year he received the Cresson Traveling Scholarship which gave him four summer months of travel and study in Europe, and the following year, 1930, he returned to the Continent on a second scholarship. He visited the great galleries of England, France, Germany, Spain and Italy. He lived, looked and sketched. During the

Continued on page 131



"I made $1.35 in tips yesterday"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Bits in last season's plays that tickled the eye, stimulated the mind or depressed the heart of your sensitive correspondent

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Although the now vanishing theatrical year up to the March hour of writing has been niggardly in its appeal to the mind, it has not been too remiss in its appeal to the eye. The mind may have come away from it ill-nourished, but the eye has enjoyed, if certainly nothing resembling a banquet, at least some relievingly tasty canapés.

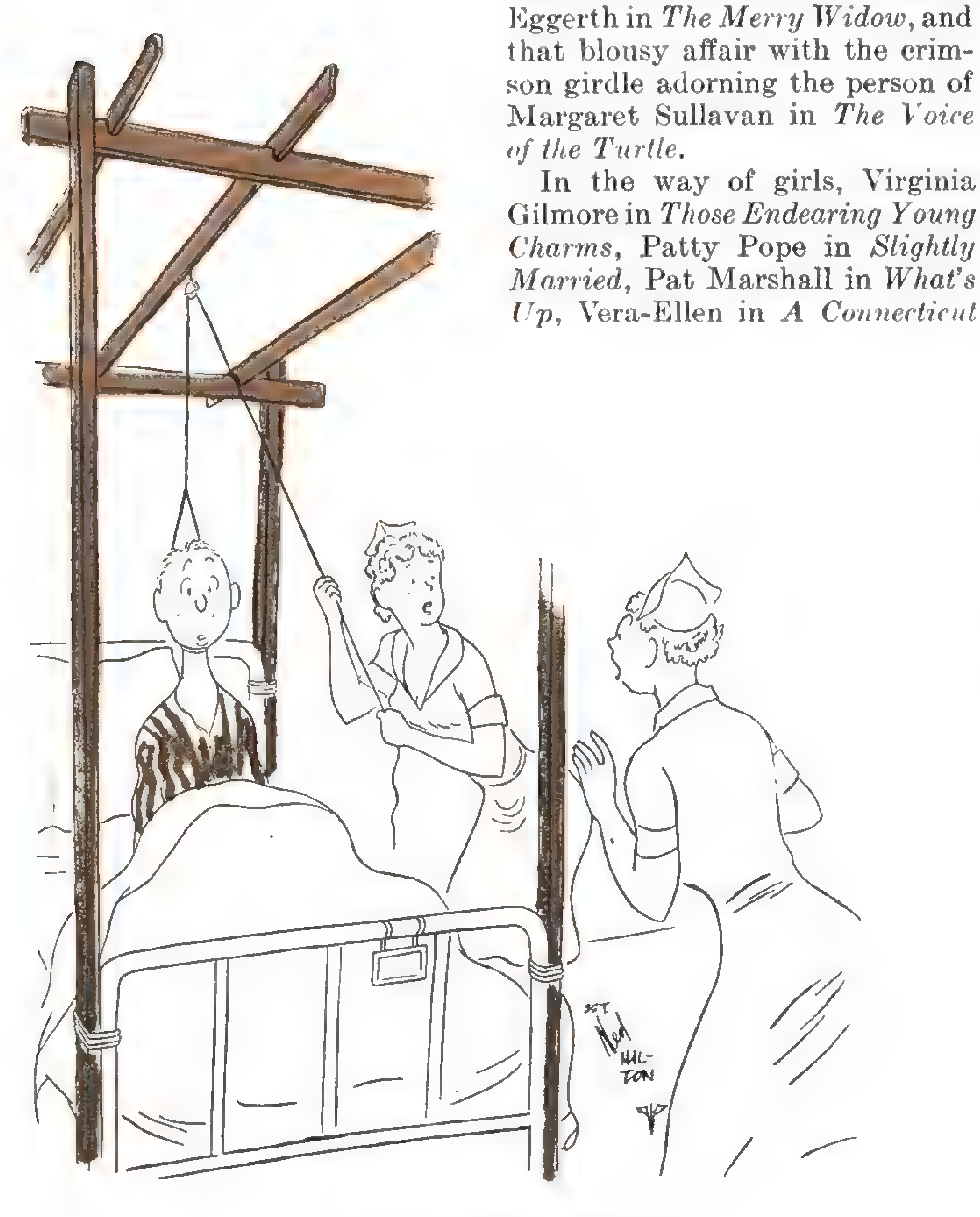
The eye is less important in any critical contemplation of the theatre than the noddle, true enough; but it nevertheless has its place there, and a pretty big place it is. A blind man may appreciate rather fully something like *Oedipus* or *Rosmersholm*, but much less so something like *Romeo and Juliet* or *Cyrano*. (Or, it needn't be mentioned, something like *Mexican Hayride*.) The eye may not be precisely the window of the soul; yet it is, in a way, the peephole. And in its satisfaction and lift rests a lot of the life of the psyche and the stage. Hazlitt's eye played almost as large a role in many of his criticisms as his mind; and so, if you read Shaw closely, did his. Only pundits, and then only if they are over fifty, look at the stage solely through their brains. Even William Winter, God knows, wore spectacles.

Here, then, are some of the tidbits that have tickled the vision:

In the way of stage settings, the "Villa of the Angry Pigeon," lovely in the Martinique twilight, in *Early to Bed;* the doggy Negro country club, its surroundings all soft blue, in *Carmen Jones;* the candle-lit, multi-paneled screen suggesting the room in Hamilton's house in *The Patriots;* the humorous décor of the wedding scene in the last act of *The Naked Genius*, of all things; and the comfortably liveable three-room apartment of *The Voice of the Turtle*.

In the way of costumes, the brilliant coloring and design of those in *Mexican Hayride* and *Early to Bed;* the delicate, flowing pink gown worn by Mary Martin in the second act of *One Touch of Venus*, the spangled black creation worn by Marta Eggerth in *The Merry Widow*, and that blousy affair with the crimson girdle adorning the person of Margaret Sullavan in *The Voice of the Turtle*.

In the way of girls, Virginia Gilmore in *Those Endearing Young Charms*, Patty Pope in *Slightly Married*, Pat Marshall in *What's Up*, Vera-Ellen in *A Connecticut Yankee*, Wini Johnson in *South Pacific*, Nanette Fabray in *Jackpot*, Sunnie O'Dea in *Wallflower*, Eva Reyes in *Mexican Hayride*, and Gloria Willis in *Take It as It Comes*, among others.



"No, no, Miss Merkle"

In a general way, the beautifully fluid stage direction of *Outrageous Fortune*, the mad dance orgy in *Run Little Chillun*, the ditto in *Carmen Jones*, the skating grace of the "Russian Steppes" number in *Stars on Ice*, the stage-bearing of Elsie Ferguson in *Outrageous Fortune*, and the make-up of the pirate crew in *The Innocent Voyage*.

Contrariwise, here are some of the things that scarified that eye:

1. The members of the female band in *Hairpin Harmony*, one of the most painful ensembles disclosed by the stage in years.

2. The funeral-parlor white flowers bordering the stage in the renovated Fulton Theatre, further painted dead white like a mortuary chapel.

3. The senescent members of the Heidelberg student corps in the revival of *The Student Prince*.

4. The leading man in *Those Endearing Young Charms* who in his romantic scenes kept swallowing his Adam's apple.

5. The aristocratic Lady Katherine De Vaucelles in the revival of *The Vagabond King* whose mouth when she spoke took on the contours of Brooklyn.

6. The tall blonde actress in *Try and Get It* who acted and spoke as if she subsisted on a strict diet of barbed wire.

7. Elisabeth Bergner's ferocious coyness in the first act of *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*.

8. The whiskers on the conferencier of the *Chauve-Souris*.

9. The elegant drawing room in the House of Kranz that on the opening night of the revival of *Blossom Time* didn't have any lighting fixtures, the chandeliers having fallen down while the stage was being set and with insufficient time to get them back into place.

10. The genial Irishman Whitford Kane made up as a Greek patriot in *Land of Fame*.

11. The peculiar jaw movements of the leading woman in *Another Love Story* whenever she wished to indicate vindictiveness or feminine sweetness.

12. The "Parade of Models" number in *Artists and Models*, pretty horrible.

13. The visible lip-rouge on the hero in *A Connecticut Yankee*.

14. The interior set of *Lady, Behave!* a champion eyesore.

15. The Beaux Arts Ball costume substituted for the author's specified nun's costume on the young girl in *Get Away, Old Man*.

16. Gertrude Lawrence's idiotic long scarves which she kept waving around like an Army Signal Corps in the revival of *Susan and God*.

17. The actor playing the Russian seducer in *Listen, Professor!* who had made himself up like a step-uncle of Laura Jean Libbey.

18. The spic-and-span nurse's getup of Gertrude Musgrove in *Storm Operation*, for all her ordeals in the African desert.

19. The symbolic scarlet conflagration on the backdrop in the last scene of *The Duke in Darkness*, which seemed to symbolize nothing so much as too many beers on the part of the electrician.

20. The wardrobe of Joseph Schildkraut as Leonid Andreyevitch in the revival of *The Cherry Orchard*, which looked like an inheritance from Sam Bernard's *The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer*.

21. The "brandy" drunk by the characters in *Peepshow*, the color of Coney Island pineapple juice.

I have alluded to the paucity of mental stimulation during the season. Herewith, the few relative exceptions:

1. The uncommonly shrewd observation of sex by John Van Druten in *The Voice of the Turtle*.

2. The cool intelligence with which Rose Franken viewed the problems of intolerance, homosexuality and morals in *Outrageous Fortune*.

3. The adroitness of Russell Bennett's new arrangements of Bizet for *Carmen Jones*.

4. The ironic appraisal of the Negro's estate in *South Pacific*.

5. The psychology of the child mind in *The Innocent Voyage*, even though heavily diluted from the Hughes novel, *A High Wind in Jamaica*.

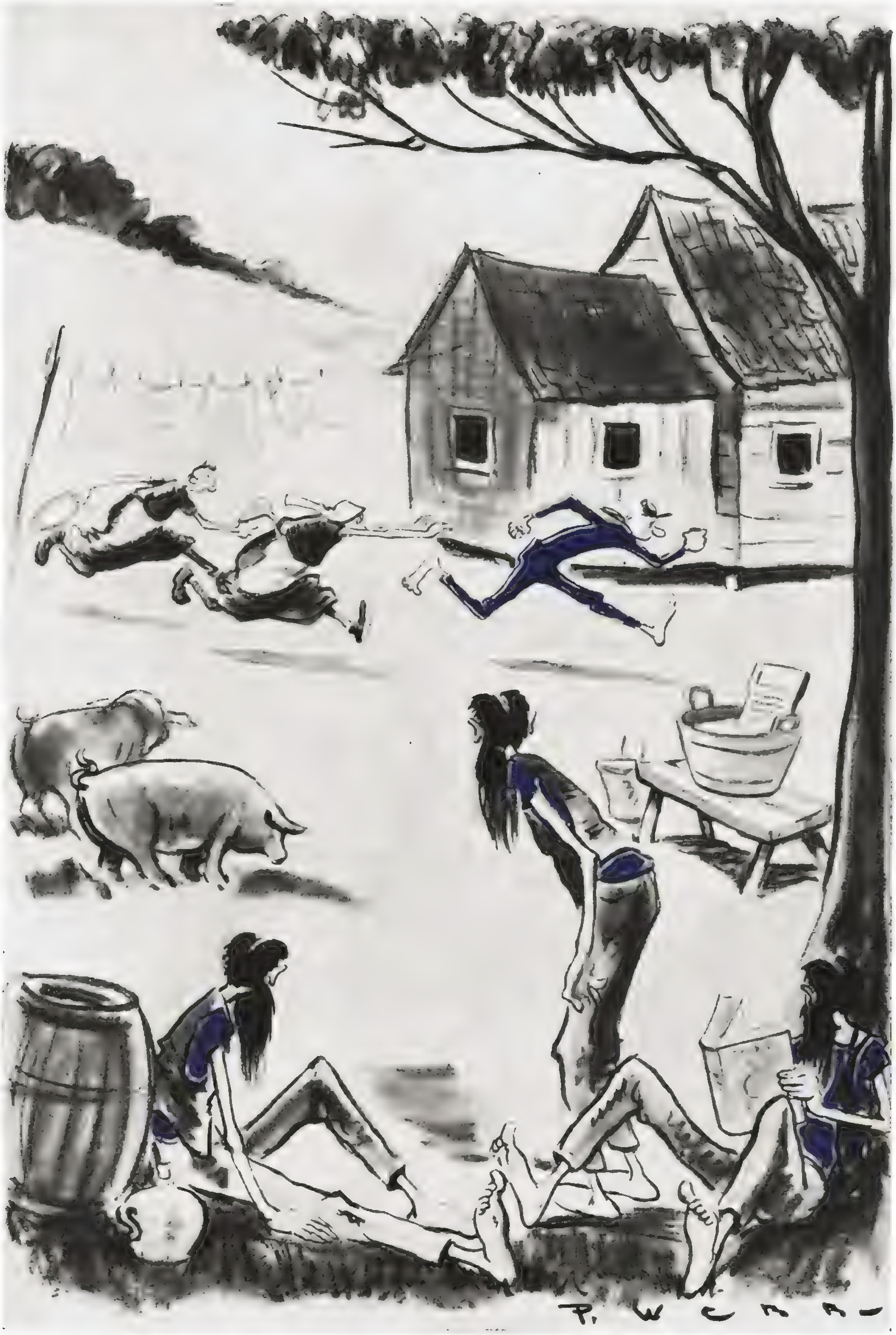
Contrariwise, herewith some of the season's mental depressants:

1. Edward Chodorov's notion, in *Those Endearing Young Charms*, that a young woman of twenty-five years ago was a complete ignoramus in sexual matters and invariably given to a strict morality.

2. In *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, that mysterious Riviera wind which exercises a profoundly occult power over human beings.

3. Elmer Rice's theory in *A*

Continued on page 136



"Gran'pappy can't run like he used to—they'll have that winter underwear off him in no time this spring"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Majority endorses obstacle races and compulsory swimming for school kids and picks best boxers of each weight

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

▪ SPORTS ▪

Whether the baseball farm system is to be or not to be was the question that provoked the liveliest discourses accompanying this month's ballots. The farm system seems to be due for some revision, according to considerable comment, although a majority of 74.77% of the total vote endorsed the arrangement.

The usual groups of general public, sports writers, sportscasters and soldiers at two camps, Randolph Field, Texas, and Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, voted this time. An interesting phase of the voting is the differences between the public and sportscaster voting percentages. In their okay of the farm system the radio sports commentators were much more positive than John Fan who sits in the stands and bleachers. But the public was much stronger than the sports blocs in declaring that golf instruction lags behind teaching methods in other sports. The public also registered with greater emphasis than the sportscasters in approving competitive calisthenics.

The vote of the soldiers on this question was 71.48% affirmative—the most dubious of all the blocs.

What shocked us was the 78.95% vote of the public in deciding that golf instruction wasn't up to the teaching methods of other sports. But, on second guess, we can see why the vote should be that way. In most other sports the coaches can order the team candidates to show up to get taught. In golf the pupil shows up when he jolly well feels like it. Hence golf instruction has to start by giving strokes to tutoring in other sports.

In selecting top-ranking boxers in the various weight divisions, the voters named as first in his class only one who has been in his prime during the past decade. That choice was Henry Armstrong, who had a long lead over Barney Ross, who was voted second in the welterweight division.

Previous Esquire sports polls have made it plain that neither the American public nor the sports authorities are disposed to regard athletes of the past fifteen years as being in the same class as their predecessors. Sports writers have wondered about this slump; whether it was an inevitable phase of the Depression, or whether the redfire just didn't burn as brightly or the drums sound as loudly as in the Glorious Years of Muscle.

THE QUESTIONS

I.

Do you think that the high schools and colleges should adopt a series of physical fitness events such as pull-ups, push-ups, sit-ups, rope climbs, obstacle races, etc. with standardized rules that would make possible competitive meets in these events with resultant stimulation of interest and activity in these calisthenics?. Yes ☑ No ☐ *86.03%*

II.

Do you think the "farm system" is for the best interests of baseball?. . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ *74.77%*

III.

Every branch of the service is now teaching swimming. Should we make swimming compulsory in the schools throughout America just as soon as the facilities can be provided?. . . . . . Yes ☑ No ☐ *88.26%*

IV.

Do you think that golf instruction in general has kept pace with teaching methods in the other sports?. . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ *68.95%*

V.

Who was the greatest boxer of all time, in your opinion, in each of the weight divisions:

Heavyweight: *Jack Dempsey 49.73% Joe Louis 17.30%*
Light Heavyweight: *Bob Fitzsimmons 40.81%; Tommy Loughran 25.01%*
Middleweight: *Mickey Walker 30.37%; Harry Greb 25.19%*
Welterweight: *Henry Armstrong 43.69%; Barney Ross 18.49%*
Lightweight: *Benny Leonard 56.14%; Joe Gans 28.95%*
Featherweight: *Johnny Kilbane 41.67%; Abe Attell 33.32%*
Bantamweight: *Terry McGovern 30.09%; George Dixon 20.01%*
Flyweight: *Jimmy Wilde 33.02%; Pancho Villa 25.33%*

QUESTION I

Do you think that the high schools and colleges should adopt a series of physical fitness events such as pull-ups, push-ups, sit-ups, rope climbs, obstacle races, etc. with standardized rules that would make possible competitive meets in these events with resultant stimulation of interest and activity in these calisthenics?

The Public	Yes 90.32%
Sportscasters	Yes 87.23%
Sports Writers	Yes 83.32%

The Army and Navy have put calisthenics on a competitive basis after finding that the muscle-building program wasn't advancing as required, by depending on the imagination of soldiers and sailors. When the prospect of having to depend on some muscle skill for keeping alive didn't outweigh the monotony of the sinew exercises, the competitive rating system was applied.

"My vote is no," stated **Dr. Jesse F. Williams,** outstanding physical education leader, formerly of Columbia but now of the University of North Carolina. "These particular stunts," he continued, "are useful accessories of a total program but are so functionless in general that the emphasis associated with competitive meets is unwarranted by the outcomes for boys. Gymnastic meets have been held for many years in which some of these stunts have had a part. They have served a limited purpose. I see that you use the term 'physical fitness.' Where this means fitness through physical activity it makes sense. Where it implies a fitness of the physical apart from the mental and emotional it is tripe."

W. K. Streit, Board of Education, Cincinnati, also voted against the proposal, as did: **C. H. McCloy,** University of Iowa; **Katharine Montgomery,** Florida State College for Women, Tallahassee; **Minnie Ann Booth,** Rochester, New York; **John F. Bovard,** University of California at Los Angeles; and **Carl L. Nordly,** University of Minnesota. Among the physical educators voting "yes" were: **F. W. Burkett,** West Hartford, Connecticut; **Mabel Lee,** University of Nebraska; **Dr. Ben W. Miller,** Washington, D. C.; **John P. Brechtel,** Secretary of the Louisiana High School Coaches Association; **J. Granville Siler,** University of California; **Kermit Laabs,** State College, New Mexico; **Dr. Louis R. Burnett,** Division of Health and Physical Education, Baltimore; **L. J. Sparks,** University of Oregon; **Dr. Arthur H. Steinhaus,** George Williams College, Chicago, and **Dr. Jay B. Nash,** New York University.

Also on the negative side was **Professor Theodore F. Lentz,** Washington University, St. Louis. "My idealism in sports," he explained, "runs in the non-competitive direction. Also I think compulsory sport or play is a contradiction in terms and an inconsistency in spirit. I believe we have had great delay in achieving a democratic civilization. I think the illogic of competitive sports and competitive economics is at the bottom of our difficulty. Cooperation is more consistent with what is essential in democratic ideals. Competition belongs to the philosophy of Nietsche and Hitler and the idea of their Superman and Super race complex."

The reactions of **William A. Stecher,** who was for twenty-one years director of physical education in the Philadelphia public schools, were as follows:

1. Championship competition in any one of the athletic events mentioned is good; however, the same kind of competition in a carefully selected "group of events" would be better.
2. According to age (and sex) there might be from five to ten athletic events in each age (sex) group.
3. Achievement standards should be determined for each age from twelve to eighteen years.
4. Several cities already have competitions in such age and sex groups; their standards and achievement goals should be considered in evolving a national program.
5. The active support of a national magazine like Esquire would be of the greatest value in the formulating and administration of such a program.

"Many Americans hold the opinion that our youths are tough, virile and dynamic," commented **Dr. S. C. Staley,** director of physical education, University of Illinois. "This is true for 15 or 20 per cent. A far larger percentage are soft, flabby and physically incompetent. Our studies show that 3 out of 100 freshmen students cannot chin themselves one time; 15 out of 100 cannot swim. We have students who cannot make a standing broad jump of 5 feet, who cannot do one push-up and who cannot hold their weight hanging on a bar. One of the fundamental defects of our current program is that we are reaching about 15 or 20 per cent. We should double this through junior varsity teams, lightweight teams, soccer teams, lacrosse teams, handball teams, badminton teams, softball teams, etc."

"Laxity in physical training for boys and girls in the grade schools and high schools of Illinois," reported Kenneth Jones, Peoria *Journal-Transcript*, "prompted the state legislators to pass a bill requiring five classes or a minimum of 200 minutes of physical training per week." Bill Kinney, Rock Island *Argus*, said: "I favor competition in pull-ups, etc., but it would have about as much dramatic appeal as a concert by wooden Indians. America isn't even interested in tumbling, the showiest form of gymnastics." From Phil Dorweiler, KVFD, Fort Dodge, Iowa, came the words:

At Fort Dodge High School the boys enter the physical fitness program voluntarily and are graded on a competitive basis. The program is held daily for one hour, four days being devoted to gym and outside work, and one day to swimming. To keep tab on each boy they use the Rogers strength test, which calls for push-ups, chin-ups, 20-yard swim, running an obstacle course and rope work. I'm positive this program will be kept up as a permanent study in the high school work.

"Down with the muscle jerks!" voted Joseph P. Val, New York *World-Telegram*. "Let's have more varsity sports, for the competitive benefits, particularly in high school."

"This plan has been put into effect in our local high school," related Jared Schopper, KBIX, Muskogee, Oklahoma. "The results were remarkable. The athletic director, Paul Marston, has invented his own obstacle course. A special school assembly was held to demonstrate the prowess of the boys. All who participated in this training program developed greatly in a short space of time. This program should spread throughout the country and would with encouragement by sports editors and sportscasters."

Less enthusiasm for the plan was expressed by John O'Donnell, Davenport *Democrat and Leader*, who commented:

Any system of physical education which would aid students in building up their bodies should be encouraged, but the trouble would be that there would arise groups of educators who would attempt to substitute a physical education course for competitive athletics. There are those who think there is more merit to competition in chin-ups than in football, but if the former ever draws 60,000 to a stadium, get me a press ticket. I want to be there for the phenomenon.

John F. Kenney, Lowell, Massachusetts, *Sun*, had these forceful words on the subject:

This is the war that pinched America's fat old buttocks with the sharp, painful awakening that "sports-consciousness" and physical education are two infinitely different elements in the life of its youth. Anybody knows now that the kids must come down from the bleachers and get out on the field. Timid fathers and mothers must learn that the same kid can be athletic and intellectual. Look at Paul Robeson. All the great brains were watered with plenty of sweat along the way. Gyms can do more for the America of the future than flag raisings and bond sales. Besides, the kid who can climb 16 feet on the rope doesn't mind moving the piano once in a while for his mom or changing a tire for his dad.

QUESTION II

Do you think the "farm system" is for the best interests of baseball?

The Public	**Yes 64.81%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 86.96%**
Sports Writers	**Yes 70.83%**

It looks like this question has something to do with the great to-do about the preservation of free enterprise. Some voters maintain that the farm system has virtually destroyed free enterprise in minor league baseball; others say that baseball in the minors would have folded had it not been for the major league bankrollers.

Jack Zeller, general manager of the Detroit Tigers and a veteran farm executive, voted against the farm system. Hy Turkin, New York *Daily News*, was for it.

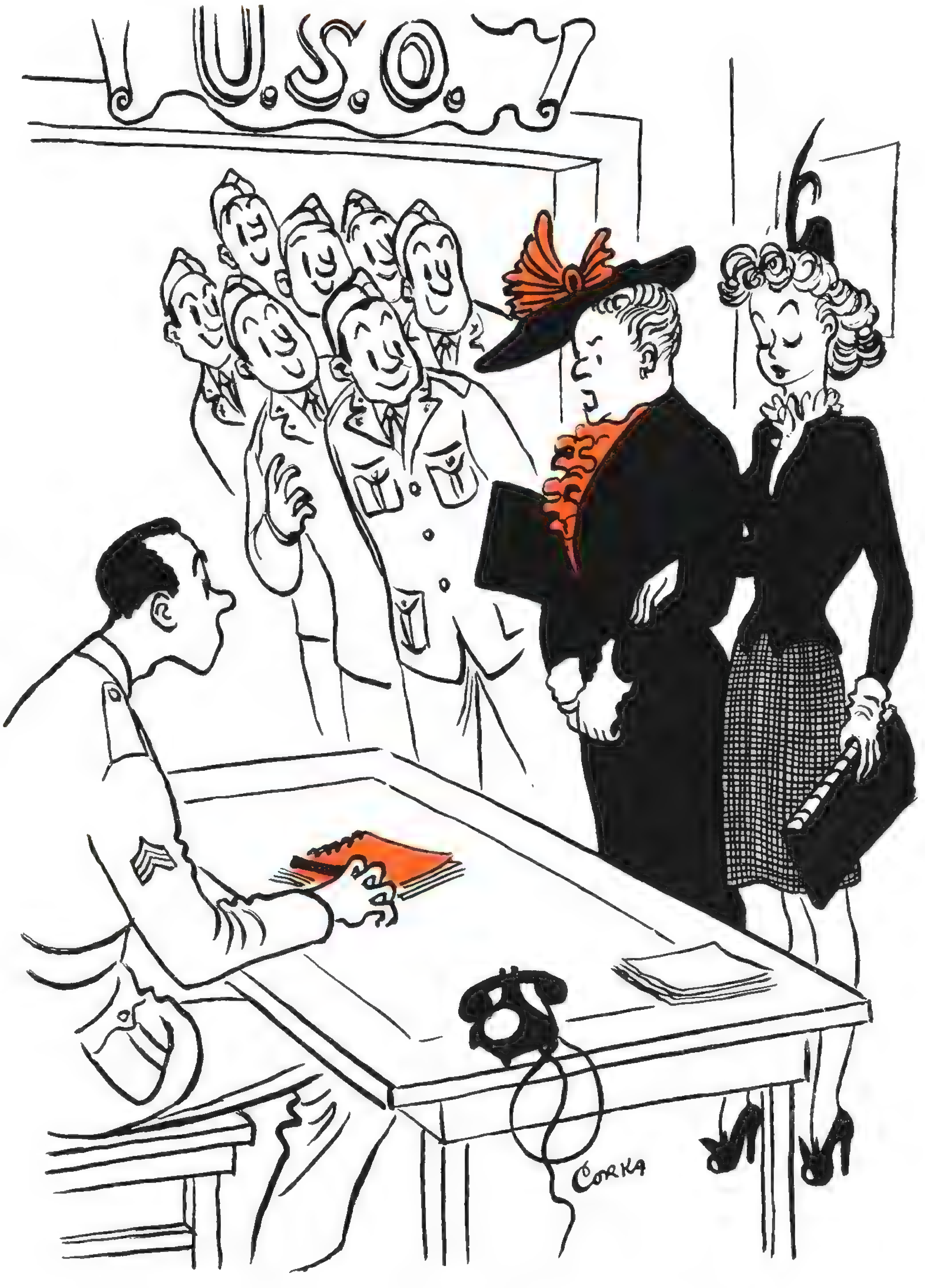
"Small minor league towns such as we have here in Wisconsin Rapids (Class D)," wrote Don Unferth, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, *Tribune*, "need the financial and player support given them by the parent clubs. Take away the farm system and the financial problems would multiply." On the other side, O. C. Willoughby, Iron Mountain, Michigan *News*, said: "The farm system does more harm than good because, contrary to the American competitive system, it retards advancement of many prospective players." W. L. "Putt" Powell, Amarillo, Texas, *Globe-News*, explained that: "In the West Texas-New Mexico League the farm teams always seemed to have better teams and more interest. When the local ownerships started to lose money, it wasn't long before they called it quits. But the majors always carried through and made good the losses."

Henry Decker, Frederick, Maryland, *News*, insisted that: "Major league ownership hastened the demise of the Blue Ridge League, which under private operation gained the reputation of being the top Class D circuit in the country."

Wirt Gammon, Chattanooga *Times*, thought:

Some features of the farm system and some of the anti-farm planners could

Continued on page 119



"I'll take six soldiers home for dinner providing you give me two MP's along with them"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Quentin Reynolds is a great guy and a wonderful man, as are Niven Busch, Burns Mantle, Dizzy Dean and other literati

by BENNETT CERF

• BOOKS •

The hot news in the war book industry, which must be about the third biggest in the country by this time, is that a new one by Quentin Reynolds has hit the stands. A lot of people have tired of average, run-of-the-kill battle diaries, but Quent's is something else again. This towering, (six foot something) burly (220) hunk of all-around good guy has a way of making you feel you're sharing every one of his adventures. He did it in *The Wounded Don't Cry*, repeated in *Only the Stars Are Neutral* and really goes to town in *The Curtain Rises*. Quent, who loves practically everybody, and vice versa, had previously sung the praises of the R.A.F. and the British and Red armies. *The Curtain Rises* is the story of his discovery of what American boys can do in action. When Quent starts waving that American flag, it's like standing on the summit of a mountain at sunrise, with a ten-thousand-voiced chorus of *The Star Spangled Banner* ringing in your ears.

Reynolds began his literary career as a baseball writer. What is there about working on a sports page that makes men learn to write so well? Look at Ring Lardner and Heywood Broun and John Kieran and Westbrook Pegler and Bob Considine! Quent had a tougher job than any of them, though, because the team he was assigned to cover was the Brooklyn Dodgers. In those days the Dodgers played a brand of ball that was positively unique. Quent himself tells about the day he was sitting in the last row of the grandstand at Ebbets Field and, glancing into the street behind him, saw a rabid rooter running lickety-split for the entrance gate. "Hurry up," yelled Quent, "you're missing something big. The Dodgers have three men on base." "Holy mackerel," panted the rooter. "Which base?" When Leo Durocher was named pilot of the team, the same enthusiast assured Quent solemnly, "Dat bum will make a wonderful manager." Two years with the Dodgers provided ideal training for a career of hair-raising and death-defying experiences.

In 1932 the International News Service sent Reynolds to Berlin where he saw the Nazis take over. He left Germany by their special request—but fast. "It was those babies," he says, "that made everybody else seem so attractive by comparison." *Collier's* signed him as a sort of reporter-at-large and his list of "intimate friends" and pals began to stretch into the thousands—from diplomats to taxi drivers, from society queens to broken-down pugilists. Charlie Colebaugh, editor of *Collier's*, says that Quent came back from an interview with a steel magnate and declared, "He's a great guy! A wonderful man!" After a day at Hyde Park with the President, he reported, "He's a great guy! A wonderful man!" Then he visited the Tombs to build a story around a confessed killer. "He's really a great guy," he told the staff later. "A wonderful man! Can that boy cut throats!"

At a recent testimonial banquet to Reynolds in New York, one of the speakers referred to the guest of honor as, "Quent, the fun-loving Rover." The Rover was too busy lining up the shortest route to Myrna Loy to pay heed; when the speeches were ended, Wendell Willkie, Deems Taylor and Quent broke from the barrier as one. "Darling!" cried Myrna and threw her arms about Mr. Reynolds' rotund bay. "Hell," Mr. Willkie was heard to mutter, "who can buck competition like that?"

No foreign correspondent has the right to have a wife as beautiful as Quent's "Ginny." It makes leaving for the front just that much harder. The day that Virginia Peine became Mrs. Reynolds, the President happened to be in New York. The police cleared Park Avenue for him just as the Reynolds nuptials were about to begin. Quent's father observed the host of motorcycle cops and the suspended traffic and said quite seriously, "I never realized how important my boy has become!"

"He landed a government contract printing questionnaires!"

The Curtain Rises is dedicated "To the war correspondents of America, living and dead, who have proven to the world that you can believe what you read in the newspapers—great reporters, great Americans, great friends." When he refers to Churchill as "Winnie," Eisenhower as "Ike" and Harriman as "Ave," he is not presuming for an instant. By the time he has described a visit with them you feel you know them well enough to call them by their first names yourself.

The book begins with jaunts to Trinidad (where Quent celebrated St. Patrick's Day with Pat O'Brien), Palestine (where he found himself involved in the insoluble Arab-Jewish problem), Iran (where he saw lend-lease really working)—and Russia. The story of his visit to Vyazma, a whole city literally put to death by the Germans, is a masterpiece of understatement. He found an innocent-eyed girl of eighteen who had killed sixty Nazis and whose life ambition was to meet Vivian Leigh! He also found an army that was growing more powerful every day and a population that was more determined than ever—but very tired and very hungry. The Russians were glad to see Reynolds again. They remembered that he had been one of the first American correspondents to declare that the Nazis would never take Moscow. He was there in the dark days of 1941 and was evacuated to Kuibishev with the diplomatic corps. Here, after braving death in action a hundred times, Quent developed an insignificant boil and howled so when it was lanced that Litvinov himself reminded him, "I thought you said, 'The Wounded Don't Cry'!" Before he left Russia this time, he tried to find the American boys who had landed their plane on Russian soil after the Doolittle raid on Tokyo and had been interned in due accordance with international law. He couldn't seem to locate them. The reader may suspect that those boys are back at some front or other flying an American bomber again. Reynolds refused to commit himself. He is content to call Stalin "a great guy! a wonderful man!" and quotes a line of the poet Tutchev: "You cannot understand Russia with your reason; you cannot measure Russia with a yardstick; you can only believe in Russia."

Back in Algiers Quent found hotel rooms scarcer than they are in Washington but charmed the British Vice Consul into inviting him to a share a little apartment. Within an hour, John Steinbeck, H. R. Knickerbocker, Clark Lee and a couple of other intimate pals of Reynolds had moved their baggage, typewriters and equipment in, too. Bob Hope and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. followed on their heels and while the bewildered consul was digging himself out from under, an American two-star general and a British admiral entered to make the party complete. The consul probably will not forget that next week in a hurry. He burst into tears when Quent pulled out.

Reynolds' uncanny luck in being at the right place at the right time held again at the climax of the campaign in Sicily and the bloody battle of Salerno. His description of the landing in Italy and the establishment of the beachheads will, I think, be reprinted in anthologies for years to come. He found himself on a boat with Vincent Sheean, now a lieutenant colonel, at dawn of "D-Day" at Salerno. Sheean looked at the gray hills just beginning to be visible behind the town and said, "Just around that promontory the road dips sharply and goes by a tiny inn that serves the best damn fettucini in the entire world." Reynolds was deeply impressed. "I didn't know," he said, "that our Intelligence sent back reports in such incredible detail." "Intelligence, my eye," answered Sheean. "Salerno is where Dinah and I spent our honeymoon."

When the fighting began, Reynolds saw our Army, Navy and Supply perform miracles. "I didn't find out until I came home," he says ruefully, "that it's considered 'corny' to rave about our own performances. The fashion seems to be to knock hell out of everything American, especially our leadership!" Before he came back he interviewed General Montgomery. The first thing the general asked him was, "Is it true that back in the States the girls are wearing a beret they've named after me?" He ate one of his last meals in Italy in a little spaghetti joint that had a big sign over the door reading, "GUERRA CONTRA LA MOSCA" ("War Against Flies"). When the waiter brought him his "spaghet," the plate was rimmed with flies. A few of them were even struggling in the spaghetti. "Hey," said Quent, "How about that sign, 'War Against Flies'?" "It's true," sighed the waiter. "We had the war here once—but the flies won."

A "welcome home" dinner—one of an endless series—was tossed for Quent at Toots Shor's elegant chophouse. Quent gave Toots an advance copy of *The Curtain Rises* and wrote on the flyleaf, "Too bad you are iliterate, otherwise you would enjoy this book." It was Toots who informed the scholar Reynolds that he had misspelled "illiterate."

Reynolds is the kind of author who makes publishing a joy. He and his agent, Mark Hanna, spend many a happy hour at my office attending to their private affairs and keeping our girls from their work. "It's more convenient here," explains Quent. "At home we've only got one phone." He even bothers to read the pieces that I write from time to time. "They bring back to mind," he says generously, "jokes I haven't heard for fully twenty years."

Memories of the Brooklyn Dodgers, plus the inauguration of a new major league baseball campaign, sent me scurrying for an amazing little document entitled *The Dizzy Dean Dictionary*. The game's most distinguished modest violet figured that if Grace Moore, George Jessel, Gene Tunney and Carole Landis could write books for themselves, there must be room aboard the gravy train for him, too. He tore himself away from the microphone, wrote several thousand immortal words and found a ready purchaser in a St. Louis organization, previously unknown for encouragement of literature, named the Falstaff Brewing Company. Untold thousands of copies have been distributed without charge by this patron of the arts and you can get a copy yourself, if they have any left, by simply asking for one on a postal card. The price is right, anyhow. The Dazzler is considerably more of a humorist than a lot of tired old gag men who make a living that way. He pops off in print and plays the buffoon for the same reason that led him to act that way on the ball field; he knows exactly what the public wants.

"Ol' Diz," as he likes to call himself, divides his autobiography into four parts. Part One is entitled, "Who's the Greatest Pitcher in the World?" Part Two is devoted to "Who's Got the Greatest Throwin' Arm in the World?"

Continued on page 114

THE END
McKAY

In Motion Pictures It's Timing

While speculating on the Oscar awards, this practical sage opines cutting is primary since a good movie should move

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I suggest first of all that there is something preposterous in the whole business: some 10,000 employees of four or five manufacturing concerns are informed that they can choose the best commodity manufactured in the past year by any one of the five; of the employees, 4,200 are professionals in the lower brackets; they have a slight tendency to choose the kind of commodity on which *they* can work. When the final choice is announced, it is broadcast and printed and advertised—and their choice gets a new lease of life, which is popularity. That, apparently, is what happens when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts awards its Oscars. The 4,200 extras hold the balance of power, according to *Variety*, since they vote in the final balloting. The big studios nominate, or indicate, their selections. The saving grace of the matter is that the extras are not to be bribed (or intimidated?), and once in a while the Oscars mark something you might not otherwise know was good.

At the end of this piece, if the returns come in on time, I will note the winner of the award for the best picture; I am writing this in advance because I don't want to be prejudiced, and also because it isn't within human reason that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *Casablanca* should be in competition for anything. The fact that these pictures are mentioned, that some votes will go for one and some for the other, makes me suspect that some people, chiefly makers of movies, haven't the foggiest idea of what movies are about. These two pictures were, it appears, made by cameramen using film; otherwise, they have no connection one with the other. For one is a movie and the other isn't.

Put that aside for a moment and consider that the *Watch on the Rhine* film is not only in the running for an Oscar, but has received the highest critical praise from the specialists. It has won or will certainly win a critics' award. And it is a bastard in the correct sense of the word, or a hybrid if you prefer. It is half-movie, half-theater; it was good all-theater in its time and was skillfully photographed; for the most part it might as well have been filmed from the stage version. The essence of the movie was utterly missing. But Paul Lukas so bedazzled the audiences by being distinguished and the critics by being just what he had been on the stage, that the picture is all-hailed as great. What the hailing was for was the anti-heiling. We hate Nazis—but that doesn't make a good stage melodrama into a notable movie.

The Song of Bernadette and *Madame Curie* are heavy contenders. The studios got them out in time; prestige is wanted, so the studios got out pictures with big themes—and in one of these two, with big extra-lists. I note that neither the seriousness of a topic nor the reverence with which it is treated constitutes a claim on admiration. One can be serious and reverential and turn out very bad movies.

For years I lived in the pure heaven of the movie-goer—I thought that there couldn't be a dull movie. I learned better, especially when stupid men tried to be bright with sound effects. It is, indeed, possible to make dull movies and too many people try. But I still didn't believe you could make a dull picture out of *Tom Sawyer* until I saw it done; or out of *Jane Eyre* until I yawned through it; or out of anything by Ernest Hemingway. You might make a bad radio play, I thought, or a bad dramatization. But make a bad movie out of Hemingway! That really would take some doing.

And after I saw *For Whom the Bell Tolls* I discovered that in a way it wasn't a dull movie—because the producers hadn't tried to make a movie at all. They had turned their backs on the simple little secret I had whispered to them some ten years ago, the secret that movies must move—and had photographed a series of scenes in which there was some animation, to be sure, even firing guns and blowing up bridges—but which lacked that drive and rhythm and gait that movies have. It really seemed that when they took out the political passion they emasculated all the characters; they immobilized everything but the special effects.

A good picture winds itself up and holds tense and lets go—that is the essential movement; and all the scurrying of characters has nothing to do with this essential life. On the stage a play develops differently and gets its tension in another tempo, perhaps; the drive rises out of a slower exposition of character, maybe. You haven't got the cutting of scenes, for instance, which is the technical device for shifting gears and accelerating or relaxing the life-speed of movies. In the well-cut and well-taken picture, the feel of life is immense; and by the way, the order given is correct, since a moderately-well-taken picture can be made into a grand one by cutting, and bad cutting can ruin the best picture sequences ever made.

My feelings about *Casablanca* are no secret to those who peer at these pages. Of course, the way Bogart made a stale rogue into an attractive devil had something to do with it, and Claude Rains and the general idea of beating hell out of some smart Nazis; but Michael Curtiz directed the picture from its core outward, so that everything had heart and beat steadily with life. And the cutting was right, too. It wasn't only when there were raids and riots that the picture pounded along: it lived in minute scenes; it had action while Dooley Wilson played the piano or Bogart and Bergman sat still and talked. For when you have the secret, you can still your picture down almost to the barest quiver of life and it will still be a movie.

Among the other pictures mentioned as possible winners are *Heaven Can Wait*, an undistinguished morsel; *The Human Comedy*, in which the movies half-save Saroyan from being himself; *In Which We Serve*, reviewed here long ago—I have never been so steadily abused for anything I've written; *The More the Merrier*, Coburnism at its best, and a fine movie called *The Ox-Bow Incident*, which is a little mannered, a little *à la russe*, but my own choice, in this lot, next to the obvious winner-on-merit, *Casablanca*.

Now for next year's selections there's a daisy of a picture you must see: *The Gang's All Here*. It has Carmen Miranda wearing a hat apparently made out of everything that unloads from the hold of a tropical steamer; it has a banana-and-beach dance sequence as fantastic, as well-handled and as singularly symbolic as the great production numbers of the Chevalier days. And it has Alice Faye singing *No Love*, with the first truly dramatic handling of lights-plus-color that I have seen since Bobby Jones (the stage man, not the golfer) turned his back on Hollywood. The whole use of color is relatively a new subject to Hollywood after ten years; this extravaganza, using it for splash and show, somehow managed to get drama out of it with good lighting. (Also recommended for color,

Continued on page 177

HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC ➧

Notes, not flat, from *Rhapsody in Blue*

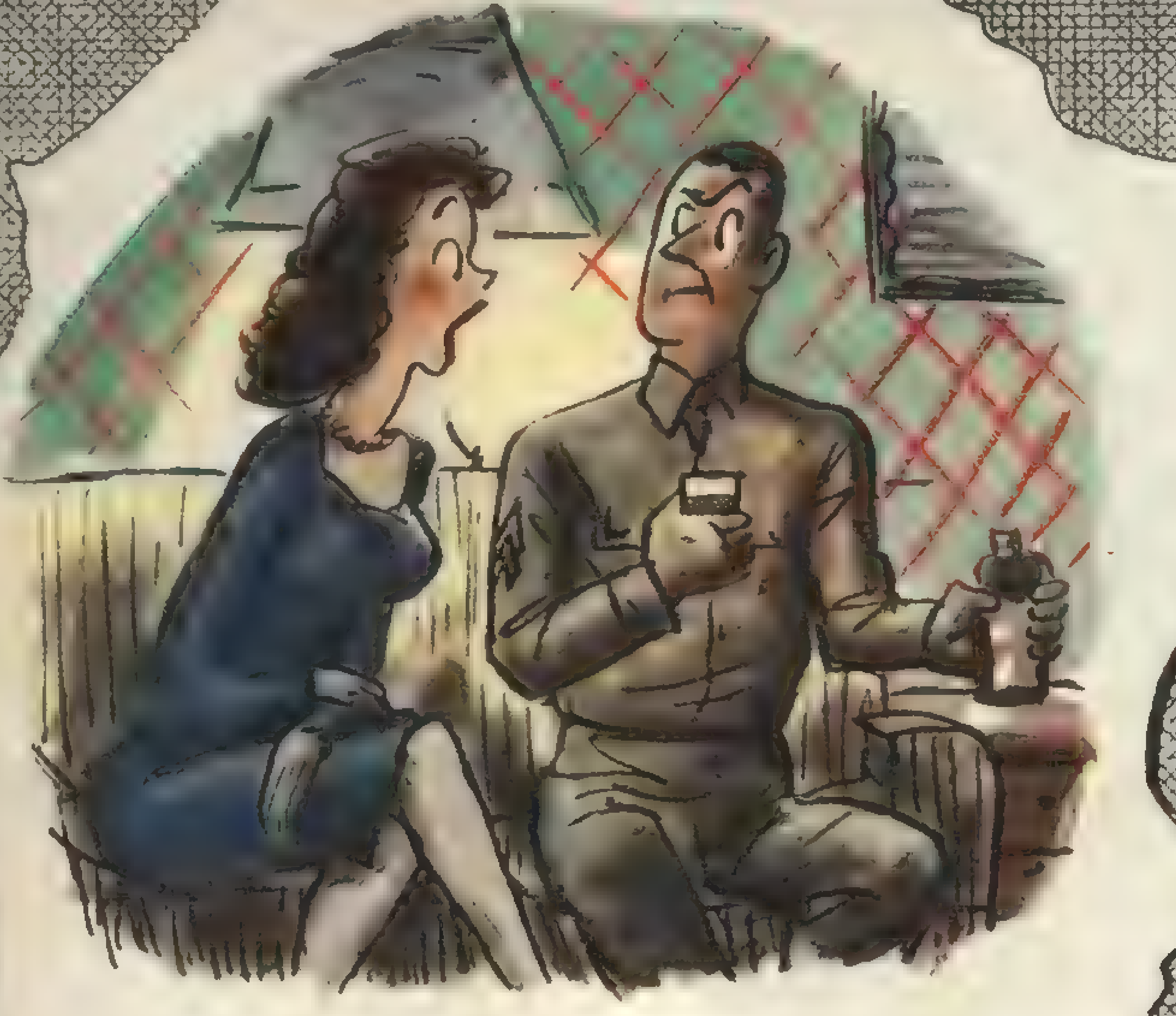
What makes a musical? A good story—music—girls? Reverse the order and you have the answer. This is according to LeRoy Prinz; and he should know for he's the gent who loses his gals as fast as the airlines lose their hostesses but loves it. They either skyrocket to stardom or marry generals and admirals, because, to quote the pun-loving Mr. P., "A gal has to be good to be a Prinz-ess."

Prinz is the dance producer of Warner Brothers' *Rhapsody in Blue*, the scintillating story of the late George Gershwin's life. In it there are plenty of the well-loved numbers—Gershwin in all his moods, ranging from *Rhapsody in Blue, Porgy and Bess, An American in Paris*, and *Piano Concerto in F Minor* to *Liza, The Man I Love, Embraceable You*, etc.

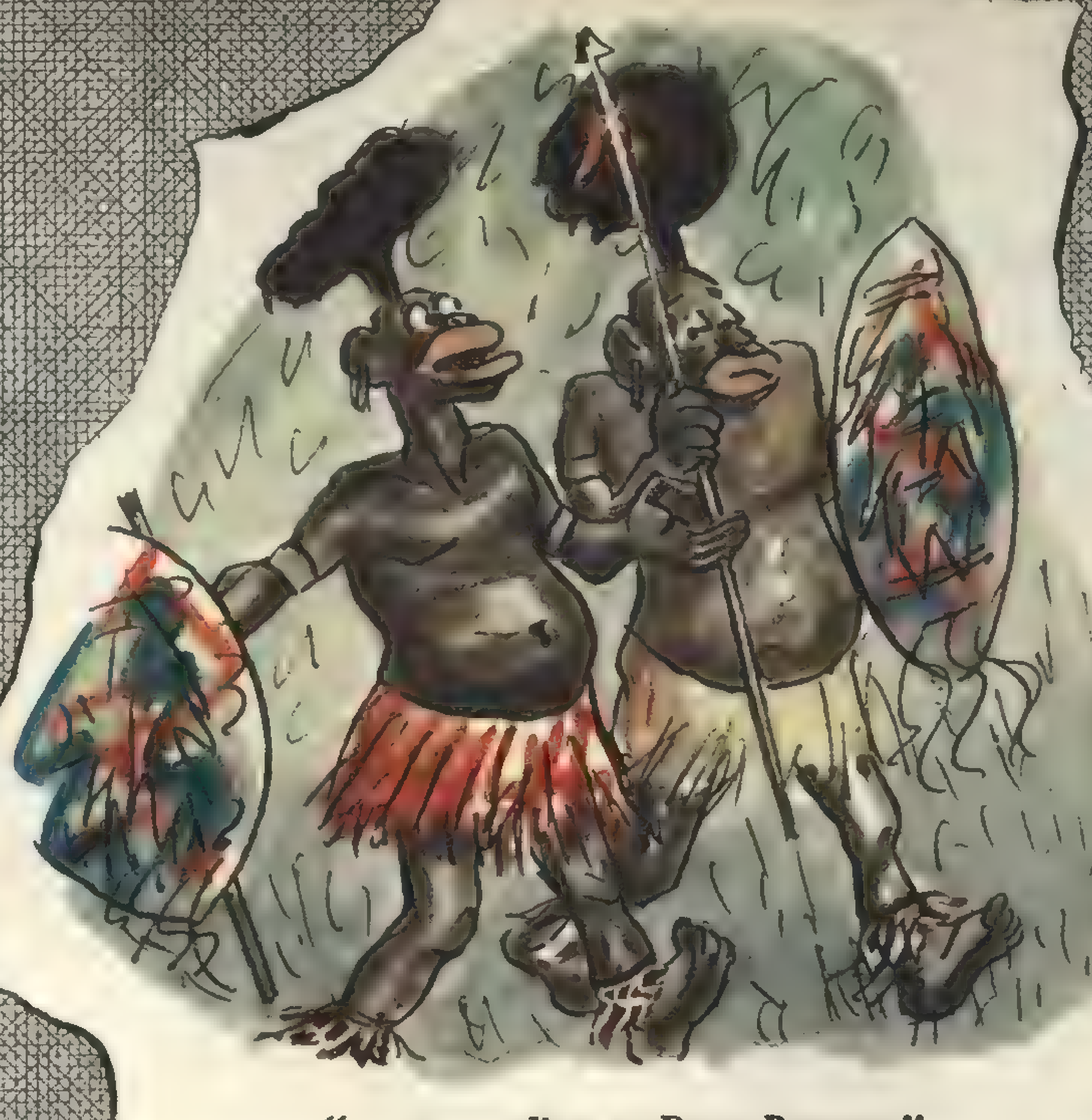
Those two bright young stars, Joan Leslie and Alexis Smith, play the roles of Gershwin's two loves. Robert Alda, who portrays George Gershwin, has been a night club song and dance man till now. Tall, dark, lean and supercharged with nervous energy like the composer, he is a natural for the part. He went to the trouble to learn to play the piano, carries the whole thing off so well that friends of Gershwin playing in the picture are awed by the illusion he creates. Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson, John B. Hughes, Anne Brown, George White, Hazel Scott and the inevitable Oscar Levant play themselves—so do the 200 chorines.

This shot by our man Waxman (gone Picasso in his earlier stages with a smattering of Dali) was dreamed up especially for Esky; it is not taken from the picture—but the Prinz-esses are. They are wearing their Apache black face ballet costumes—sans the black faces, since Mr. Waxman does not subscribe to the gilding or blacking out of lilies. Legging it, from left to right are: Beverlee Mitchell, known around the studio as Drape, because she falls so naturally into a glamorous pose; Mary Landa, who wants to be a great dramatic actress and usually gets what she wants; Dorothy Schoener, Sweetie for short—tersely described as the home-loving type; and Lucille LaMarr, nicknamed Tap because she's that way with her feet.

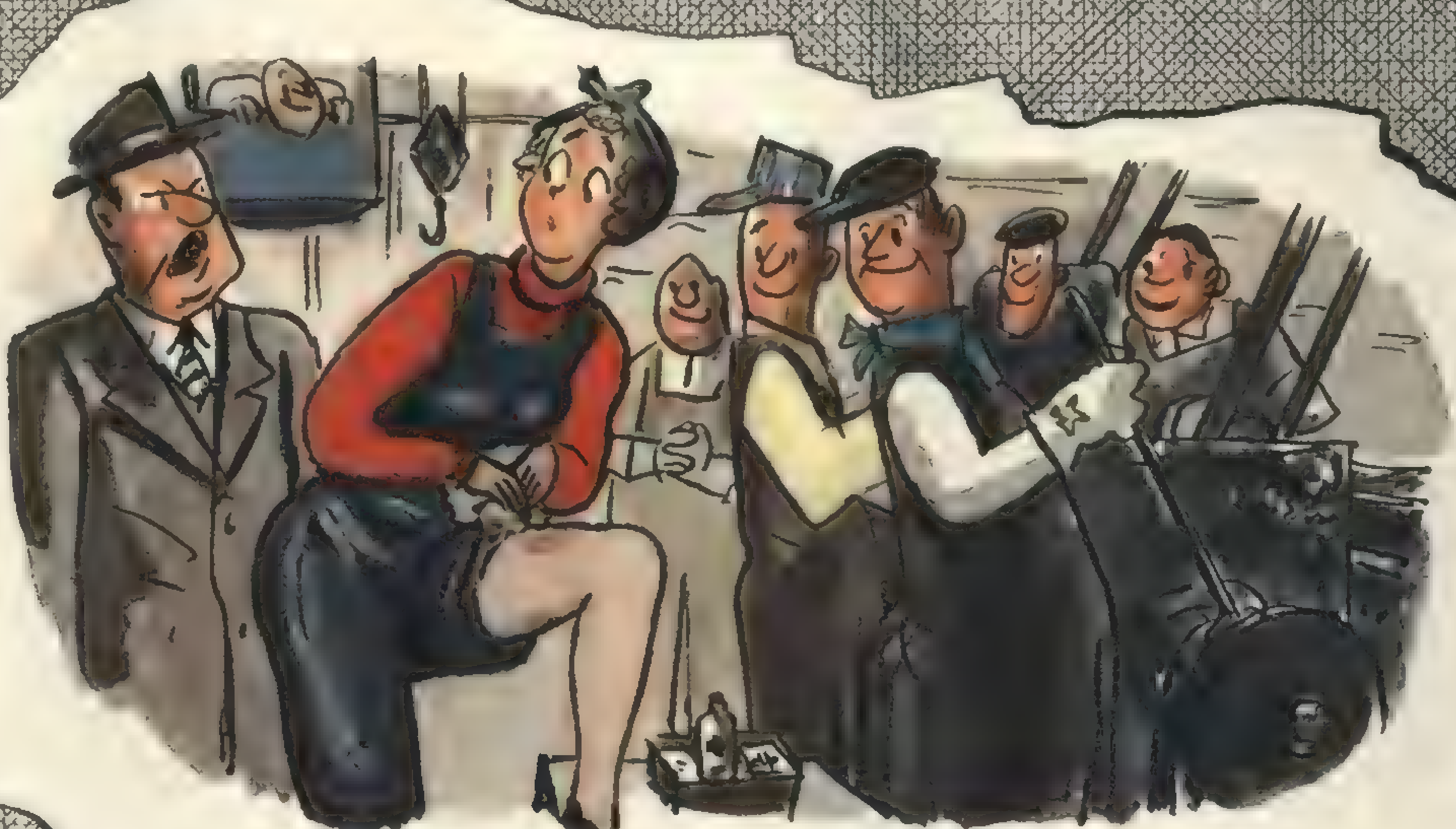
PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN



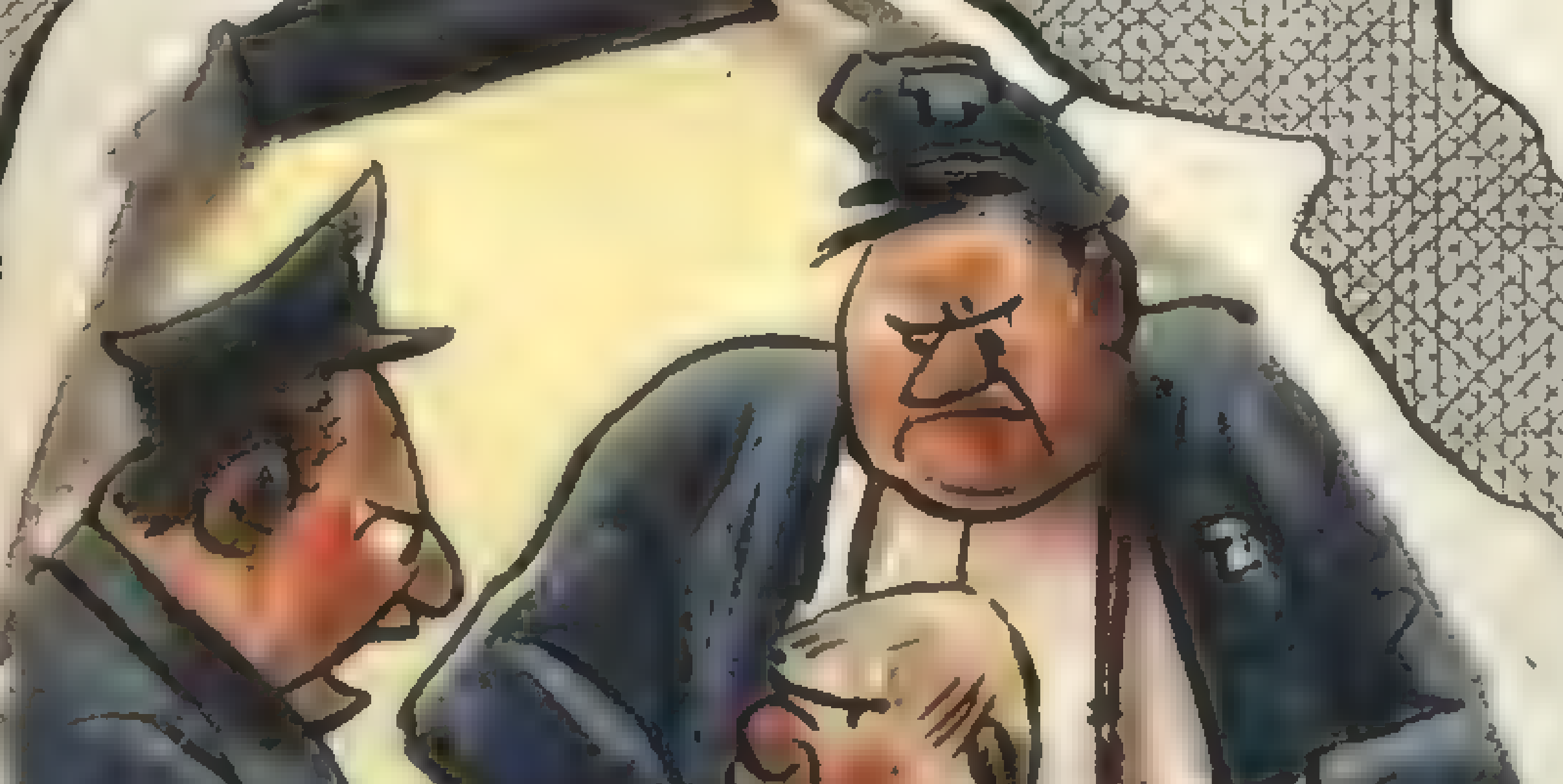
"Jack, do soldiers forget all about girls when they've been away from them fighting six or seven months?"



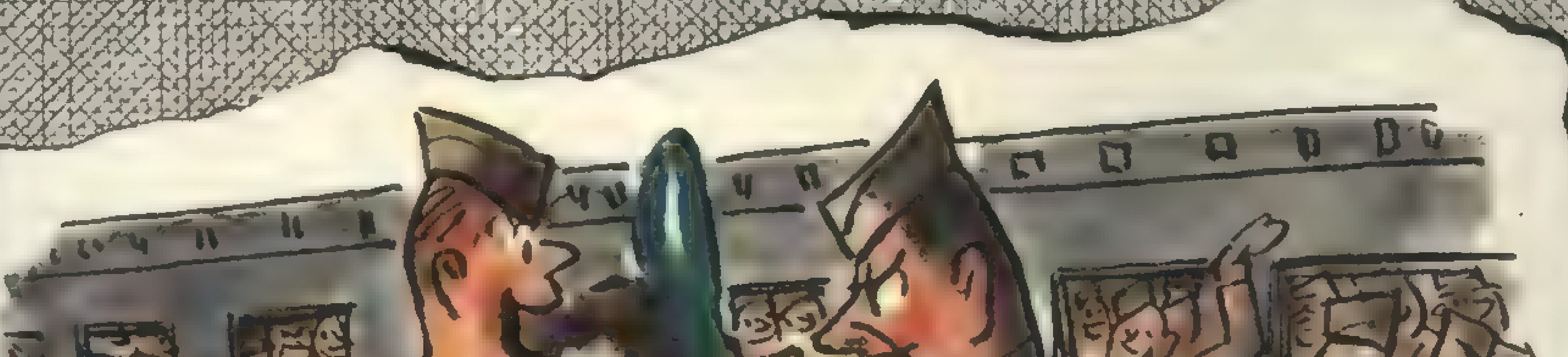
". . . according to Drew Pearson"



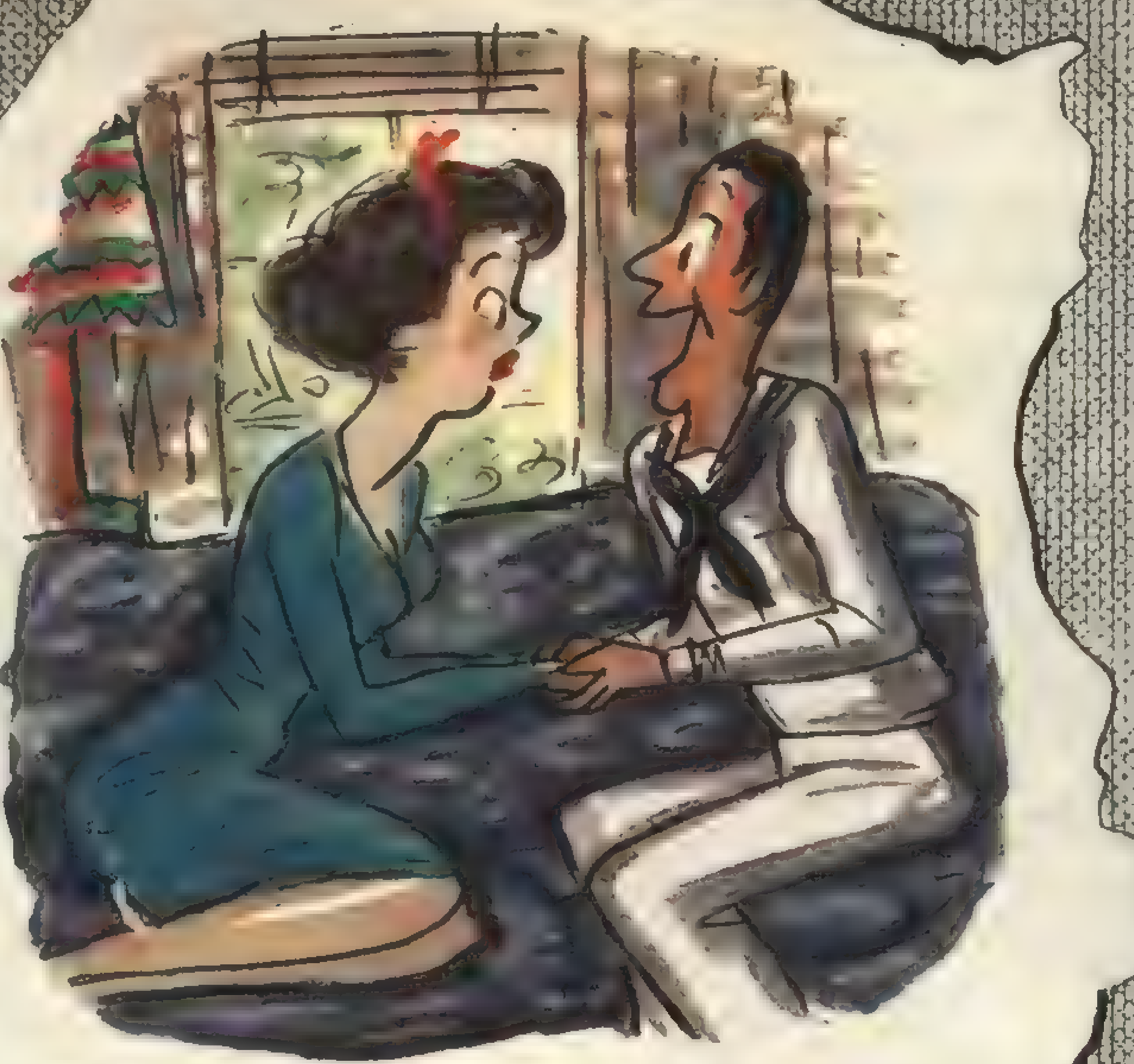
"Would you mind treating that bruise in the dispensary, Miss Higgins?"



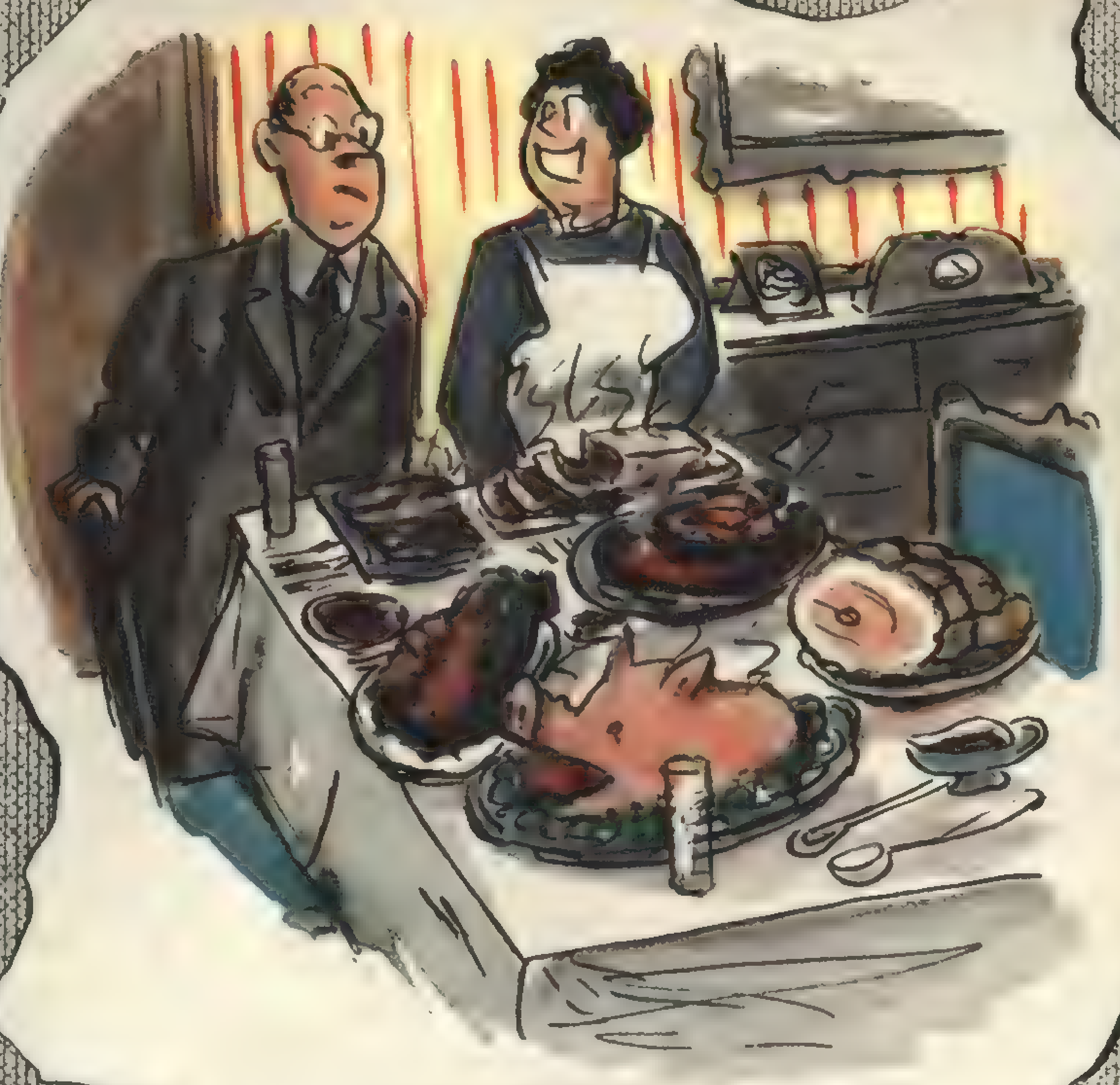
"You're right—a person is innocent until proved guilty—why did you do it?"



"We're going to wait for the next train, Sarge!"



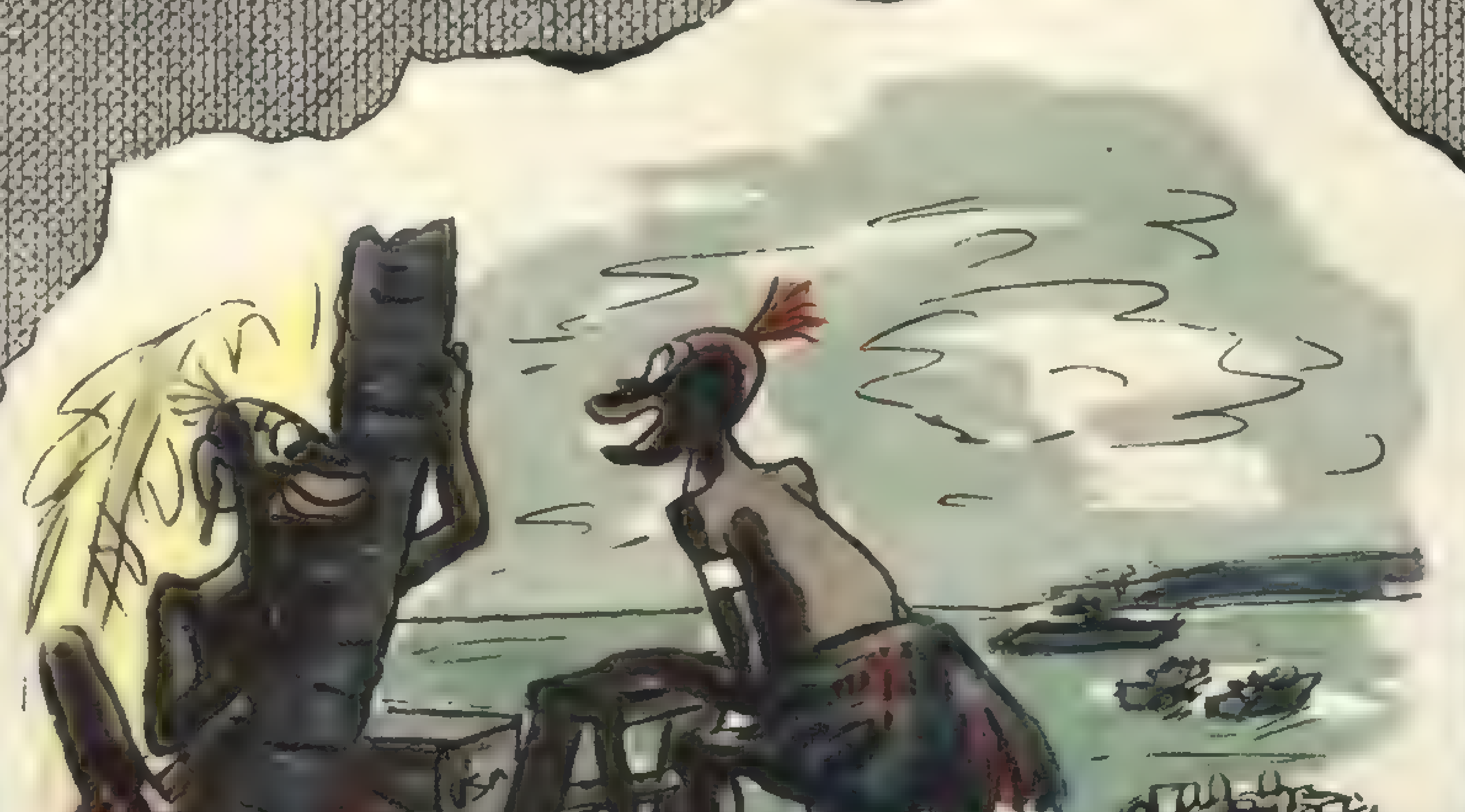
"When I get to know you better—say tomorrow night—there's something I'd like to talk over with you!"



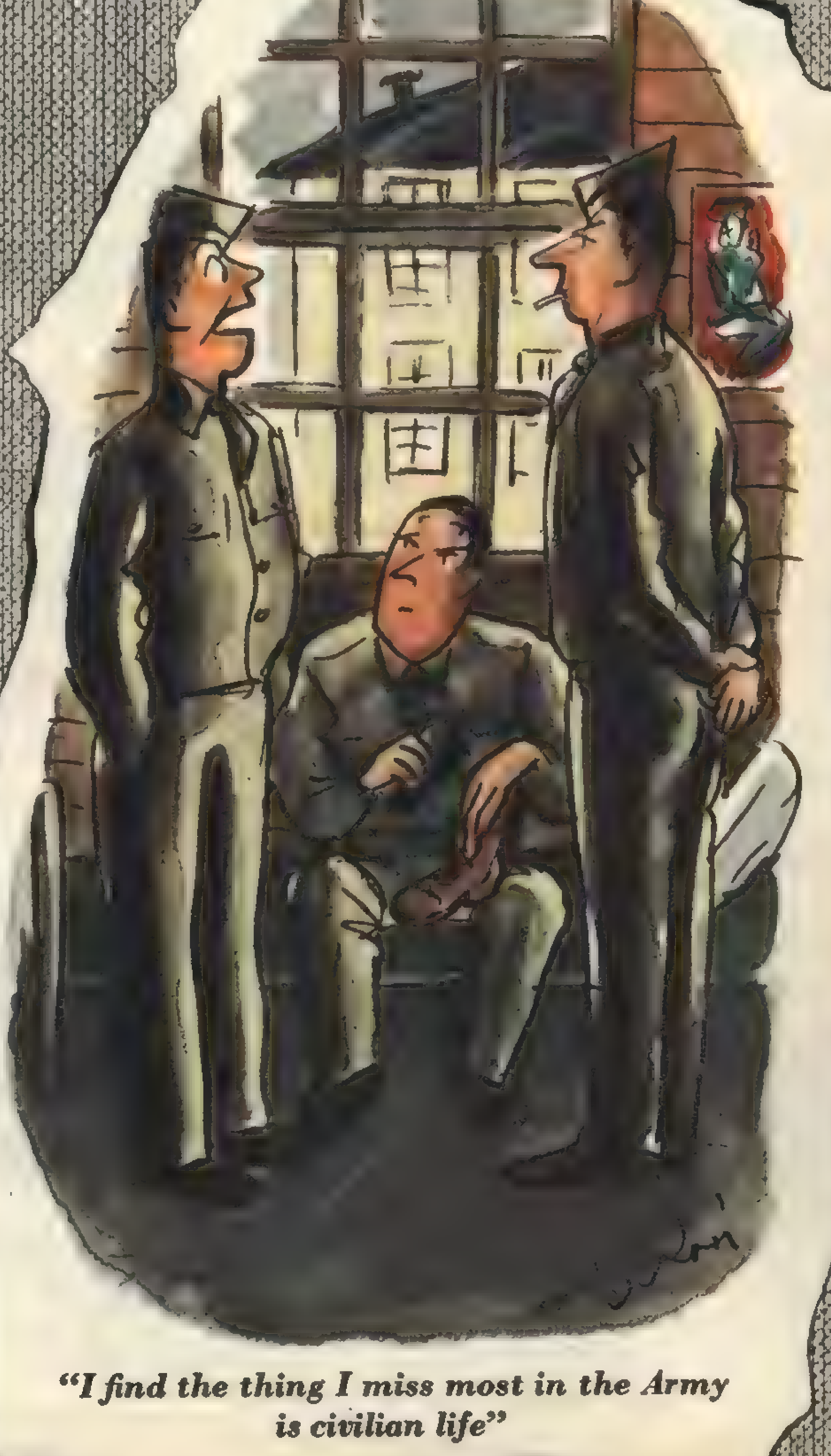
"Uncle Morton died and left us all his ration points!"

To Everything a Season

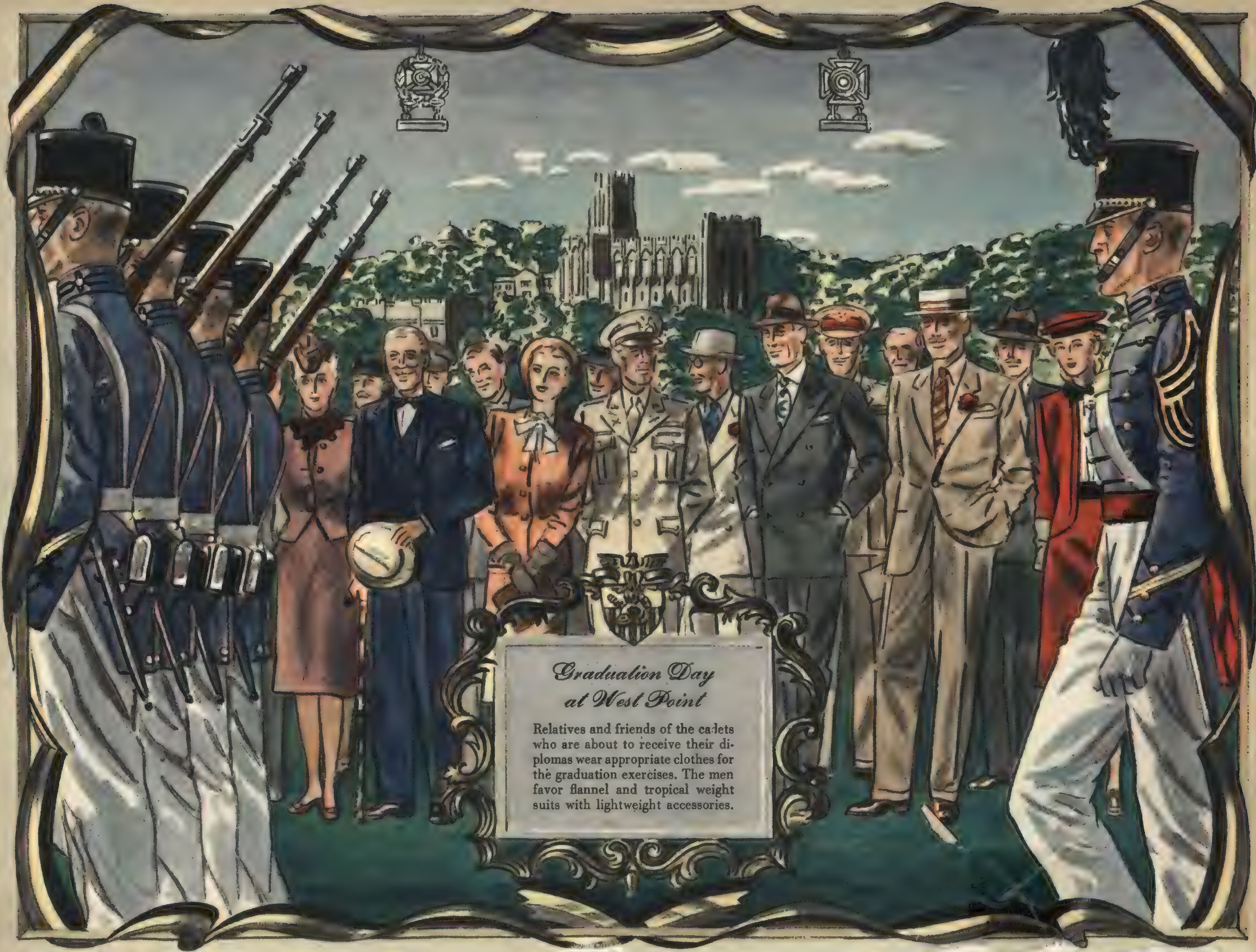
by IRVING ROIR



"These Americans have the handiest gadgets!"



"I find the thing I miss most in the Army is civilian life"



Graduation Day at West Point

Relatives and friends of the cadets who are about to receive their diplomas wear appropriate clothes for the graduation exercises. The men favor flannel and tropical weight suits with lightweight accessories.

Sipping Eastward to the Sea

Despite Prohibition's despoilment of our vineyards, American champagne, Isabella, Delaware and Catawba wines stand supreme

by LAWTON MACKALL

· POTABLES ·

CARE for bubbles? Then we can begin our regional refreshmenting centrally at St. Louis which has been a fizzopolis since before the Civil War. French methods adopted here were so conscientious that right through the Gay Nineties thirst wasn't catered to by the bottle but by the basket.

Nowadays these sparklewares, made and matured in rock-hewn vaults deep beneath the city's hum, are being lapped all over the map, with wallfuls of international awards suggesting why.

But Missouri vineyards aren't on hand any more and haven't been since Prohibition. During that weird era the well-tended rows of Nortons, Missouri Rieslings and others bespreading the banks of "Old Muddy" at Augusta and Hermann were yanked up by the roots. It isn't a game like golf where you can throw your clubs into the lake one afternoon, in a paroxysm of duffer's despair, and next day buy yourself a new set and go on with your agony; vines take two years of fussing before grape dividends accrue. Meanwhile, St. Louis cellarers are picking their bouquet materials from California and Ohio.

Ohio's wine fame dates from Nicholas Longworth, great-grandsire of the late Speaker of the House and father of horticulture in the Cincinnati sector, where he introduced the Catawba, as the wonder grape for white wines, and the Isabella (North Carolina discovery) for red wines. The charms of his sparkling Catawba, which was one of America's earliest champagnes, drew a poetic payoff from Longfellow:

There grows no vine by the haunted
  Rhine,
 By the Danube or Guadalquivir,
Nor island or cape that bears such a
  grape
 As grows by the beautiful River.

There were soon growing by the beautiful Ohio some 2,000 acres of vines of native varieties and this district has been a prolific wine source ever since, hitting new strides since Repeal. Silverton, a particularly active spot, is producing Ohio "Clarets," "Sauternes," "Ports," etc. whose flavors are converting the imported-minded.

Up Erie way, around Sandusky and on a near-by clump of isles in Lake Erie itself, there's a vineyard region which, studded with time-honored brand names, regards itself as the state's supremest. This northern district has a chalky soil, a disordered undermattress of limestone and a Nutmeg background. It was part of the Western Reserve which Connecticut staked out for herself. Homesteaders, most of them Rhinelanders, moved in about 80 years ago and promptly started vineyarding with Catawbas, Isabellas and Delawares (which panned out as the best all-round grape for white wines). To these varieties were gradually added a long string of other natives, criss crosses and "sports." Today, despite the ravages of Prohibition, the Erie islands and shore boast a collection of flavor shades as numerous as the crayons of a pastel box.

Individual brands reflect character of vineyards and formula of the house which does the making and blending of the Rhine, Chablis, Sauterne and other types—white wines being the regional specialties. French-trained skill in the mysteries of champagne making got going here in the middle of the Nineteenth Century and the painstaking traditional methods still prevail. Old-fashioned American smacklore lives on in the production of Delaware wine (delicate) and Catawba wine (Longfellow was no liar). All these wines have a touch of the gamy in their temperaments which gives pungency to such a blend as:

DR. PITCHER'S PARCH REMEDY

8 slices of orange, cut into halves
4 slices of lemon, similarly bisected
2 bottles Ohio Sauternes of the isles

Stir together in glass pitcher, adding sugar if desired, and let stand in refrigerator about an hour to allow flavors to fraternize. Serve iced, with sprigs of mint nose-gaying top of pitcher.

Timely, as the days and the thirsts get longer, is

FIVE O'CLOCK IN SANDUSKY

1 cup strong tea, cold
2 bottles Catawba wine
2 oz. brandy
1 oz. maraschino liqueur
1 bottle sparkling water

Sweeten to taste. Decorate with sliced fruit and berries in season. Serve in punch bowl containing large lump of ice.

When we come to New York, we're in hillside flavor territory—the lush Finger Lakes, where grapes are groomed in grandstand formations: Delawares in row U enjoy as swell an outlook over quick-silvery-bosomed Keuka as do the Elviras in row C. For a vineyardist to have one long leg and one short one isn't compulsory, but it's an advantage, particularly around Canandaigua, whose slopes outsteep Keuka's, the grapes slithering to press by sledge. Wineries are hillside dungeon affairs with modern improvements. In one of the proudest-oldest I saw Sauterne gamboling from tank to tank in pyrex glass piping.

All types of wines are made, but the region's grand passion is its champagnes. Their fruity bouquets are comparable to the best efforts of France but different—true American creations. And I speak from pleasant experience when I champion the virtues of

KEUKA CUP

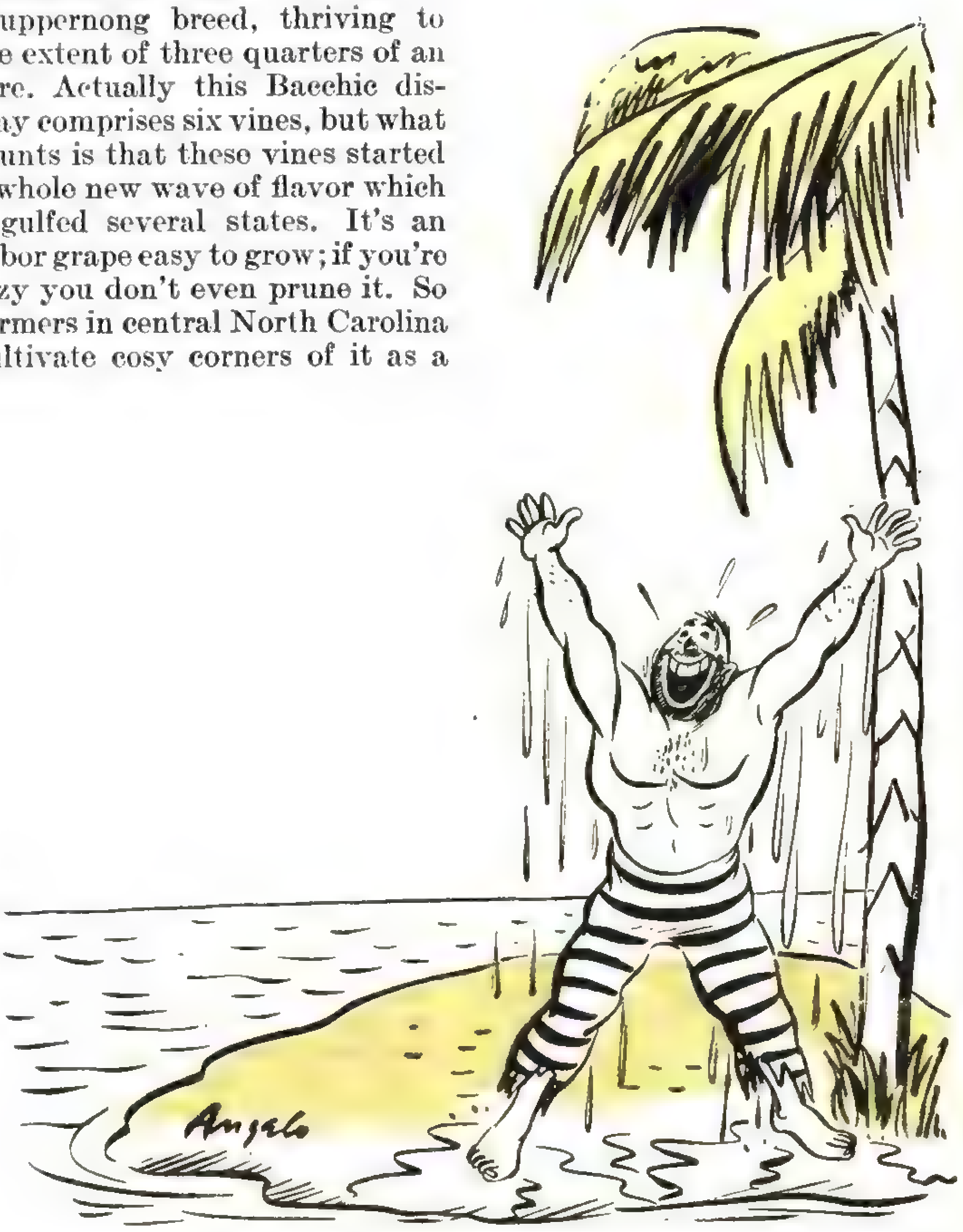
1 cup diced or crushed pineapple
1 orange, sliced
Juice of half a lemon
1 tablespoon grenadine
2 teaspoons sugar
1 bottle champagne

Commingle and chill, avoiding dilution by wilted ice. Serves 6-8 diffident people or 3 greedies.

Hopping south we encounter at Manteo, on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, the mother vine of the Scuppernong breed, thriving to the extent of three quarters of an acre. Actually this Bacchic display comprises six vines, but what counts is that these vines started a whole new wave of flavor which engulfed several states. It's an arbor grape easy to grow; if you're lazy you don't even prune it. So farmers in central North Carolina cultivate cosy corners of it as a side line, which is grist for the Scuppernong interests who tend 500 acres of this variety (white edition) and Misch and James variants of it. Blended with California and New York wines, this Dixie imparts a touch that isn't in Europe's repertory.

Upland North Carolina yields much sought grapes of the New York and Ohio breeds. Virginia, which used to raise superb Nortons for red wine, still nurses its Prohibition bruises, with hardly enough grapes to mention.

New Jersey brings our palate pilgrimage to the shore of the Atlantic—Egg Harbor, to be exact, just below Atlantic City. Never would I have guessed that such a spot was wine-right. But a canny Frenchman made that discovery quite a while ago and vindicated his hunch by producing something bubbly which has clicked nationally. Mere thought of it causes a responsive clicking in my throat. ⌗



"Free at last!"

The Rhythm Section

Esquire's jazz department is born amid a riff session, with two jazz critics as jurors and musicians as witnesses

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

• JAZZ •

It's been going on a mere couple of thousand years, so I guess we can't expect it to disappear for awhile yet. The practice of denouncing everything new, of lamenting nostalgically for the days when talent was talent, is as old as artistic criticism itself.

In fact, it was no surprise when Melvin Heimer came out last month with his assertion that there are no young musicians "of any consequence" in the jazz field today. Although jazz itself is only a few decades old, the yesteryearning technique has been applied to it frequently.

Well, to start off Esquire's jazz department, I'm here to say that Mr. Heimer's assertion is the bunk, and I have with me a few notes on the subject which will serve, with your permission, to amplify the point.

Some of these notes are taken right out of Mr. Heimer's own text, for he worded his average age analysis of the Esquire jazz concert in a subtly misleading manner which is easily taken apart. By starting with the statement that Louis Armstrong is in his forties and Jack Teagarden is no youth, he implied that the names of the other participants, with which he followed these two, all were contemporaries of Louis and Teagarden.

Oscar Pettiford and Al Casey, whom he lumped together with the older men in this list, are just twenty-four and twenty-eight. Not "beardless youths," maybe, but what does Heimer want—an All-American band under draft age?

Fame doesn't come that early, in jazz or anywhere else, except, perhaps, on the Quiz Kids' program. You have the talent maybe when you're still in your teens, but before you get into the big-time bands, start to displace the older favorites and win places in jazz polls, quite a few years may have rolled by. Nobody ever got to be President as a youth either, though a discerning observer might have spotted presidential timber there much earlier.

Two themes seem to dominate Mr. Heimer's documents. One, that the only true jazz greats are the men who were unrecognized by the general public, who belong to the glamorous limbo of the days when hot jazz was strictly an esoteric affair and you couldn't find enough appreciative youngsters to attend a public jam session every Sunday. The other, that commercial restrictions kill off the talent of the young stars.

That's plain nonsense. For every job on which a man could play real jazz in the 1920's, there are a dozen such jobs today. And the quantity and quality of jazz talent has soared proportionately.

The best proof of this lies in the attitude of the older musicians themselves. Most of them have packed their own bands with youths for whose work they have unbounded admiration. Earl Hines, who is alternately irritated and amused by the Heimers who insist on living in the past, features a young piano soloist with his band, though Hines is a great pianist himself. Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Barney Bigard and countless others, some of whose views you can read across the page, are thrilled by the performances of lads in their teens and early twenties who have worked for them. They know that jazz is progressing constantly, that this is an art in which you can't rest on your laurels.

One famous jazzman, reading Heimer's comments on the young servicemen who allegedly copy their notes "right off somebody's phonograph record" and sound "sad and stale" when they sit in with the Dixieland musicians at Nick's, commented: "That's the payoff. He thinks those Dixieland boys can play." For among the real jazzmen, even including some who have worked with the Dixieland boys, this kind of jazz connotes decadence and stagnation.

This point can be emphasized by some of the very remarks made by Wilbur DeParis and quoted by Heimer. ". . . You can get a boy who can work out a certain style, but can't do other things. Now what good is a pianist if he can't do almost anything? He's got to have the sound musicianship. He's got to know the piano from top to bottom."

And that's just what's wrong with some of Heimer's own pets. They don't have these qualifications, but the youngsters who've avoided the Dixieland limitations emphatically do. Sure, most of them started out copying somebody else's style, but they develop their own personality from there. Time was when Fats Waller was considered just a minor-league James P. Johnson; and by Heimer's own admission, Teddy Wilson, whom he admires, was once ranked as a Hines imitator.

To list all the young musicians who bear out this argument would interfere with paper conservation, so I'll just take one instrument as a sample: the tenor sax. Here are just a few of the men who not only have excited fellow musicians, but whom anybody familiar with their work would guarantee to identify blindfolded, as proof of their individuality:

Al Sears, Arnette Cobbs, Joe "Flip" Phillips, Lucky Thompson, Don Byas, Herbie Fields, Georgie Auld, Illinois Jacquet, Dave Matthews, Buddy Tate, Ike Quebec, Sam Donahue, Bud Johnson, Corky Corcoran, Bumps Meyers, Jerry Jerome, Charlie Ventura, Stafford "Pazuza" Simon, Wolffe Tayne, Dexter Gordon, Bob Dukoff.

Almost all these men are in their twenties; all were virtually unknown before 1938, and several have come into prominence within the last year or two. Anyone who knows music, who's been in the game himself, or spent enough time listening, will confirm that they stand for the new, creative talent that Mr. Heimer, wrapped in the glories of the 1920's, has failed to observe.

Maybe he'll retort that these men are good, but they aren't geniuses like Coleman Hawkins. Well, Hawk was playing around for a long while, unhailed by the public and appreciated only by a few fellow musicians, before the critics, and then a segment of the public, accepted him as a genius. The bandleaders of today are nurturing their young talent just as a previous generation developed the men who are now considered by Mr. Heimer to be "of any consequence." And plenty of them already are of much more consequence than some of the doubtful geniuses listed in Mr. Heimer's curiously assorted list of jazz greats.

No, the horizon isn't "blank and bare." It's bright and broad, and if there are some men in that list who aren't even names to you yet, just remember that to reach their place in the sun, they not only have to step over the Hawkinses and other long-established top men, but over the Melvin Heimers, too. —L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS—In this branch, jazz is where you find it, *if* you can find it. Plenty of the Real Thing has been recorded lately, but most of it for small companies whose shellac allotment is microscopic. However, assuming you're willing to go hunting, here are a few samples of the available booty:

Keynote Records have four sides by Lester Young, eccentric tenor sax man of the Count Basie band, who holds his horn sideways like a flute. Maybe that's symbolical of his oblique, insinuating style, which is at its best in *Sometimes I'm Happy*. He's aided by Slam Stewart, whose bowed-bass-plus-humming improvisations still make good humor as well as good music. Johnny Guarnieri's piano and Sid Catlett's drums complete the group.

On Blue Note are two 12-inch discs by a group under Ed Hall, veteran New Orleans clarinetist. *Night Shift Blues* is the best of these, with some of that fine Hall clarinet that's been referred to as "liquid-toned," though I prefer to think of him as solid. Jimmy Shirley's guitar and Vic Dickenson's trombone are solid, too. Weakest edge of the unit is James P. Johnson's piano, twenty years behind the rest of the band.

Signature is the most unpurchasable of all jazz labels. If you can locate Coleman Hawkins' *The Man I Love* and *Sweet Lorraine*, better preserve it in alcohol or frame it. Neither Hawk's tenor nor Eddie Heywood's piano has ever been greater.

Commodore put out four sides featuring several Esquire All-American winners under the direction of yours truly. If you don't like *Esquire Bounce* and *Esquire Blues*, or *Mop Mop* and *My Ideal*, with their solos by Cootie Williams, Ed Hall, Coleman Hawkins, Art Tatum, Al Casey and Oscar Pettiford, then we just don't see you-to-I on jazz.

ON RADIO—That former apostle of conjuror-style compositions, Raymond Scott, has progressed as a jazz writer. His CBS studio band has been whipped into fine ensemble shape and boasts a couple of great Negro musicians. Remember, too, that Duke Ellington provides some thrills and disappointments with his airings from the Hurricane on Broadway. Thrills, because at its best this is still the Number One band; disappointments, because you can't get a perfect balance from a night club, and the song publishers force you to play dog tunes and the boys' best morale and intonation seem to be reserved for concerts and record sessions. Anyway, Ellington at his nadir is still more interesting than Joe Schmaltz at his zenith.—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Symposium

To speak with authority on the subject of young unknown talent in the realm of any art form is to assume an attitude of easy familiarity with the facts and personalities of the given field of endeavor. Melvin Heimer cannot be accused of possessing that kind of assurance. Who is Melvin Heimer? He is the author of a shamelessly exaggerated article which argued that jazz can boast of "no young musicians of consequence." I found no support—but only scorn—for Heimer's beliefs when I interviewed seven ranking musicians and leaders.

A veteran of twenty years' playing experience, cornetist **Red Nichols** expressed himself in these words: "After the war the new young and unknown talent that will emerge will be nothing short of amazing. During my travels in the past five years I've heard at least 100 unknowns—most of them under twenty-five—who demonstrated their potentialities for becoming good, even great, jazzmen. These were in local spots in small cities and jerkwater towns. Right now there are plenty of serious-minded young musicians in all branches of the service; most of them are eager to get back to civilian life and start playing again.

"Can I name any unknowns for special recommendation? If anyone is ever to come close to Benny Goodman, I think it will be Hienie Beau, a clarinetist in his early twenties who is working in a defense plant for the duration. Down in Marfa, Texas, with the 373rd A. A. F. Band, is a twenty-year-old cornetist, pianist, accordianist, arranger, Martin Paich, who bids fair to make a name for himself, as does altoman Conn Humphreys."

Bandleader **Les Brown** believes that not only colleges but high schools as well are a laboratory for jazz music. Comments Les: "High school bands are giving thousands of eager young musicians an excellent training ground for jazz. My father conducts such a band in a township of 5,000 population where the school numbers 800 students; out of this number, a sixty-piece band is formed each year. One of the former members of The Duke Blue Devils (my college band) heads an eighty-piece high school band in Morristown, New Jersey. There are six or eight good musicians in every such group, and several of them are likely to be interested in jazz. Multiply that by the number of high school bands in the entire nation and you'll have a rough idea of the abundance—even superabundance—of youngsters who are receiving good training and who will turn to jazz if jazz is in their hearts.

"The inclination toward jazz is carried into college. A few years back the average campus supported perhaps one dance band of eight or nine pieces; now three or four bands of from fourteen to twenty pieces are not uncommon. Already the impetus from that kind of training and experience is making itself felt, and I predict that it will be felt more strongly in the years ahead. I'll name these kids as among those who show great promise: trombonists Dick Noel, seventeen, Clyde Brown, eighteen, Warren Covington, twenty; drummers Dick Shanahan, twenty, and Louis Belson, eighteen; trumpeter Jimmy Zito, twenty."

Clarinetist-leader **Woody Herman** was just as emphatic: "Today kids hear everyone. Records, the radio, personal appearances afford them an opportunity such as those of us who were learning ten or fifteen years ago never had. With all the advantages today, together with the wonderful opportunities for obtaining the fundamentals of music even during high school days, the jazz-talented youngsters instinctively sort out the best in what they hear and make it their inspiration. All such talent will not be great, but a small percentage of it will—and that's what keeps the supply of jazz greats always mobile. I'll mention three young musicians who carry my approval: Ralph Burns, twenty, pianist and arranger, currently with my own band: Allan Eager, sixteen, a tenorman who plays in the Ben Webster manner; and Chubby Jackson, twenty-five, a string bassist whom I consider the outstanding white virtuoso on that instrument."

Eleven years ago **Red Norvo**, who was then twenty-eight and virtually unknown and played the xylophone and marimba, recorded eight sides for Columbia with what musicians call a studio pick-up combination. The lineup included five men who were to become leaders, five others who later attained wide recognition as star sidemen: trumpeter Bunny Berigan, clarinetists Artie Shaw and Johnny Mince, trombonist Jack Jenney, pianist Teddy Wilson, drummer Gene Krupa, tenormen Chu Berry and Charlie Barnet, bassist Artie Bernstein and guitarist George Van Eps. In 1933 these men, only known to their fellow musicians, might have been called "young musicians of consequence."

Today **Red Norvo** plays the vibraphone; just a few months ago he won a coveted position in Esquire's All-American Jazz Band. What he has to say about young musicians ought to be of special significance: "I've been working around big-time bands and listening to new musicians for the past fifteen years, and I'm convinced that in spite of the draft, there's as much great young talent around as ever. In the past few years I've heard so many wonderful, unknown young kids during my travels that I've had many of them come and work for me—some of them still in their teens. Young men like trombonist Eddie Bert, guitarist Remo Palmieri and pianist Danny Negris, and dozens of others I've played with or listened to prove that it's just sentimental nonsense to say there are no young jazz musicians."

By critics and fans alike, trumpeter **Muggsy Spanier** is accorded an important place among jazz greats. But his attitude toward new young musicians is democratic and encouraging: "Don't let anybody tell you there aren't any great new musicians. I've heard them and worked with them, and I can tell you as a musician myself that they stand for some very important developments in jazz. Why, there's one young kid—a pupil of mine—a colored boy only sixteen years old who's studying cornet. I show him technique, play records by some of the great men and tell him: 'That's the general idea.' He builds his own ideas from there. He's just one of hundreds that are going to be great and are coming up to take the place of the old-time greats who've become out of date and out of style.

"Incidentally, there's one fellow, still in his twenties, who's been underestimated by a lot of jazz critics—I mean Harry James. In spite of what Heimer said about him, Harry still is one of the world's great trumpet players for *any* style and still a great jazzman, too, when he wants to play jazz. I've worked with him and lived with him, and I know what a terrific all-around artist he is."

Though only thirty-six, trumpeter **Red Allen** has almost twenty years of professional playing behind him. Red insists: "Sure there are plenty of fine young musicians, but a lot of them just haven't had the chance to become well known yet. Sometimes they have to make concessions in their style to play in commercial bands, that's true; but that doesn't prove the talent isn't there. The pianist who worked in my band a couple of years ago, Kenneth Kersey, would certainly have worked his way right up into anybody's list of jazz greats if he hadn't gone into the Army; my current pianist, Albert Williams, only twenty-four, is certainly worth watching. Then there are kids from out my way that I can tell you about—a drummer in my home town of Algiers, Louisiana, named Freddy Coleman; he's really great, and he's exciting! And there's another kid who was in the Waif's Home where Louis Armstrong used to be, and Louis visited the home and bought this kid a horn. Today he's playing a club in Chicago and he's fine. No young musicians? Some kids coming up right now are going to be right at the top."

Jimmy Dorsey, altoman, clarinetist, leader, is yet another veteran whose experience dates back more than twenty years; he's seen the "kids" who played with him in earlier days become household names. On the kids of today Jimmy remarked: "Often, when I need a new man for a replacement, I talk to some of the boys in my band. The usual result is that they come up with a young musician who is entirely unknown to me but who invariably turns out all right. Early training saves time, and the kids who really like jazz take it from there, continuing their studies in combination with actual playing experience. I rarely remember the names of those kids, but I might mention twenty-five-year-old Tommy Kay, guitarist with my band; and an Omaha pianist, Marvin Wright."—P.E.M.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

Among the first things to be understood about authentic jazz music is that it has nothing to do with the popular song. While jazz, because of a certain qualitativeness, developed along the lines of an American art, the popular song became an American industry. As such, it represents the most naïve form of lyricism in existence. But it makes money—hundreds of millions of dollars, in fact. The marketing of the average "pop tune" is treated with as much solemnity as the sale of vitamin pills, and the promotion involves, among others, that curious oddity known as the song plugger. His function is to coax and cajole bandleaders into featuring his tunes.

It then behooves the leader to sell the song to the public through personal performances, the radio, and on records; and to employ at his own expense the services of a couple of vocalists for the purpose of intoning the lyrics. Such vocalists receive top billing; their names become much more widely known than those of mature musicians, who resign themselves to accepting the "necessary evil" of youthful and musically inept singers. On close inspection it becomes painfully apparent that the "necessity" depends exclusively upon the dollar rather than upon art value. Vocalists, on the other hand, are the bane of jazz lovers. Vocals mean "pop tunes," and pop tunes mean a qualitative descent in the value of the music. Real jazz has nothing to do with the theme of popular songs—the glorification or frustration of sex.

In explanation of the phenomenon of the popular song we are told that people like to hear simple melodies which they can sing or whistle. This may be true but it is also true that popular songs, with their irrational anthropological incantations to love, constitute nothing more than escape music and therefore can serve no function other than a negative one. Sensing this weakness for escapism, the promulgators of popular music are not only ready to capitalize upon it, but believe themselves to be the fathers of the national taste in music.

And because, to the average American, jazz means popular songs, it is not surprising that the same unfortunate vacuity is often attributed to jazz. Instead, the approach of *real* jazz is to the reality of its environment—it is at once a healthy and significant artistic interpretation of the times. The qualities of authentic jazz set it unquestionably apart from the popular song. No great industry was required to perpetuate it—it required only a handful of honest, obscure musicians.

—Paul Eduard Miller

Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by **BRUCE PATTERSON**

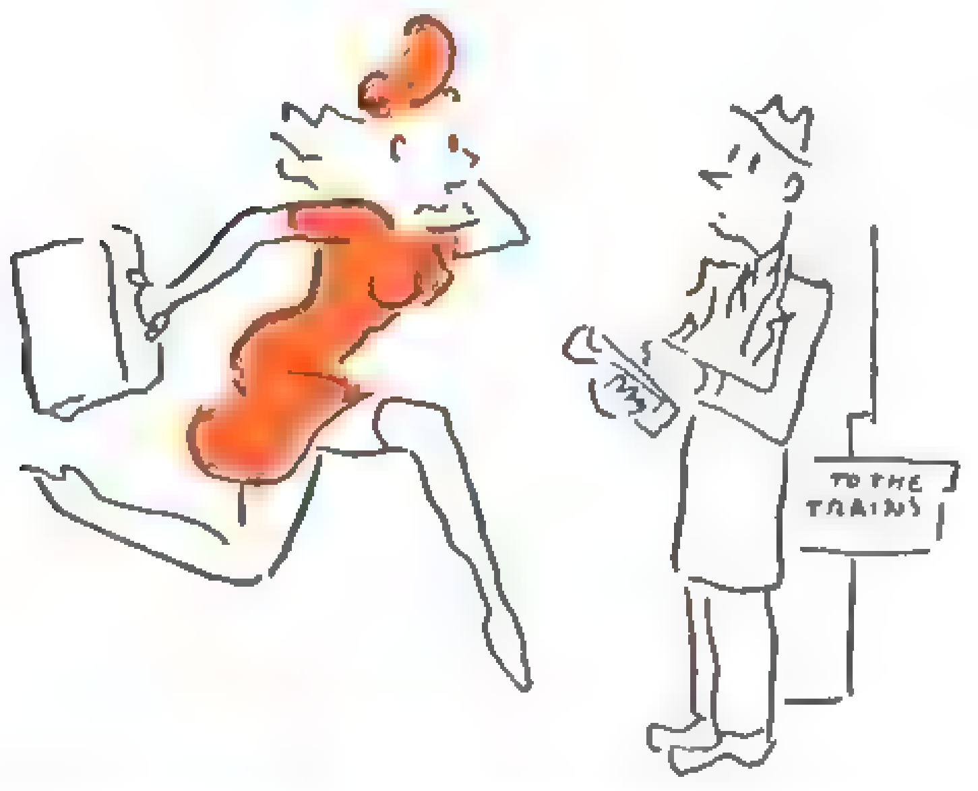
It was June in the park. The moon shone on the bench nestled among the rose bushes. The fragrance of the flowers filled the air. Music drifted across the small lake from the casino. On the bench sat a couple entwined in tight embrace: "Corporal," she sighed, "where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"Siphoning gas."

—*Camp Roberts Dispatch.*

A woman's strongest asset is man's imagination.

—*Lincoln AM.*



"Sure my sailor's got a girl in every port—it's me"

ALLOTMENT: An arrangement whereby the government guarantees that some of a soldier's pay is spent on the woman who is entitled to it.

B.O.Q: Bachelor Officers' Quarters. A place where Army officers live on the post; considered undesirable, but preferable to marriage.

K.P: Consists of keeping the scraps off the floor and on the table where they belong.

LIEUTENANT: An officer whose hair and bar turn to silver about the same time.

NOISE: Barracks conversation with which the bay chief does not agree.

SERGEANT: A soldier aggravated by K.P. into doing something about it.

—*Los Angeles Mech'n'Meteor.*

A man rushed into a bar and asked the bartender, who was removing dew from the bar, if he knew of anything that would stop hiccoughs. His answer was a slap across the face with the wet towel. Surprised and furious, the stranger demanded the reason for such action. With a placating grin the bartender replied, "Well, you haven't got any hiccoughs now, have you?" "Hell, I never did have," was the indignant answer. "I wanted something for my wife. She's out in the car."

—*Norman Bull Horn.*

Voter: "Why, I wouldn't vote for you if you were St. Peter himself."

Candidate: "If I were St. Peter, you couldn't vote for me. You wouldn't be in my district."

—*Hoosier Skywriter.*

Public Relations Officers of the Eighth Air Force recently composed a "Model German Communiqué": "A large formation of three hundred American bombers attempted to penetrate western Germany today but were driven off by our brave fighters. Four hundred American bombers were shot down. One of our cities is missing."

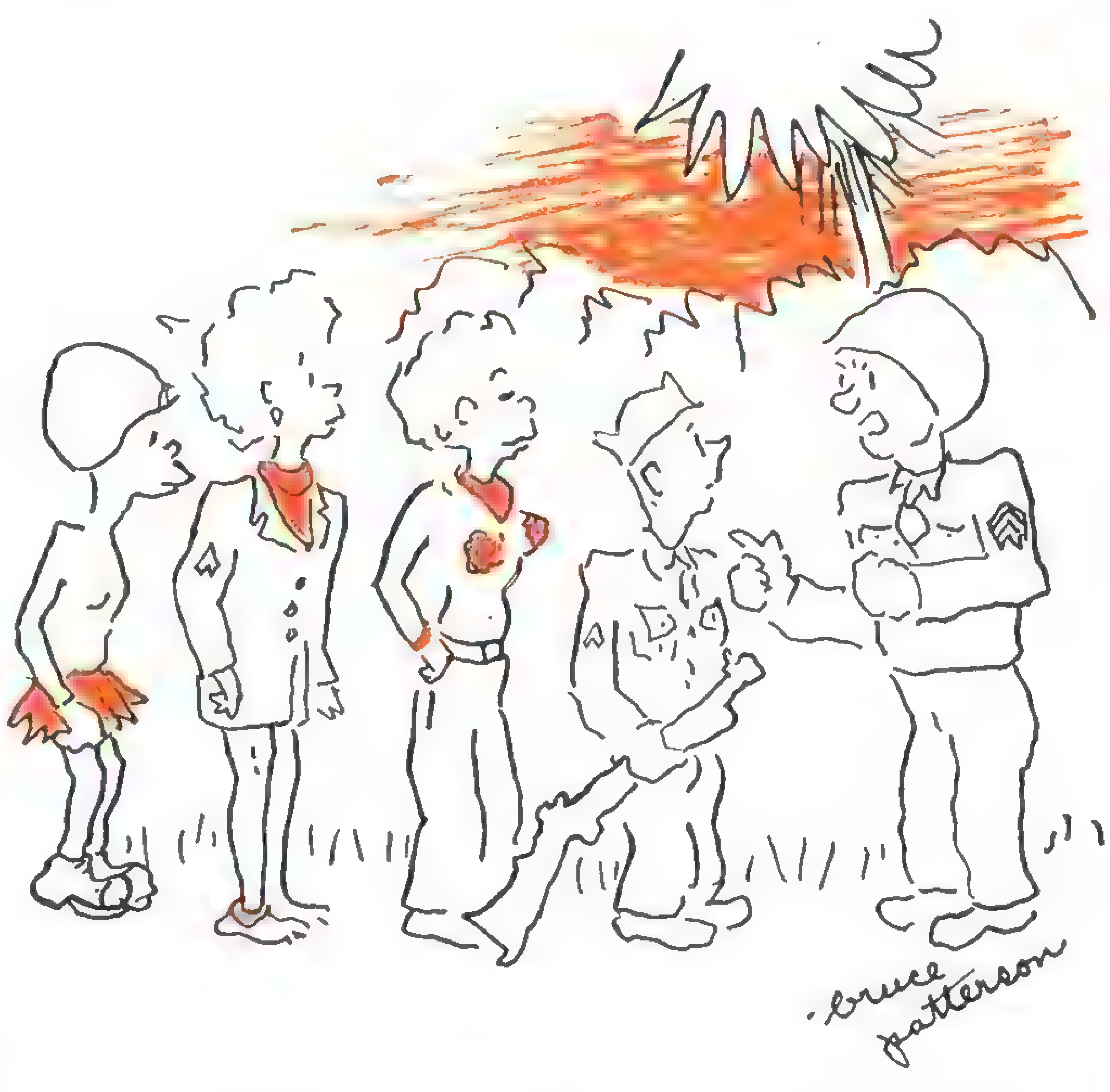
—Reprinted from *The Log* in the *Melville Skeeter.*

Nobody loves a flat man.

—*Los Angeles Mech'n'Meteor.*

Love is a funny thing
It catches the young and the old
It's like a plate of G.I. stew
Before you turn round, it's cold.
It makes you feel like a fresh water eel
And causes your head to swell.
You lose your mind, for love is blind
And you spend your money as well.
If married folks have lots of cash,
Their love is firm and strong
But when they have to live on hash
Their love don't last so long.
Oh boys, keep away from girls, I say
And give them lots of room,
For once they're wed they'll bang your head,
With the bald-headed end of a broom.
So, young man, take my advice
And don't hurry to wed
For you'll think you're in clover till your honeymoon's over,
And then you'll wish you were dead.

—*Sandy Hook Foghorn.*



"I don't care if you are a missionary at heart—you can't give your clothes away"

Sergeant (during roll call): "Brown."

Voice: "Here."

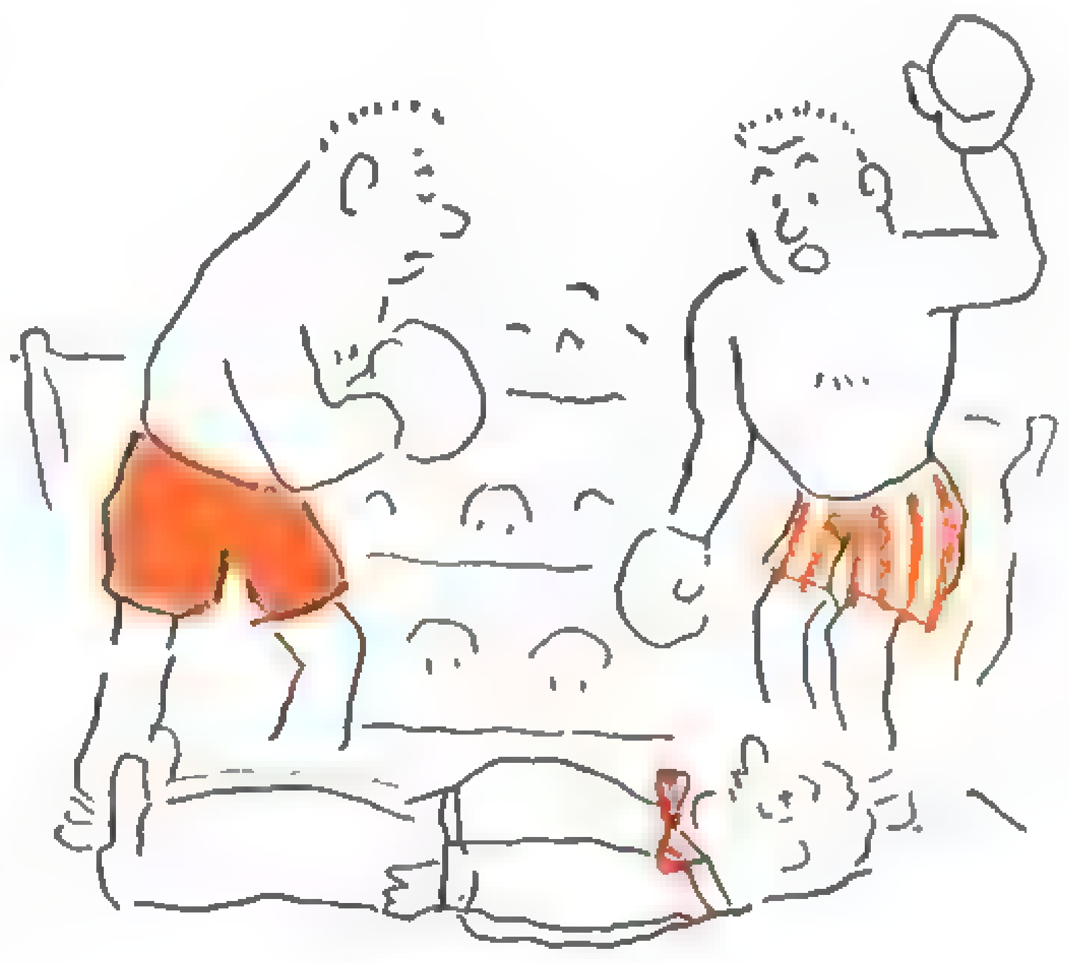
Sergeant: "I don't see Brown. Who answered for him?"

Voice: "I did. I thought you called my name."

Sergeant: "What is your name?"

Voice: "Steneopotski."

—*Brookley Field a la* MOAD.



"1—2—3—4—5——"

A woman died. At the funeral her husband was sitting next to her lover.

The lover was crying copiously and carrying on something terrible. The husband turned to the lover, put his arm around the lover's shoulder in comforting fashion and said: "Don't take it so hard, Joe. I'll probably get married again."

—*Camp Gordon Amphibian.*

Then there's the one about the fellow who had to go to a masquerade ball and didn't know what to wear . . . He finally put on one of Lana Turner's sweaters and went as a camel.

—*Sundial.*

Three 4F's walked into a saloon together and immediately made for the bar. One piped up: "Give me an orangeade." The second ordered a coke. Keeping his head, the third one spoke: "Give me a glass of water: I'm driving."

—*Fort Niagara Drum.*

A young Negro draftee had been the victim of so many practical jokes that he began to doubt all men and their motives. One night while he was on guard duty, the figure of an officer loomed in the darkness.

"Halt, who goes there?" challenged the Negro.

"Major Moses," came the reply.

The soldier sensed a joke: "Advance, Moses, and give the Ten Commandments."

—Reprinted in the *Melville Skeeter* from the *Quonset Scout.*

G. I: "This castle has stood here for 300 years. Not a stone has been moved. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing repaired."

Second G.I: "They must have the same landlord my folks 've got."

—*Camp Pinedale Interceptor.*

All the working girls want from a man is his seat on the bus, his salary every payday and his job.

—*Ellington Field Tailspin.*

Pvt: "What is more beautiful to behold than a pretty girl?"

Pfc: "Such grammar—you mean to be held."

—*Goodfellow Field Flight Time.*

"How come you didn't turn out?" demanded the sergeant. "Didn't you hear the bugle blow reveille?"

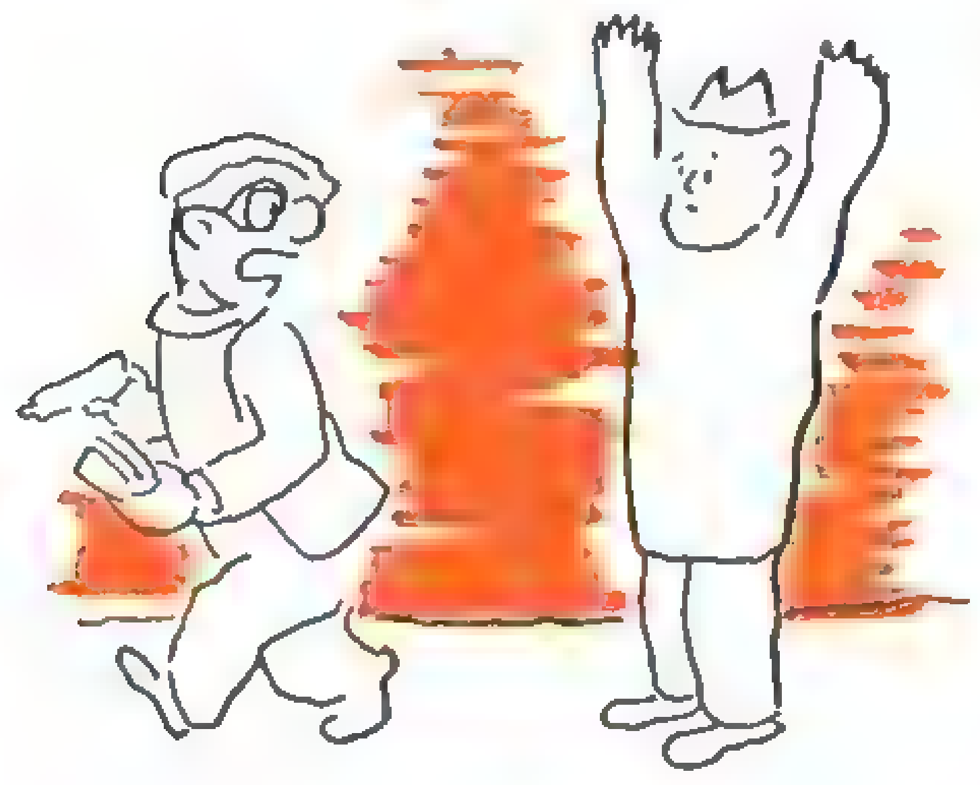
"Honest, Sergeant, I'm afraid I'm going to be a flop as a soldier. I don't know one tune from another."

—*Arizona Contact.*

First sailor: "Good Lord, man, why don't you peel that banana before you eat it?"

Second sailor: "What for? I know what's inside."

—*The Bealiner.*



"Buy War Bonds"

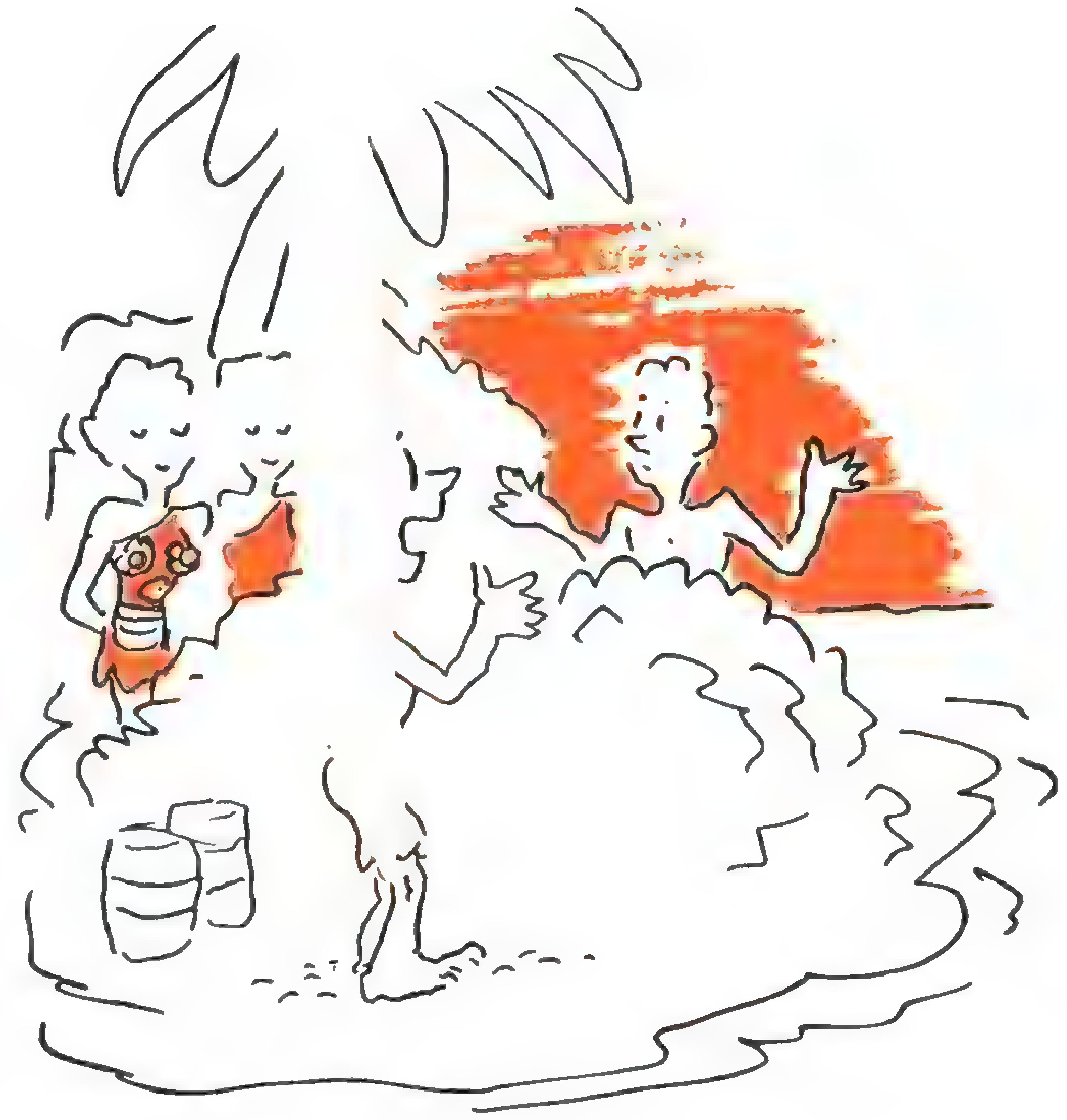
Some girls are afraid of mice. Others have ugly legs.

—*Norman Bull Horn.*

Chaplain: "Son, are you following the Ten Commandments?"

Seaman: "I don't know, Sir. It's all I can do to keep up with the station notices and memos."

—*Floyd Bennett Field Skyscrapers.*



"Keep looking, Joe, this is too good to be true —there's bound to be an M.P. some place"

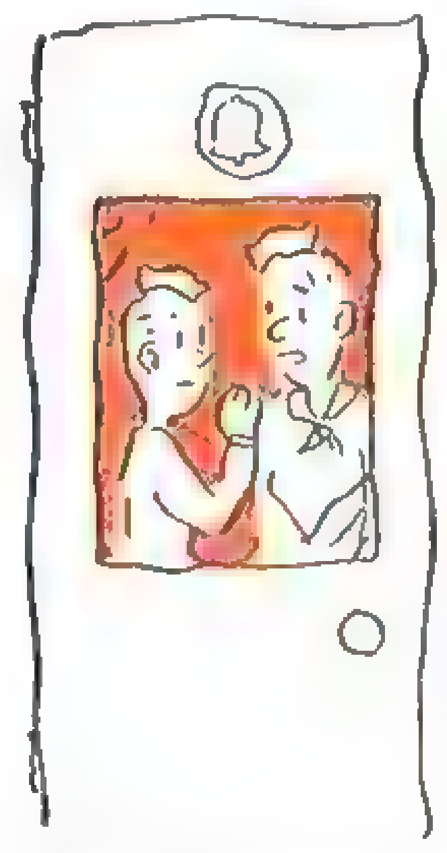
Two fleas fell in love and one lovely June day they got married.

Young, industrious and ambitious, the fleas worked hard and saved their money. They sacrificed fun to assure the future. One day they counted their money and were overjoyed to find they'd saved five dollars.

"If we can save five we can save ten!" they agreed, so they continued their thrift. They toiled, economized and planned, spurning the frivolous pleasures of other fleas. Finally came the day when their savings totalled ten dollars.

That day they went out and bought their own dog.

—*Camp Callan Rangefinder.*



"My friend is tall, handsome, distinguished looking"
"Don't lie to her, Joe—I'm not tall"

"What's the matter—having wife trouble?"

"Yes, my wife went to stay with her mother for six weeks and every week I wrote that I spent the evenings at home."

"Well?"

"She is back now and everything was okay until yesterday when the electric light bill came—it's for fifty cents."

—*Lincoln AM.*

"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

"No, I enjoy them."

—*Douglas Zombie.*

Fatigue's no picnic, most dogfaces agree, but if your own regular stint is getting under your skin you might try translating your extra military duties into French. You'll be surprised how very much better they sound in that language.

For instance, if you're in the French forces in Italy you never do K.P. Instead you're assigned to "la corvée de la cuisine."

Nor do you peel potatoes—"éplucher les pommes de terre" is the phrase.

Mess halls are glorified with the name of "réfectoire," while the humble garbage can becomes "une boîte à l'ordure."

—*Camp Callan Rangefinder.*

The sweet young thing had broken her glasses. She carefully picked up the pieces, placed them in an envelope and took it to her optometrist.

"Will I have to be examined all over?" she asked as she handed him the envelope.

"No," he replied, "just your eyes."

—*Brookley Field a la* MOAD.

Barber: "Was your tie red when you came in?"

G.I: "Certainly not."

Barber: "Gosh."

—*Pecos Flying Time.*

There was a hot pilot named
Bright
Whose speed was much faster
than light.
He took off one day,
Indulged in a fray
And returned on the previous
night.

—*Gowen Field Beacon.*

Some husbands are wonderful. Mike has been married for twelve years and has never stopped being romantic. Of course, if his wife ever finds out about it, she'll break his neck.

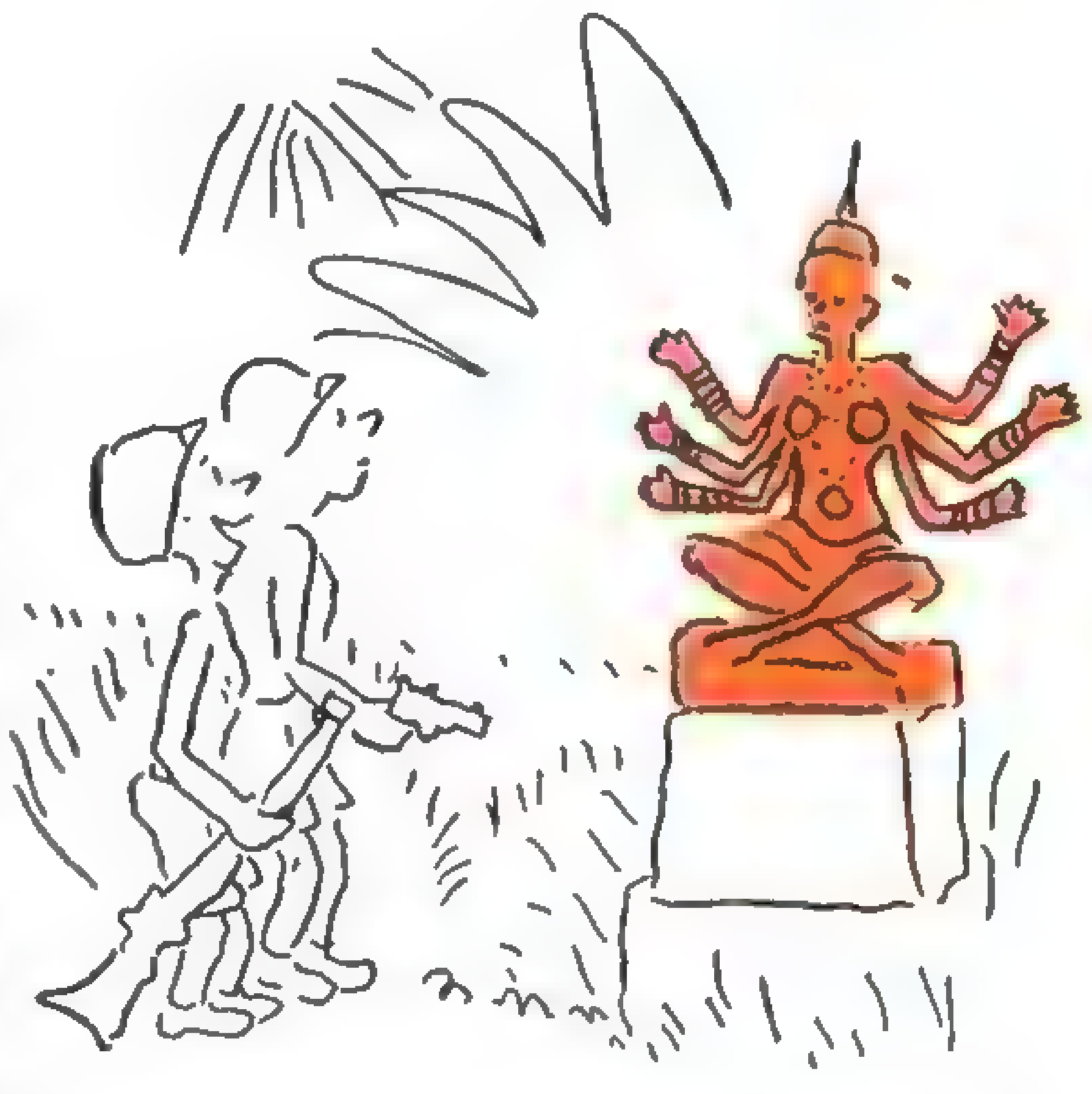
—*Lincoln AM.*

Mrs. Jones: "Don't you think, Doctor, you overcharged me for attending my Johnny when he had the measles?"

Doctor: "I don't think so. I made six visits."

Mrs. Jones: "Yes, but, Doctor, don't forget he infected the whole school."

—*Camp Livingston Communiqué.*



"Gosh—how she could make love"

"Some of the best cooks in the world are in the Army."

"What are they doing?"

—*Lincoln AM.*

"Halt," yelled the sergeant, but one rookie marched on.

"Hey, Peters, what did you do before you joined the Army?" asked the sergeant.

"I was a mule driver."

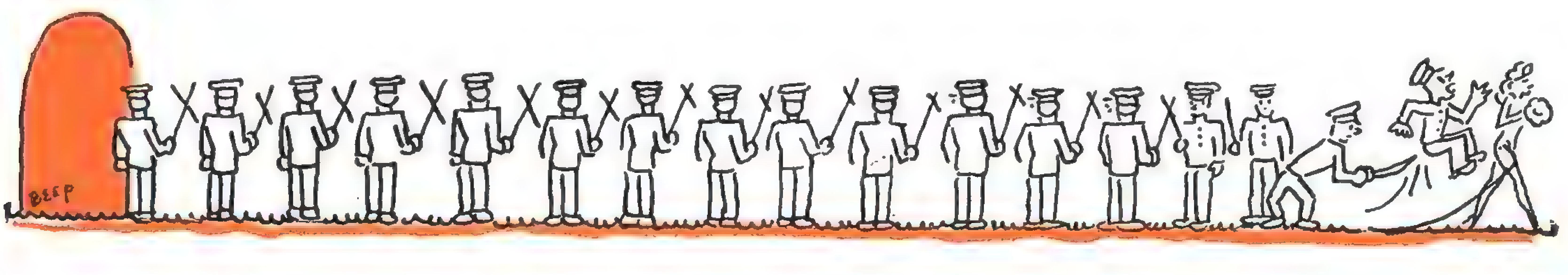
When the soldiers were marching again the sergeant cried: "Squad, halt; Peters, WHOA."

—*Fort Custer News.*

The control tower was trying to contact a flying officer who was preparing to land on the field. The voice coming from the tower said: "If you can hear me, wiggle your wings."

The flying officer answered: "Okay, and if you can hear me, wiggle your tower."

—*Gulfport Field Post.*



He Had a Thousand on Him

The young fellow wasn't afraid of these riverboat gamblers as he knew all about three-card monte and was a sharp dealer

by DAVID FRIEDMAN

• FICTION •

As we left Baton Rouge for the trip down south to New Orleans, I got into a conversation with a young man in the barbershop and learned that he had been a captain in cavalry in the rebel line and had known General Lee personally.

I asked him his business and he said, "I am a cotton buyer now, amongst other things, and I am on my way to close a deal. Between the two of us, I have got eight thousand dollars in greenbacks on my person."

"That is a lot of money," I told him, "to be carrying about on this steamboat, sir. I hear that virtually all these Mississippi boats are infested with gamblers."

He said, "That is the least of my worries, sir. Should we meet up with one of these gamblers, I will teach him a few tricks myself, for I am pretty sharp when it comes to dealing cards."

I said, "I wish I could claim as much for myself. There is a little sharper on board here, who I declare dinkered me out of four hundred dollars. He has got three cards and one of them he calls the baby card, and if you turn the baby card you win and he loses. I don't know what you call that game, for I am not acquainted with card games and wish I had never seen one."

"Oh, that is called monte," said my new friend. "I know all about monte and am not likely to be fooled by such a simple game. I have my eight thousand sewed up tight here," he said, patting his coat, "and let me tell you, sir, that it will take one mighty smart sharper to take it away from me."

I told him just how I had lost my four hundred. "I could have sworn I turned the baby card," I said, for the tenth time, when in walked the very little man who had taken my money away from me with his three-card monte. "That is he now," I whispered to the former captain of rebel cavalry. "I do believe I will go over there and teach that card sharper a lesson, for he is nothing but a common thief."

"Let's not do anything rash," said the captain. "He won your money at a gamble and you lost. I'll go over and speak to him myself."

"Don't let him get you into a game," I warned, "for he surely will do you for your money."

"I know a little about three-card monte, too," said the young fellow proudly as he walked away.

The little card sharper sat down on the bench to wait his turn for a shave and, idly, he took the three tickets out of his pocket and started flipping them for amusement.

The cavalry man sauntered over and soon enough he was wagering small sums that he could turn the baby card. He won every time and put down a ten dollar bill finally, saying that he could turn the jack of hearts again.

I took him aside. "Be careful, sir," I said. "That slicker is a smart one. He is leading you on. If you win, you will bet more and then he will really take your money away, as he took my four hundred dollars."

He told me that he guessed he could take care of himself and I will be danged if he did not turn the baby card again.

"If you will pardon me," said the little card sharper, "I will go get a drink now at the bar, for I have always found that when my luck goes wrong a little drink or two may change it."

So he went off to the bar and left the three cards lying on the bench. Then an idea came to me.

I took out a pencil and put a spot on the back of the jack of hearts quickly. The cavalry man saw what I was up to and he said nothing.

When the card player came back, I said to him loudly, "Now I will wager you five hundred dollars that I can turn the baby card at the first guess."

"So long as I have two chances to your one," said he, "I will wager you any amount. Make it a thousand if you wish to, sir."

"A thousand it is," I said, for I saw the pencil mark on the back of the jack of hearts. I put my money down and the man put his down to match it and he shuffled the cards and spread the three of them down on the bench.

I made a grab at the marked card and it was the jack. I will admit the man was a sporty loser, for he gave up without a complaint.

I wanted, of course, to bet again but he would have no more of me.

"You are too lucky for me, sir," he said. "I know when I am beat and I will play no more with you."

He spread the three cards on the bench and the pencil mark was plain on the middle one. This made the young captain of rebel cavalry go wild. He tore at the lining of his coat and came up with lots of money in big bills.

"I will wager you two thousand," he said, "that I can turn the jack of hearts."

The sharper agreed and the young fellow slashed his money down and made a grab for the middle card. Strange to say, he turned up the deuce. It staggered him.

"You have turned the wrong card," I said.

I offered to bet with the card man again. I begged him to take a wager with me and even offered odds, but he would not have anything to do with me.

"Once a man has won a large sum from me, I let it go at that," he said.

The captain of cavalry now threw down twenty-five hundred and made a dive at the middle card, which was the marked card, and he turned it and was sick.

"You must be blind," I said. "It's the other one." I turned the baby card to show him his mistake. The captain of cavalry said nothing and soon went his way.

Later I met Quincy out on the guards, and we saw that nobody was about, and we divided the money, I getting half of the forty-five hundred.

"That sucker," I said, "was easy, only you ought to have played him a little while longer, let him bite off some small wins, before you pulled him in."

"Yes, Bill," said my partner.

"He had four more thousand on him and it was a damned crime to let him walk off with it," I said.

"You're right, Bill," said my

partner with the utmost patience.

But I was not angry with him, for Quincy is no doubt the best and the most honest capper I have ever worked with.

I was on the steamer *Magnolia* the first trip she made and I was walking about trying to see some good-looking suckers, when I saw in the barbershop a wheel layout, run by a couple of villainous-looking fellows.

It was a vertical wheel, with a leather tongue sticking down, with numbers in the slots and numbers on the board below. The bigger the number the smaller the space allowed it, so that the hundred dollar slot had not a chance in five hundred. The men in the barbershop were putting down a dollar each on a number and none of them was lucky.

A seedy-looking counter jumper of a fellow came up and put his dollar down on the number hundred. And I will be danged if it didn't turn up. He collected the hundred and put another bet down on the same number. And I swear he collected once more.

The villains looked at the little counter jumper and looked at the wheel. Then one of them put his finger in the one hundred slot and his finger stuck.

"Who in hell," said he, "put the molasses on this number?"

As the little counter jumper was too short to have reached it from where he stood, he was not suspected. Quincy later divided the win with me and I wish I had kept that molasses on my fingers and stuck to that money, for I lost it, along with every cent I had, bucking the faro tiger when we reached New Orleans.

I was sitting in the barroom of the steamer *Magnolia* when I noticed a fellow who kept looking at me. He was a huge man and mighty rough looking and he stared at me so closely that finally I said, "Would you care for a drink, sir?"

He said that if he wanted a drink he would order one himself and if he didn't want a drink not I nor anybody else in the world would make him take one.

I let him alone, for I thought I had seen him before and it was possible that I had beat him out of some money. Soon I took to complaining to a man alongside me of how I had been foully beaten out of three thousand dollars by some card slickers on the steamboat *Petunia*, not three weeks ago.

"By God, was it at three-card monte that you lost your money?" asked the burly stranger who had refused to drink with me.

"May the good Lord help me if I know if it was three-card monte or Rocky Mountain Euchre," I replied. "But the slicker had my money in five minutes. It is fortunate that my old father has plenty of money and could afford the loss, or I would have been up against it, indeed."

"Sir, I owe you an apology," said the big stranger. "I swear you are the image of the man that once played me for a sucker."

He now said he was from Arkansas and was one of the Arkansas Killers and had laid three men in their graves, and meant to lay this villain there, meaning the man who had played him for a sucker.

We went out to the barbershop, where a man was playing the three little cards for the amusement of a half dozen standing about. I offered to bet ten dollars that I could turn the baby card and I lost the money. My Arkansas Killer warned me to desist, but I would not and I slashed down a hundred dollar bill and lost again. That made me wild. Then I put down two hundred and lost again and was very angry.

The Arkansas man said I was a fool and I told him aside that I was going to wager five hundred and if I lost I was going to teach the villain a lesson with my fists, for I was tired of being played for a sucker and would stand for it no longer.

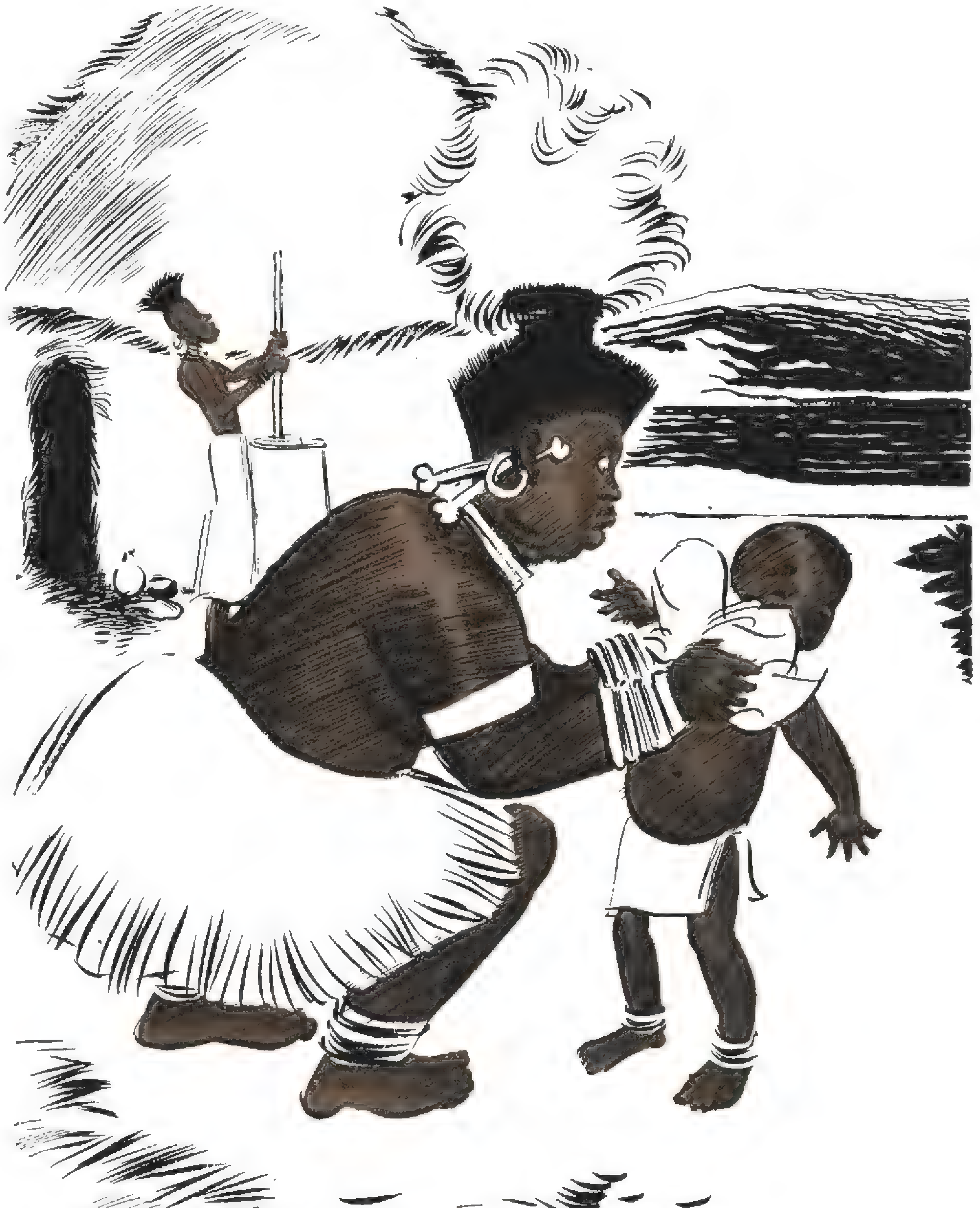
At this moment the sharper took out his handkerchief and turned his head aside to sneeze. I took the opportunity to turn up the corner of the baby card and I winked at the Arkansas man, who saw what I was up to and said nothing. "We will catch this damned swindler at his own game," I told him, aside.

I put down my five hundred and jumped at the baby card and turned it. I then offered to bet a thousand, but the card man refused, saying, "I know when I am beaten, for when you take me once that is enough for me, for I can see that you are a lucky man."

I took the Arkansas man aside and asked him if I could trust him. He said I could and I held out a thousand and told him to turn for me the baby card with the bent corner.

This made the man excited and he said he would play his own money and win himself and I could be damned for all he cared. He rushed up to the table and slashed down a couple of thou-

Continued on page 102



"What will Mrs. Roosevelt think if she sees you with a dirty face?"

He Had a Thousand on Him

Continued from page 101

sand, and the card man matched him and the Arkansas friend made a dive for the baby ticket, but instead of turning up the old lady he got the deuce.

Then he swelled up like a porpoise and he said to me, "I believe you are the same man that swindled me some years ago."

"I am the man," I said. I lit my good cigar and went down to the bar and invited one and all to have a drink.

The Arkansas man came in and I said, "Will you have one with me?" for I am not one to be angered at any man long.

He said, "I am particular with whom I drink, sir."

I said, "You are in fine company now, for I am teaching you not to be a sucker."

He said, "You will play nobody else for a sucker, sir," and he pulled out a pistol as long as my arm. I had him covered by that time with my own Johnny Edwards and invited him out on deck for a free fight.

The word got around that I was taking on a big man and a crowd gathered, for there is many a sucker that is ready and anxious to see old Bill Homer take a whipping.

The man was a foul hitter and a head butter to boot, but I bent him over with a right to the belly and I hit him with my knee and I clubbed him on the back of the neck and he went down. I seated myself on a box and folded my bare arms and waited, but he didn't get up.

The barkeeper said, "This man is whipped."

He lay still as death and the word was getting about that he was killed, but I knew he would stir soon enough, for I had taken care not to hit him hard enough to kill him, for I never like to kill my man.

I have met suckers who kick like bad Army mules, but it does them no good whatsoever, for well they know that Bill Homer is not one to give up, or so they soon find out.

Not that I am one to fail to let wisdom be the better part of valor. There was the maiden voyage of the *H. R. T. Nexel*, for instance, which was loaded to the guards with some mighty rough looking customers from Owens County and I knew for sure that there would be war if they lost their money.

About the time I got acquainted with some of them in the barbershop, along came an angry man who swore he would have the captain hoist the police signal, so that the police would be there at the landing to pick up the villains on board.

"The damned gamblers," he said, "have taken my last dollar."

I pointed out that he would be fined for gambling as well as they, if he called in the police.

"Show us how you lost your money," I said, throwing down a deck of cards lying handy.

The sucker selected three and said, "Let's say this queen is the baby ticket. Well I was certain that I saw him put it in the middle, only when I came to turn it, it was the deuce instead of the old lady."

I said, "This game is simplicity itself. As long as I have two chances to your one, I fail to see how I can lose. I will wager you that fine watch you have against a hundred that you cannot turn the baby."

He turned and lost. That made him wild and he tore down his diamond stickpin and wanted five hundred against it. I put the five down.

I got a coughing fit and turned aside and the man bent up the corner of the baby ticket and winked at the men about him, who saw what he was up to and said nothing.

He turned the baby and grabbed his money and wanted to bet more, but I said to him, "When you have shown such luck, I will not play again with you."

This made the gentlemen from Owens County wild and there was a slitting of cloth such as I had never seen before. They pulled big wads of bills from coat linings and crowded about, for they all saw the bent corner on the baby card.

I told them I would bet them all at once, let them pick a man to turn the card. They put down some sixty-five hundred dollars and four diamonds and four fine watches, which I matched with money, and they picked a champion to turn the ticket.

He missed the old lady and turned the deuce and I got up and said, "Gentlemen, if you will excuse me a moment," and I went to the cabin and at once changed into my black suit and got my gold glasses on and my top hat, making me look like a preacher, for I knew there would be war.

The Owens County boys tore around the boat with their knives out and their pistols all ready, looking for that gambler Bill Homer, but they never bothered the old preacher sitting and reading his Bible. My partner ran up and told them he had heard me jump overboard with a big splash and there was some wild shooting at a log floating by and then they desisted.

My partner Quincy was the best capper I have ever worked with, and the most honest. He was always on the lookout for some handsome suckers.

Quincy once had twelve thousand dollars on him and I told him to be careful, or he would be losing it. That afternoon I was sitting alone by the bar when a heavy set man with a red face, who seemed to have his share of money, came up and undertook a conversation.

My partner came along and I gave him the sign. I said to the red-faced man, aside, "Look at that little clodhopper over there—yes, him. I won five hundred dollars from him at cards, but I don't like to do him for any more, for it is like taking money from a baby and it is against my principles."

Quincy came up and told us about himself and how he had come just now from a card game called monte, which was played with three cards, and he had lost a thousand.

"I am going to catch onto that game," he said, "so when I get back to the farm in Ohio I can take money away from the boys. There is a trick to this game, I think."

He practiced awhile, and then I said I would bet him fifty I could pick the baby, and I lost. I lost three times running and then I turned the corner of the baby ticket up when he wasn't looking and winked at the red-faced man, who said not a word. I won five hundred and my partner would not play with me any more. Quincy shuffled the cards and laid them down.

Then my red-faced friend got wild and he tore out the lining of his coat and he slashed down a thousand, for he could see the little bent corner on the baby. I gave Quincy the office, with a glance, to let him win, and he did. Then the stout fellow slashed down five thousand and Quincy raised him to ten thousand and the fellow made a grab for the card.

For awhile I thought he was going to pull the card with the bent corner, but his hand must have slipped, or the like, for he took the next card instead, and he turned it over and it was the baby card, all right.

"Hold on," said Quincy, "I have made a mistake."

I made a big grab for my pistol, for I saw there was going to be a squall, now, but it got caught, somehow and before I could pull it loose from my pocket the red-faced man showed us a gun that was nearly the length of his arm.

I said, "Quincy, hand the money over," for I saw a look in the man's eye.

"You two are a pair of partners and I knew it from the first, and you are not fooling me, not for a single minute, let me tell you that much," said the man with the gun.

Quincy must have seen the look in the man's eye, too, and he turned loose his hold on the greenbacks and none too soon, it seemed to me. The man grabbed the stuff up and he was off in a hurry.

I wiped my brow and said that that was a close one and we had to expect a fellow to pull the baby card by mistake now and then.

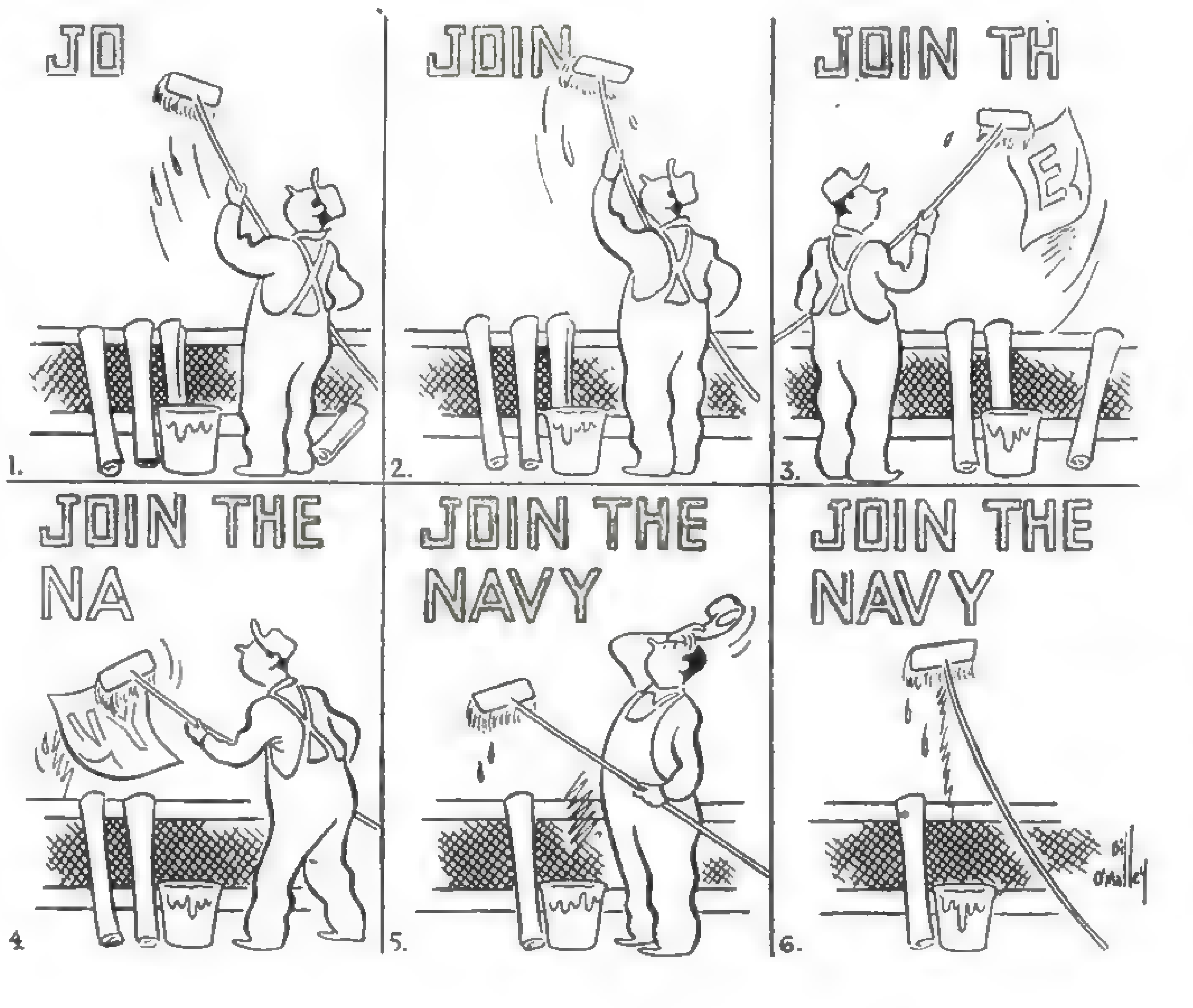
"Well, we have met our papa at last," said Quincy. "That fellow was wiser than we were."

"He was no sucker," I agreed. "He was onto us, all right."

I saw the red-faced gentleman on the guards, later, when nobody was about, in accordance with our agreement to meet there. He handed over all of Quincy's money and I paid him the four hundred I had promised him for doing the job with me. He was a good honest man and gave over every cent he had taken from Quincy and he thanked me for the four hundred and I gave him another hundred, for I was in a good mood, since my partner's money had been easy picking and everything had run off smoothly and as I planned it.

Quincy suspected nothing, I am sure, and I do believe that of all the partners I have had, bar none, I am most fond of Quincy, for he is the most honest and the most reliable and the most solid and steady-going.

I met an affluent-looking middle-aged portly man in the barroom one evening soon after and, since I have a bent toward conversing with strangers, I got to speaking with him and we discussed very amiably, and he told me that he was a businessman, in furniture, and that he had a thousand odd dollars in greenbacks on his person with which he meant to close a deal in St. Louis. #



Let's take a moment to thank the parrot...

The parrot is a funny-looking bird.

He has a big bill, ungainly feet, and wings which can't fly him far.

But oh, what wonderful, striking plumage!

We thank you, funny-looking parrot, for possessing the colors that inspired this newest Arrow Tie creation: Papagayo Prints.

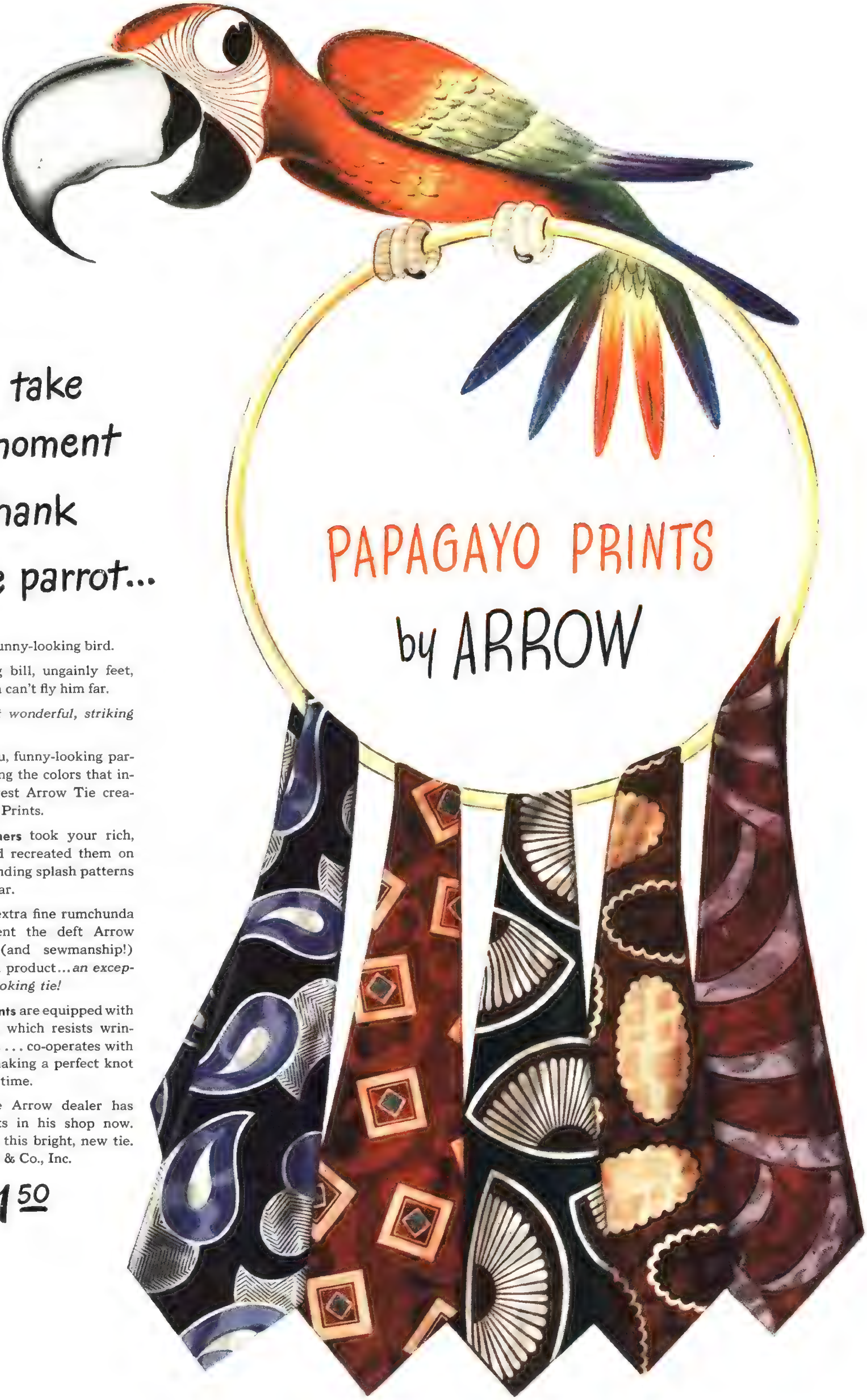
Arrow designers took your rich, vivid colors and recreated them on fabric, in outstanding splash patterns for Summer wear.

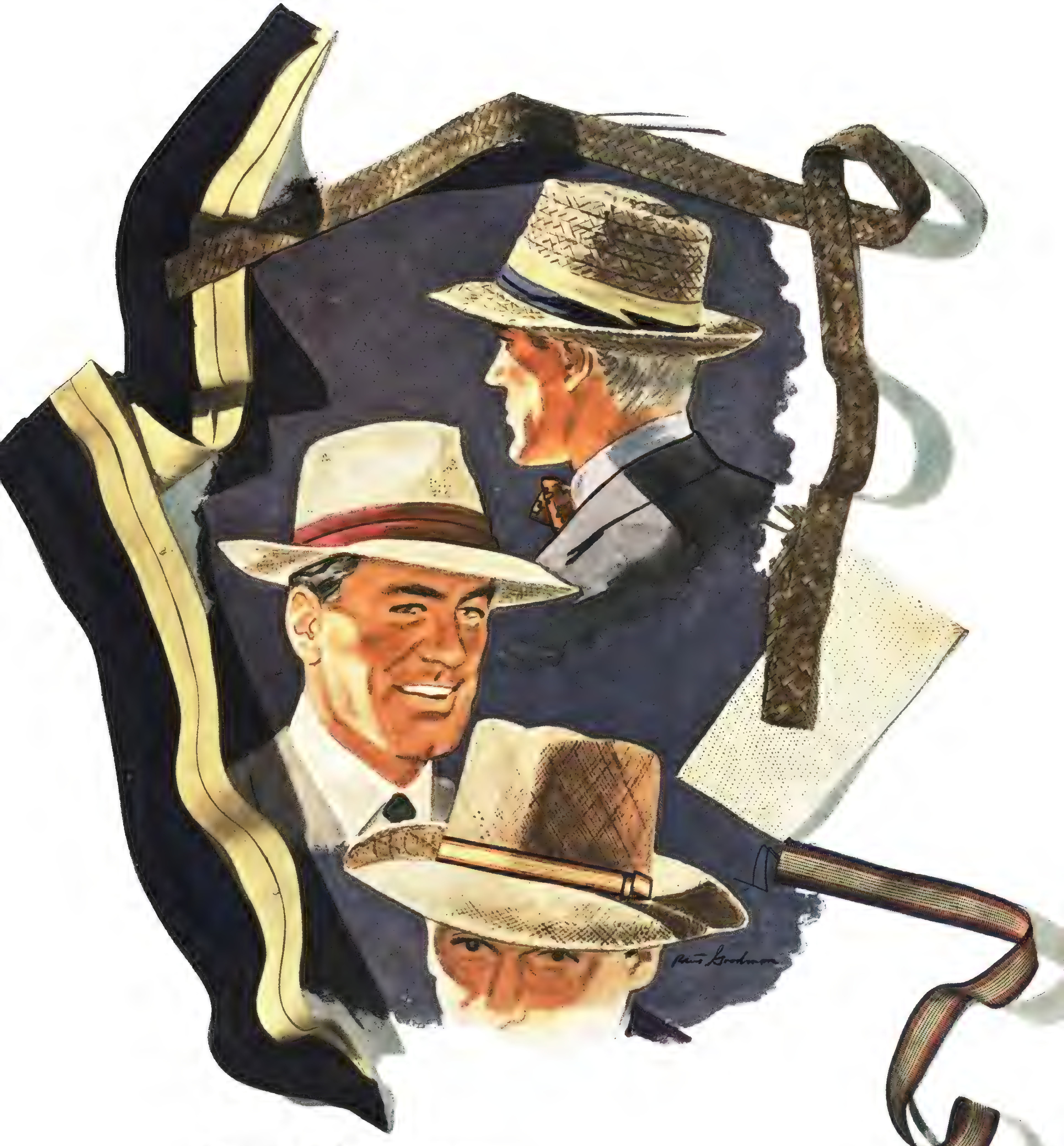
The fabric—extra fine rumchunda—next underwent the deft Arrow craftsmanship (and sewmanship!) and the finished product... *an exceptionally good-looking tie!*

Papagayo Prints are equipped with a special lining which resists wrinkles and creases . . . co-operates with the wearer in making a perfect knot each and every time.

Your favorite Arrow dealer has Papagayo Prints in his shop now. Step in and see this bright, new tie. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

$1.50

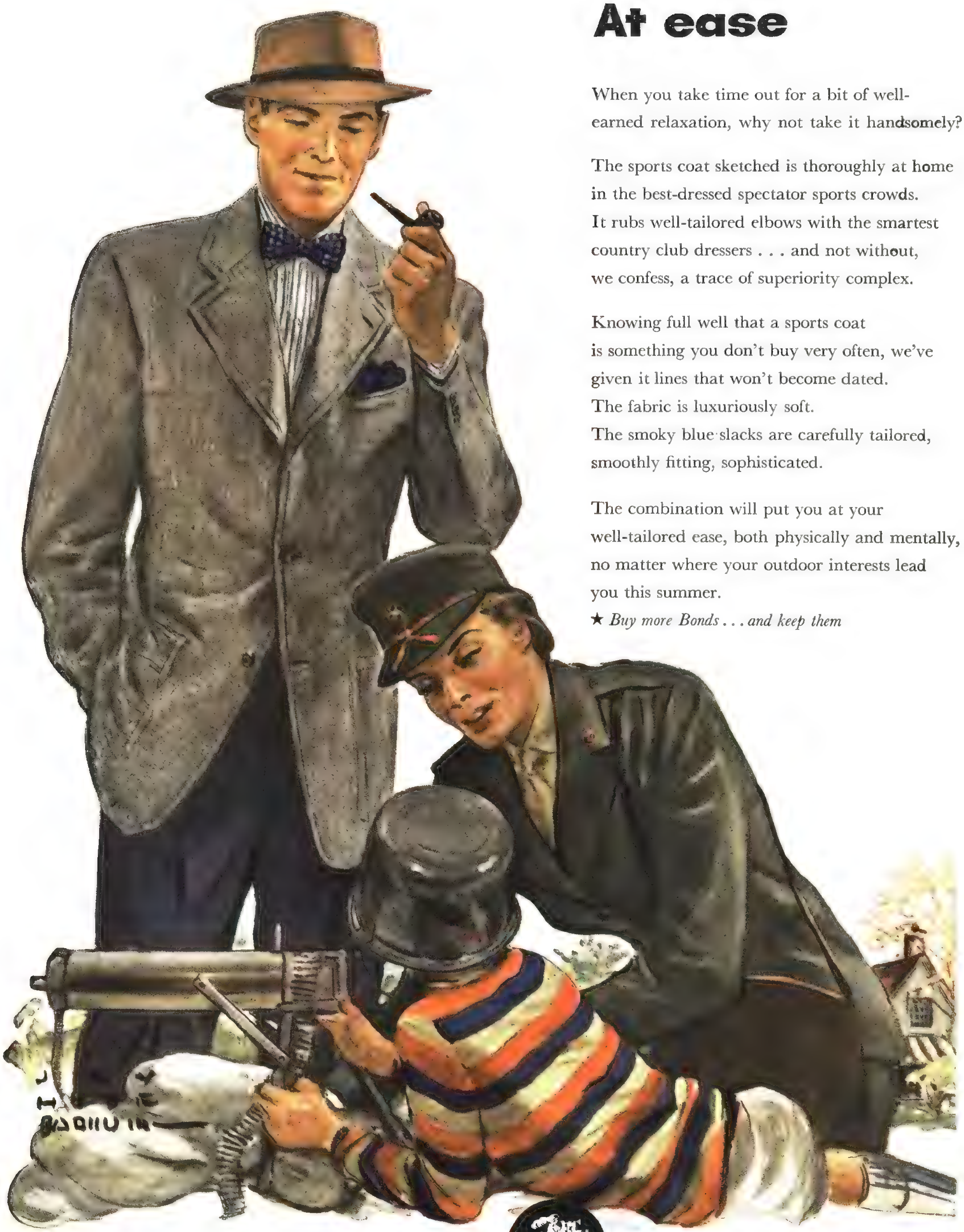




thatched for summer

You can go valiantly out in the noonday sun, along with mad dogs and the imperturbable English, in any one of this trio of cool summer straws. The familiar pork pie hat at the top of the page is a happy revival of a fashion popular a few years ago. The braid is imported, together with rum punches and Calypso music, from the West Indies. American designers have gone down to the Caribbean in ships and come back with a reasonable facsimile of the hat fashioned by our ingenious Good Neighbors, adding a twist of their own—the two-toned puggree. Below and to port is the lid of the month: a mesh Panama in natural color. Back in the primitive thirties, Panama hats were so closely woven as to be virtually airtight. Thank Heaven, we're civilized now. Note the pinched crown, the solid color, narrower puggree. Also loosely woven is the wide-brimmed pork pie Panama with narrow striped band.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



At ease

When you take time out for a bit of well-earned relaxation, why not take it handsomely?

The sports coat sketched is thoroughly at home in the best-dressed spectator sports crowds. It rubs well-tailored elbows with the smartest country club dressers . . . and not without, we confess, a trace of superiority complex.

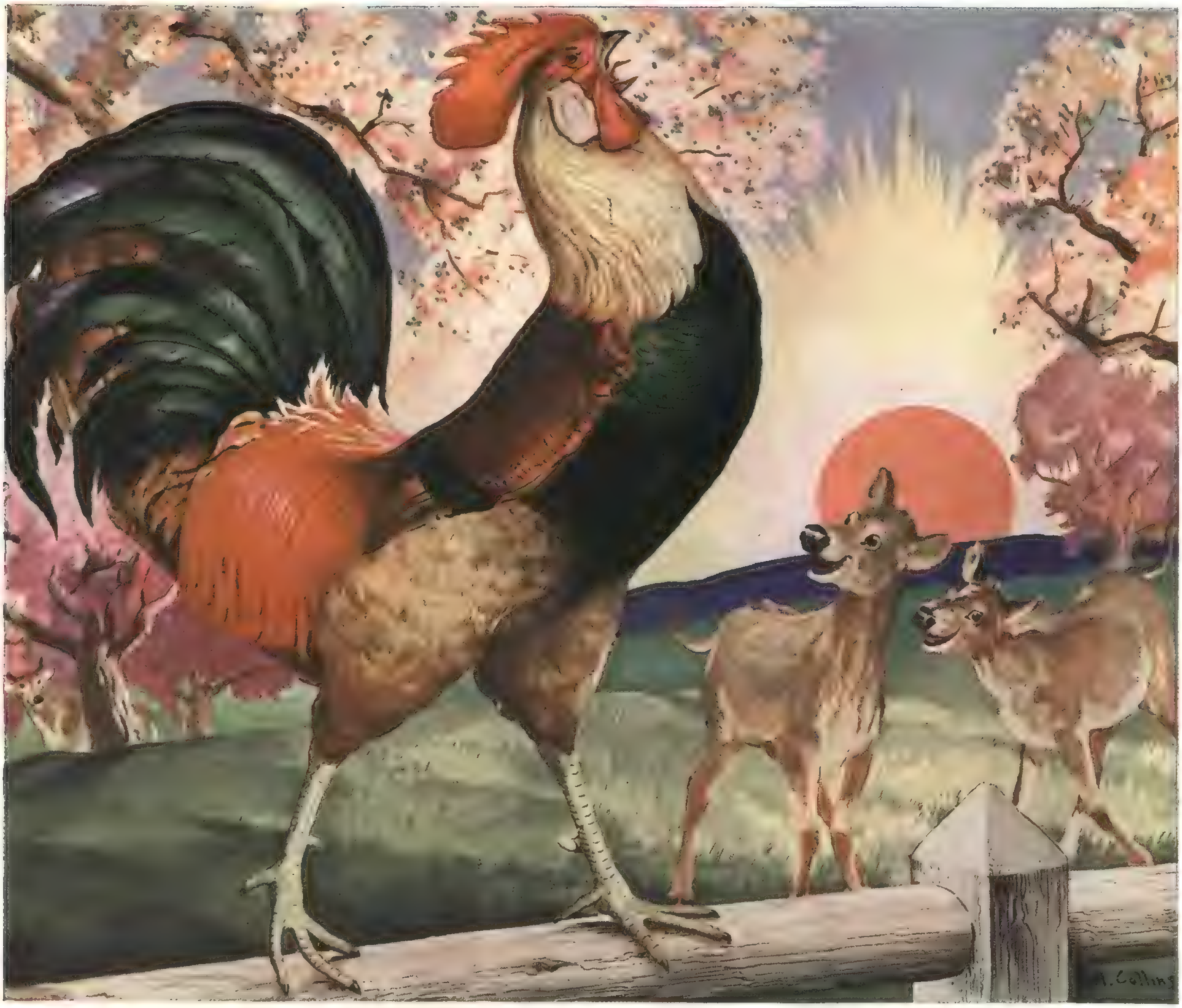
Knowing full well that a sports coat is something you don't buy very often, we've given it lines that won't become dated. The fabric is luxuriously soft. The smoky blue slacks are carefully tailored, smoothly fitting, sophisticated.

The combination will put you at your well-tailored ease, both physically and mentally, no matter where your outdoor interests lead you this summer.

★ *Buy more Bonds . . . and keep them*

A small thing to look for, a big thing to find

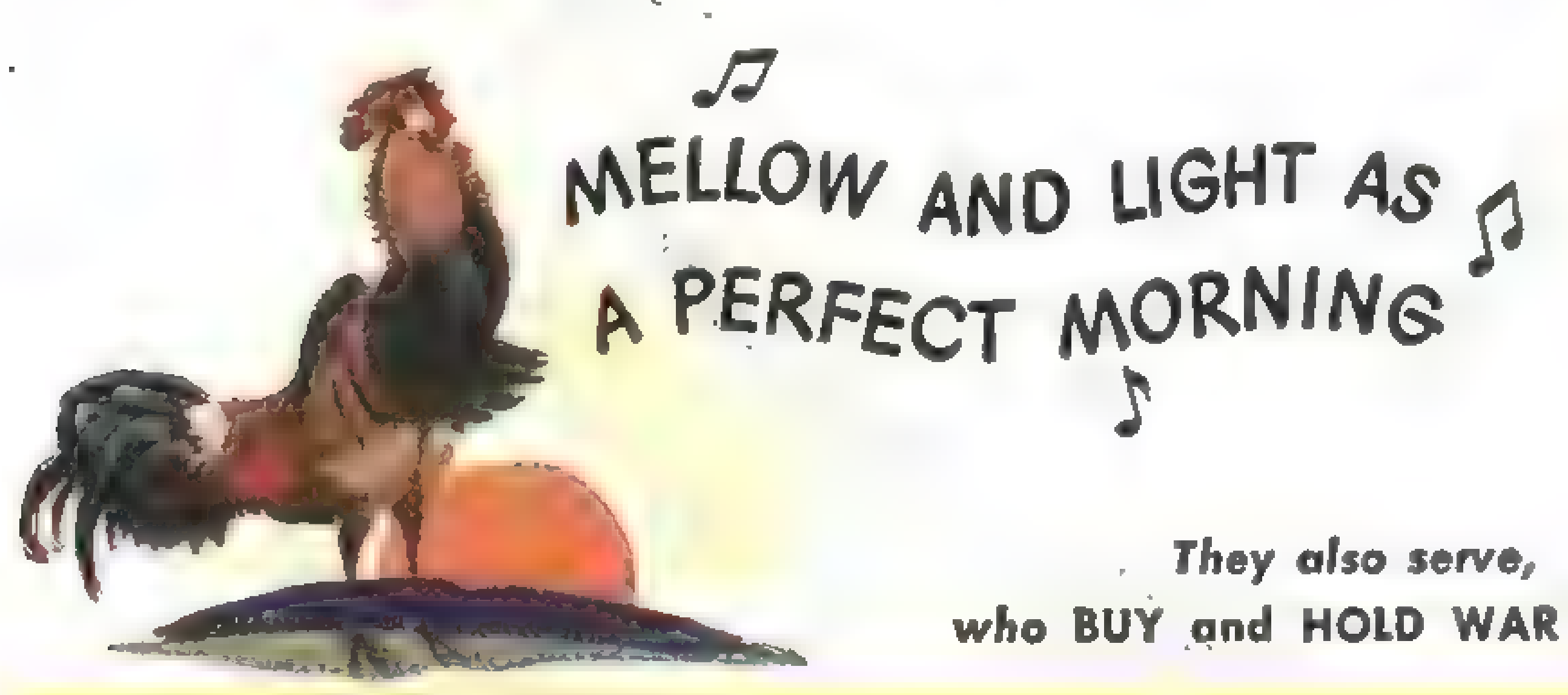
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



Help Yourself...to a Taste that's like Sunny Morning!

Like a bracing whiff of cool Spring-morning breeze . . . your first delighted taste of the fresh and sunny flavor of Schenley Reserve. You'll actually marvel that a whiskey *could* be so outstanding. Blended with the touch of genius, the whiskey Schenley made *first* in *quality* has quickly become America's *first choice* . . . because every drop is golden-smooth and mellow, like bright morning in your glass. Try it—soon.

The basic whiskies in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from existing stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since Oct. 1942.



They also serve,
who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

SCHENLEY
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY

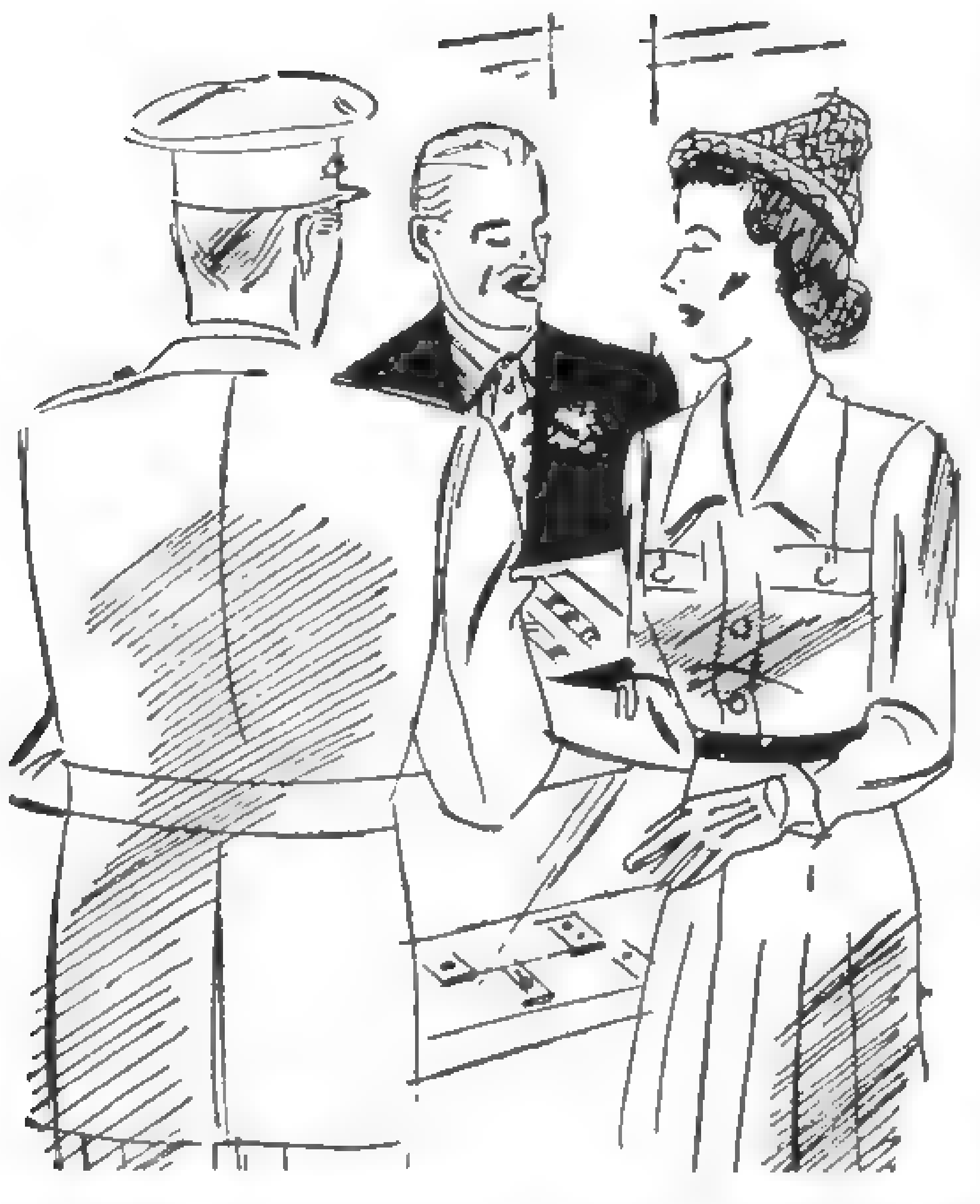
SCHENLEY
RESERVE

Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains.

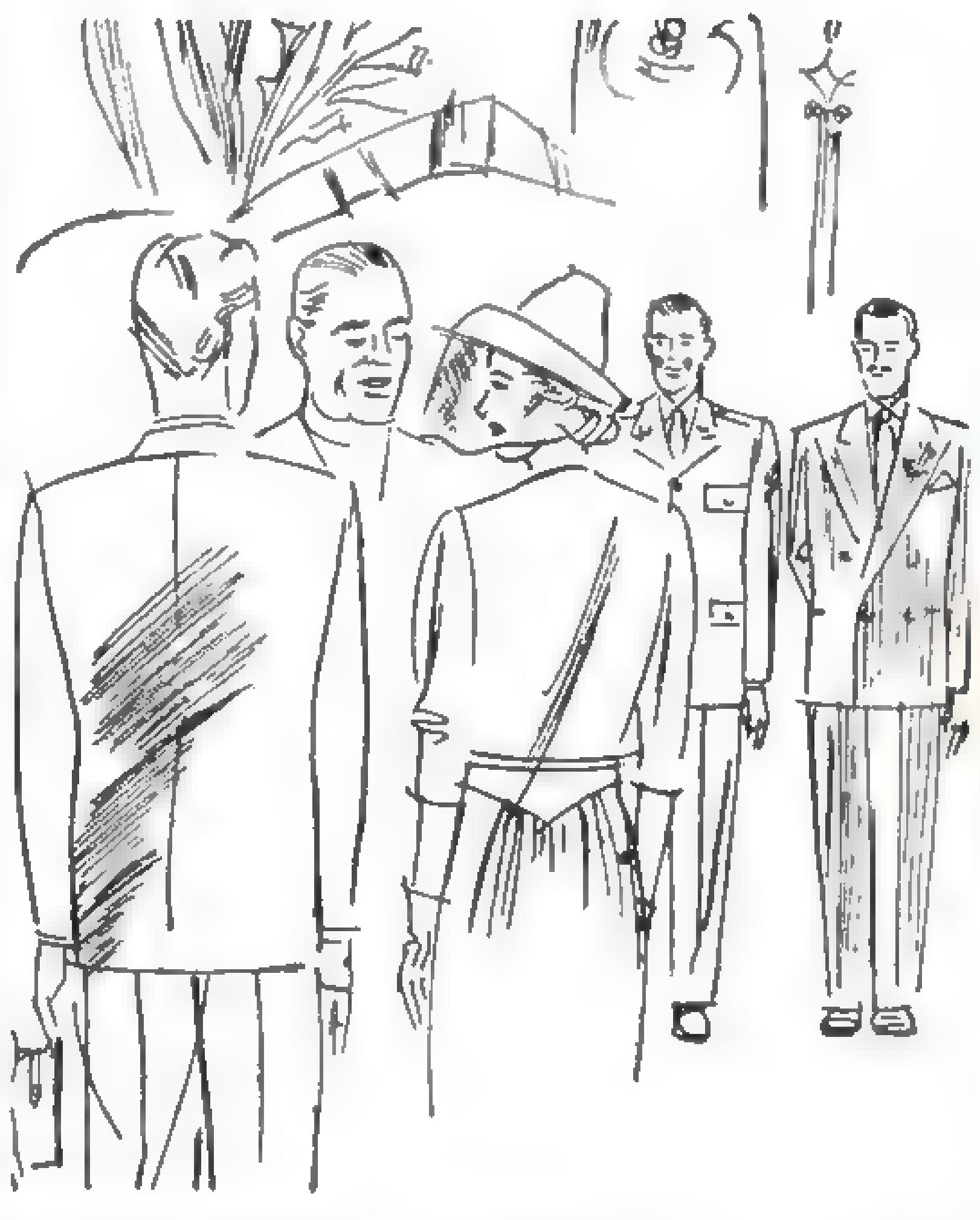
Furlough Weddings

Civilians celebrate nuptials in dark business suits while servicemen stay in uniform

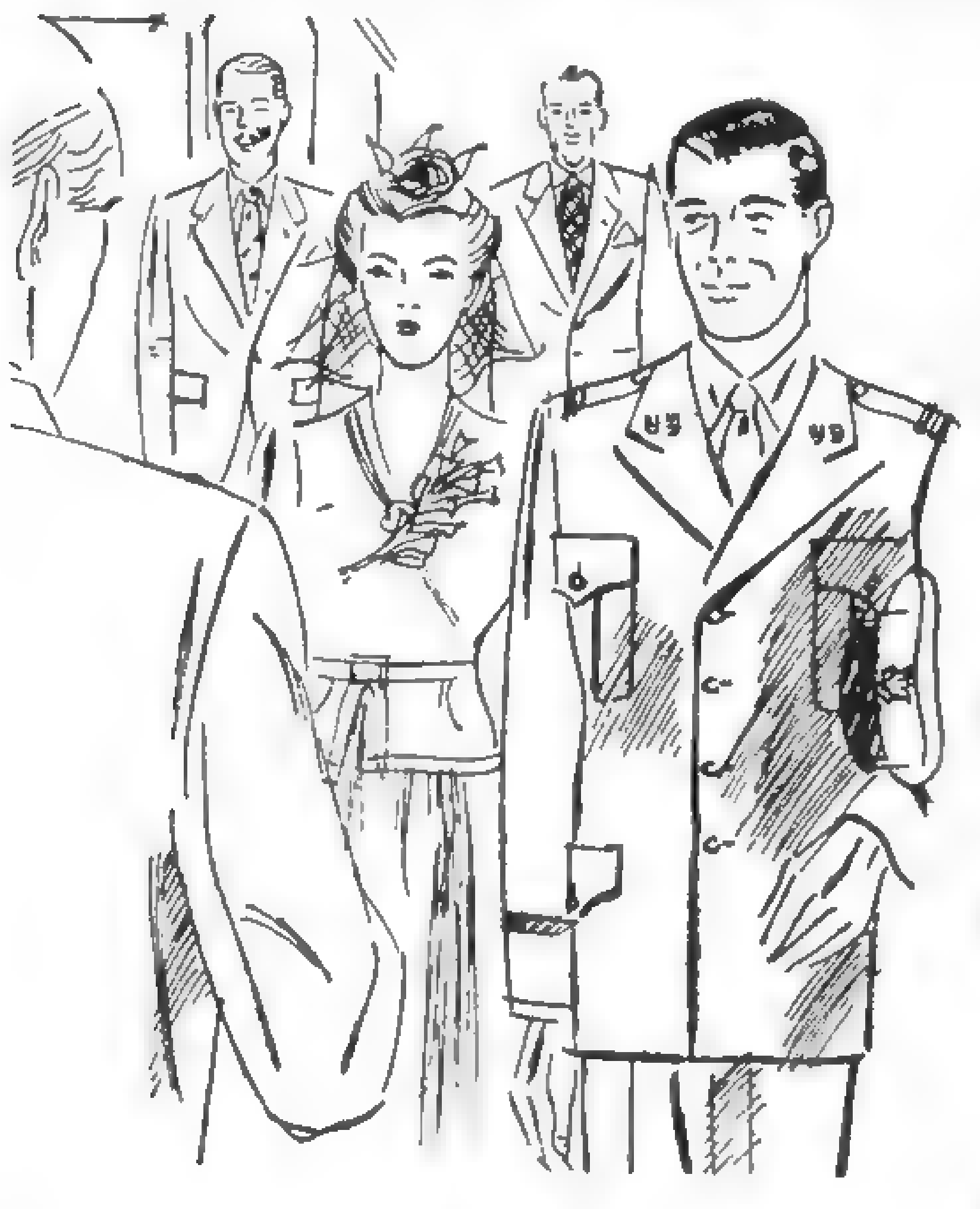
O. E. SCHOEFFLER
WEARABLES



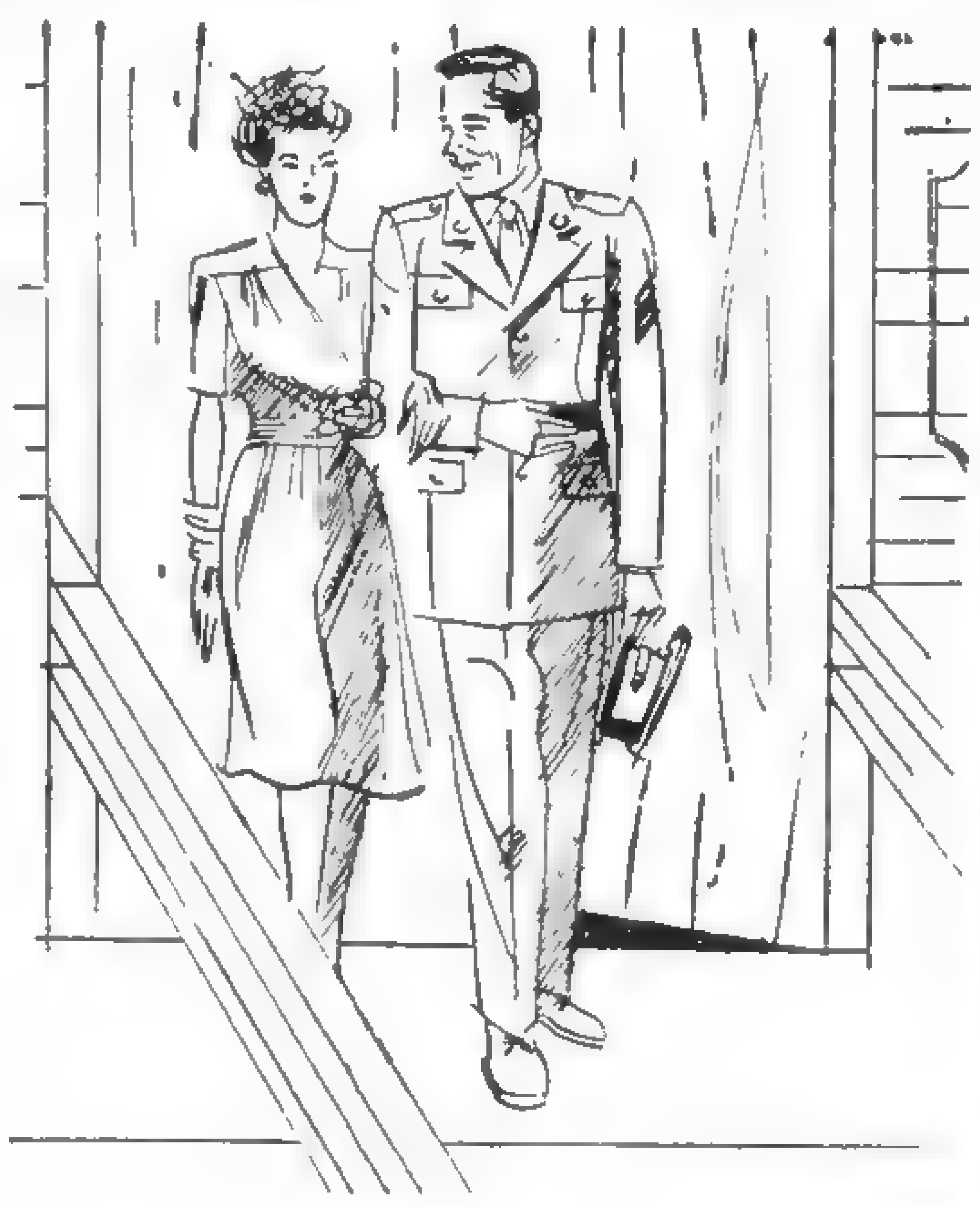
Prospective bride and groom select style and size of wedding ring together.



Dark business clothes are worn by civilians at church weddings.



Civilians wear dark blue jackets and white slacks at garden weddings.



Regulation uniform is required for military men at formal or informal weddings.

There is little time for elaborate preparation when a soldier, tar or leatherneck takes a wife. Often as not, the prospective bride goes shopping solo for her wedding ring. It may be less romantic than the conventional peacetime procedure, but its her finger and she knows what she wants. Furloughs and leaves are over all too soon. Certain requirements must be met, of course—such as the license and the blood tests. These latter are furnished with the compliments of Uncle Sam at the General Dispensary of any post. Chaplains of different faiths are usually available, too. When the wedding is held at the bride's home or in a church in her home town, some questions arise, judging from our current correspondence. Whether the wedding is a small informal or a large formal affair, the uniform is required dress for the groom and any other servicemen present. Men in the Navy wear the uniform specified by the order of the day. If civilians are among the ushers, their clothes are determined by the type of dress selected by the bride. If her gown is informal, civilian ushers may choose a dark blue business suit, white shirt, modestly patterned tie, black socks and shoes. Even if the bride appears in a formal gown, this outfit is acceptable, because W.P.B. prohibited the manufacture of cutaway coats and striped trousers some time ago. If by chance civilians have cutaway coats and the other accoutrements or buy or rent them, they may wear them for formal daytime ceremonies. For formal evening weddings, the dinner jacket is considered adequate but more usual is the choice of dark business clothes. Civilians at daytime garden weddings prefer odd jackets and slacks. Most prevalent for such weddings are dark blue or grey jackets and white flannel slacks. Accessories include a white shirt, blue and white polka-dot or figured tie, straw hat and sport shoes. Some men vary this by wearing a white jacket and grey slacks. A boutonnière is worn with all civilian outfits. ⧺

Rainy Day? DON'T FORGET - WEAR **ALLIGATOR** - DON'T GET WET!

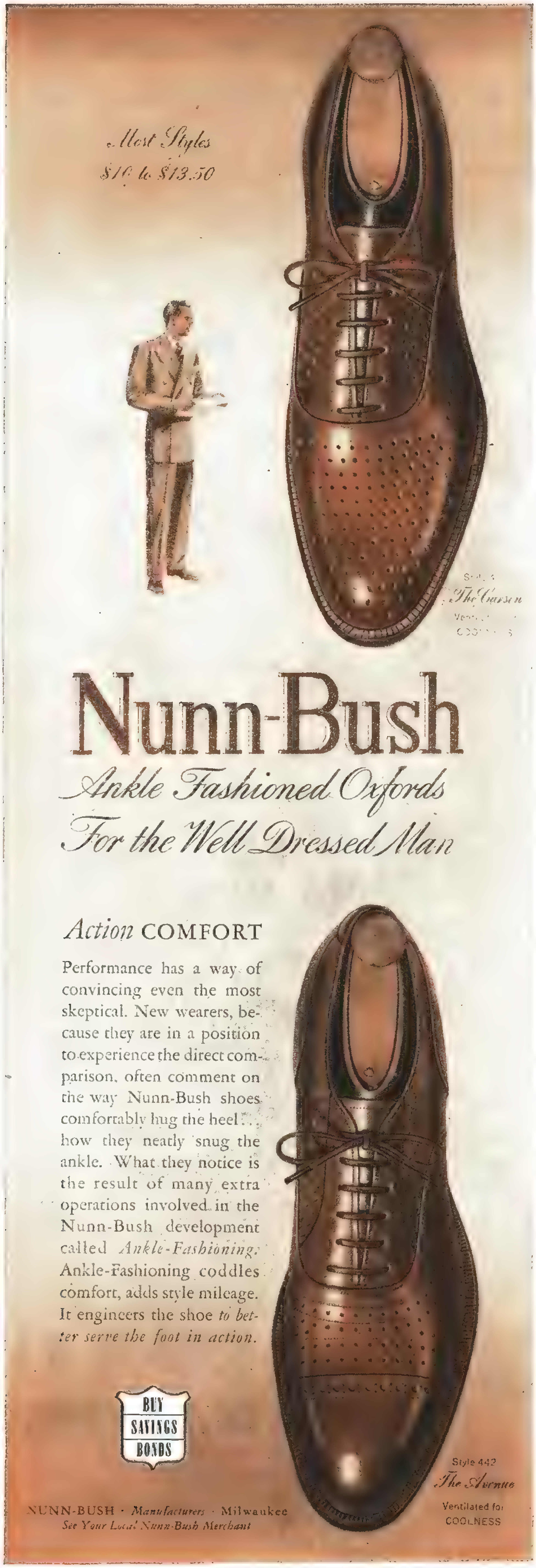
-RAIN-
-UNSETTLED-
DY-

Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere in a Wide Range of Popular Prices

Face those dark clouds with total disdain—in your beautifully styled, superbly tailored Alligator Raincoat! For Alligator is dependably processed to keep you smart and dry, no matter what the weather! And it's just as perfectly practical when the sun is beaming. Distinguished quality, dashing good looks, that are Alligator's alone among fine coats. Truly the best buy in rainwear. See your dealer's selection today! The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

To Protect Your Home . . Buy War Bonds! To Protect Your Clothes . . Buy Alligator!



Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords
For the Well Dressed Man

Action COMFORT

Performance has a way of convincing even the most skeptical. New wearers, because they are in a position to experience the direct comparison, often comment on the way Nunn-Bush shoes comfortably hug the heel . . . how they neatly snug the ankle. What they notice is the result of many extra operations involved in the Nunn-Bush development called *Ankle-Fashioning.* Ankle-Fashioning coddles comfort, adds style mileage. It engineers the shoe *to better serve the foot in action.*

NUNN-BUSH · *Manufacturers* · Milwaukee
See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

***Compiled by* GILBERT SELDES**

Mania Department

Mairzy Doats (Decca—The Merry Macs) (Decca—L. Welk & Orch.) (Bluebird—4 King Sisters)	Forget the fuss; this is a conventionally good jingle; we get them regularly. No scholarship, no complaints. The King Sisters also oblige with *Love, Love, Love.*
Various Songs (Columbia—Frank Sinatra) *Oklahoma!*—Rodgers (Decca—Stage Cast)	*Oklahoma!* and all Sinatra records are as popular as ever. To omit them would be to omit the obvious.

Quick Ones

Suddenly It's Spring—Van Heusen (Columbia—Ginny Simms)	I don't know. Probably a popular number. It leaves me indifferent, although sung well enough.
Country Boy and Cherry (Bluebird—Erskine Hawkins)	"The 20th Century Gabriel" is particularly fine here. Not exactly a horn-call to repentance or resurrection, but exciting.
Hard Hearted Woman and *I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town* (Okey—Big Bill and his Chicago Five)	If Big Bill is a collector's item, this should go into the list of good ones. The songs are shouted-sung, with a sort of rambling talk added.
Cow-Cow Boogie (Decca—Ella Fitzgerald)	The Ink Spots are co-featured—as if Ella needed collaboration—or for that matter, as if they did.
All the Things You Are—Kern (Victor—T. Dorsey and A. Shaw)	A good idea to give you two young masters on the same theme; but the Kern melody isn't one of his great ones, and doesn't challenge either of the boys. A slight edge to Shaw, maybe.
St. Louis Blues—Handy (Columbia—Bing Crosby and Duke Ellington)	I never heard this, never heard of it, until it appeared on Columbia's best-seller-list. Seems improbable, wonderful, too good to be true, with *Creole Love Call.*
Up Swing (Victor—8 Hits—4 Masters)	Celebrating (Victor says) the 8th birthday of swing. (See Esquire, passim, for conflicting data.) These are now classics, two sides to a master. My choices: *Stomping at the Savoy* (Goodman), *Tuxedo Junction* (Miller); T. Dorsey's *Song of India* is erotic, not romantic, and Artie Shaw's *Begin the Beguine* is above the battle. Compare the Brunswick Collector's Series, especially *Chicago Jazz Classics,* with Goodman, Miller and others.

Solid Substance

Peter and the Wolf—Prokofieff (Victor—Boston Symphony) (Columbia—All-American Orchestra)	A fascinating and amusing comparison. The Victor dramatizes the narrative, Richard Hale characterizes as he speaks, and the voice is amplified. For Columbia, Basil Rathbone is intimate, conversational, and Stokowski is brilliant and dramatic—and wins.
Quartet No. 15—Beethoven (Columbia—Budapest String Quartet) *Trio No. 1*—Schubert (Victor—Rubenstein, Heifetz, Feuermann)	It's heresy, no doubt, but ten 12-inch sides of even the Budapest Quartet's lovely ensemble cannot keep the leisurely intricacies of this Beethoven alive for anyone who merely "listens to music." The Schubert is shorter, a little, and more attractive—also superbly played by the same three who did a Beethoven recently.

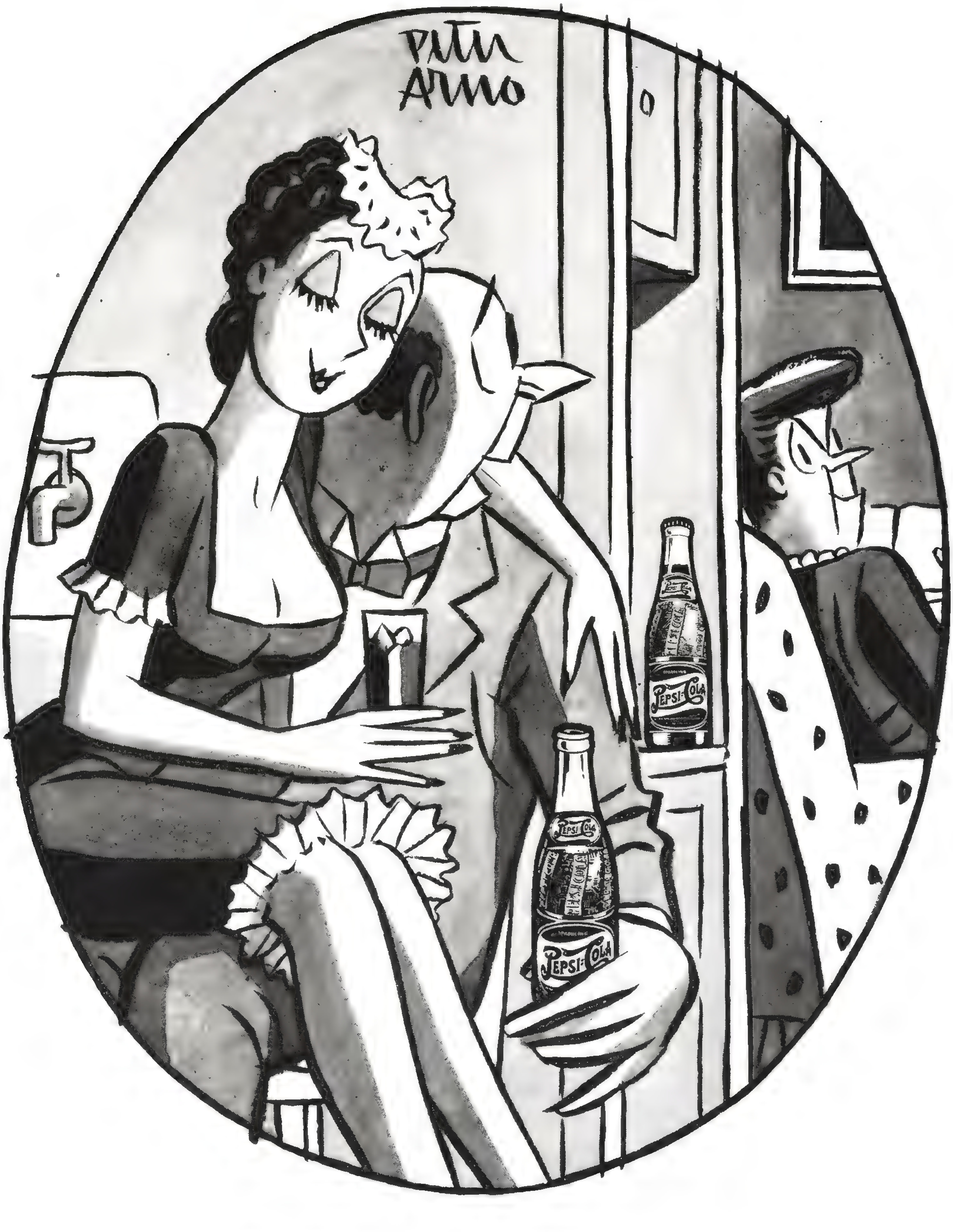
Record of the Month

Che Farò Senza Euridice—Gluck (Columbia—Risë Stevens)	Only because it is one of the great songs of all time and Risë Stevens sings it as if she knew it—and loved it.

Looking Ahead

Recondita Armonia—Puccini (Victor—Caruso)	Another of these fascinating rereleases; this is one of the almost too famous arias from *La Tosca.* With it, Lucrezia Bori in a bit from *Traviata.* Sounds almost pre-war, doesn't it?

An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company


Peter Arno
Pepsi-Cola
Pepsi-Cola

"It's OK, Mother, Mimi will stay—as long as the Pepsi-Cola holds out."

Exploits of a Flying Tackler

Lt. Ike Kepford shows the same reckless spirit in dogfights as on the gridiron

by JAMES F. HENDERSON

• SPORTS •

A pin point in the distance grew to airplane size and the ground crew, ambulance ready, watched anxiously as the plane, motors sputtering, wings wobbling, came in for its landing. When the motors were cut, the pilot didn't climb from the cockpit. He sat there with his head bowed. The first of the ground crew, believing him to be badly wounded, reached the plane in time to hear the fighter pilot mumur: "I am shaken and I am humble!"

Slowly Lieutenant (j.g.) Ira C. Kepford climbed from his plane. When his feet touched the ground his face cleared. An hour before the ground crew had heard the voice of their pilot over the base radio: "Gas running low. Boxed in by three. Chalk up two for Ike. This looks like the works, boys."

Yet "Ike" Kepford returned to his base. A quick maneuver had sent a third Jap plane crashing into the sea, and, with dwindling gasoline, he had outdistanced the other pair, his wings shot full of holes, his plane wobbling yet sticking together. The three planes that fell when the Jap squadron apparently had cut Kepford off, were added to thirteen others, four of which were recorded in a single action over Rabaul.

Back home in Muskegon, Michigan, Mrs. George R. Kepford, herself a soldier on the home front, putting in her days producing airplane equipment in a war industry, worries . . . and prays. After each tale of victorious action by her son, she repeats: "I am very thankful he returned safely. Each time I fear he may not be so lucky." Her prayers encompass not only Lieutenant "Ike," but her other son, Sergeant Harry Kepford, with the Rangers somewhere in the Southwest Pacific.

Stories of Ike's exploits are not a surprise to those who knew him at home. Back in 1935, C. Leo Redmond, head football coach of Muskegon High School, pointed out a stringy, lantern-jawed kid with the reserves who was throwing himself recklessly against the varsity in practice. "There's something new," he remarked. "That kid would rather block then carry the ball."

Modest to the point of being self-effacing during his high school and college football career that brought him three letters at Muskegon High and three at Northwestern University, Kepford always preferred to block. He worked as the "shadow" for one year at Muskegon and two more years at Northwestern to Lieutenant Commander Paul Soper of the Navy. Ike's blocking aided Muskegon to be undefeated and untied in 1936 and '37. Not an especially apt basketball player, sheer fight kept him on the squad and earned him a letter with the title-winning team of 1937. He was also an outstanding hurdler and relay runner because he studied and worked at the assignment.

Ike always had an overwhelming desire to be the "top man" in everything he tackled. Often his efforts have been reckless, but never halfway. As a football player he studied plays, players, read books on the theory of the game and then decided he could succeed best as a blocker. He was also a fine pass catcher at Northwestern, and in his senior year after Soper had graduated he came into prominence as a ball carrier.

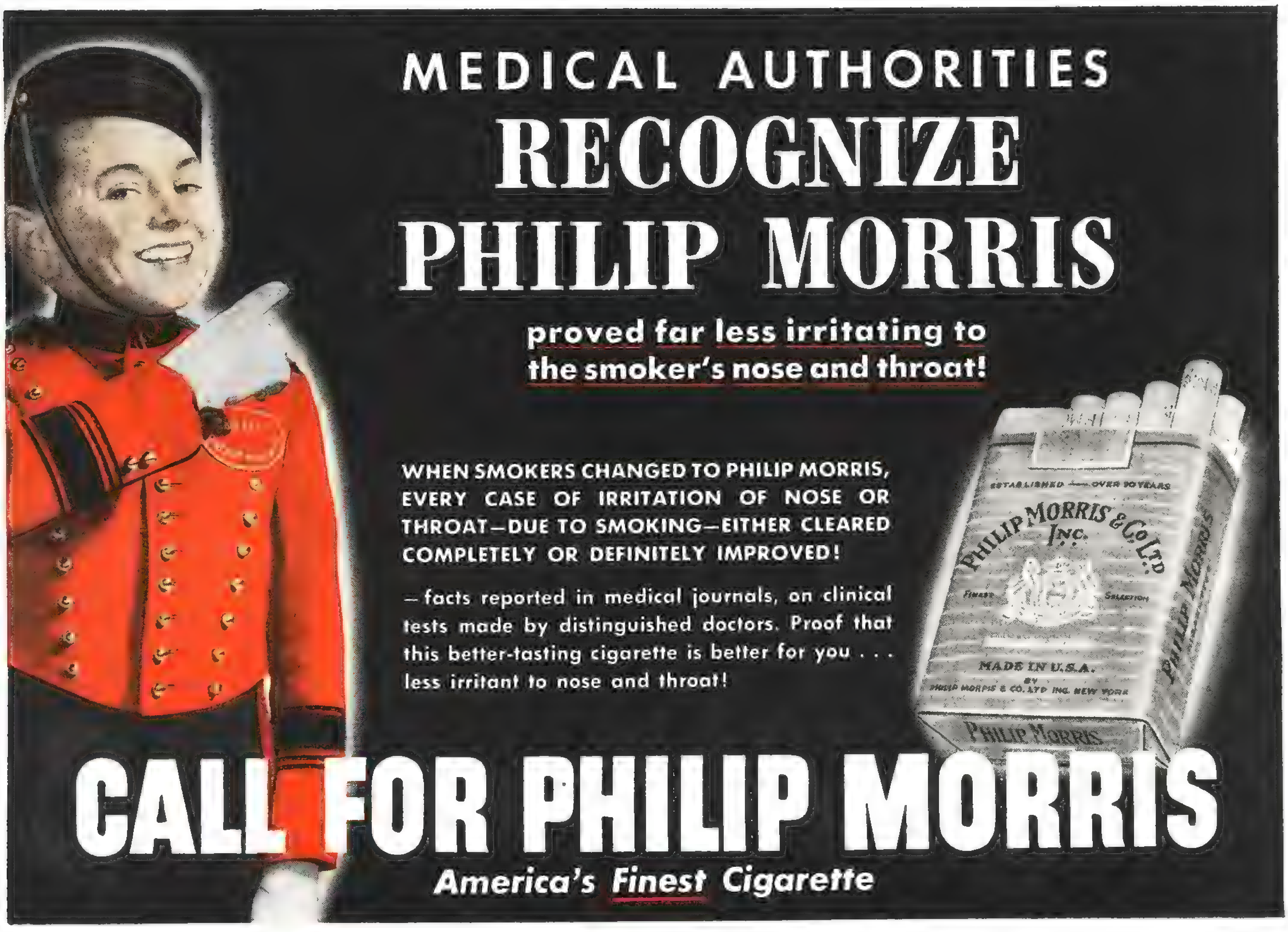
While at Northwestern Ike enrolled in a civil aeronautics course. He learned how to repair and service planes and how to fly.

On a training flight from a Chicago civil air base, his motor choked out near Milwaukee and Ike landed in a farmer's wheat field. He repaired the plane, took it off from that wheat field and brought it down on the home port, saying nothing of the episode.

Came Pearl Harbor. Leaving Northwestern before graduation, he enlisted in the Navy Air Corps. At Corpus Christi he improved rapidly and his hours in the air piled up. He was graduated with honors from every side school at the camp, becoming expert in navigation, servicing and ground work, radio code, gunnery, bombing theory. After leaving Corpus Christi as an ensign and pilot he received a full course of training with the carrier force. Then he was assigned to a land-based squadron in the Solomons.

His first combat mission almost made him an ace. In November, 1943, an American task force with carrier-based bombers attacked Rabaul. Ensign Kepford told the story in a letter to a friend:

> At last I can face the Navy and feel that I owe it nothing. I was in a big Naval battle the other day. It was a carrier raid on Rabaul. We land-based fighters (Naval) went out to protect



MEDICAL AUTHORITIES RECOGNIZE PHILIP MORRIS

proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

—facts reported in medical journals, on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors. Proof that this better-tasting cigarette is better for you . . . less irritant to nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

ESTABLISHED OVER 90 YEARS
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD INC.
PHILIP MORRIS
FINEST SELECTION
MADE IN U.S.A.
BY PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD INC. NEW YORK
PHILIP MORRIS

the ships while their own planes regassed and rearmed.

All of a sudden a large squadron of Japs came from nowhere—fighters, dive bombers and torpedo planes. They are funny, the Japs. They will sacrifice all to sink our ships. Then the ships sent up ack-ack. Boy, what firing power we have on our ships. It made the sky black.

My wingman and I were at 30,000 feet when the dive bombers came over. We came screaming down. The first one we missed. Then we split, after which two Zeros made a pass at me, darn near taking off my right wing. It was riddled. They counted 126 holes when I finally got back.

By this time the first bombs were dropping. I made a high side on one guy. His rear gunner almost got me. I gave the little yellow men about a three-second burst and pulled out so close to them I could see the Jap flags they have tied about their heads. He didn't explode so I pulled up in a steep wing and really was going to nail him when his ship seemed to disintegrate. All that was left was burning oil and gas on the ocean.

All this time, Jap fighters made runs on me. I don't know how many, but a lot. I figured it was important to get the dive bombers and torpedo planes because they do the most damage to our ships.

Funny how cold and calm you are in a fight! Just like after the kickoff in a big football game. Everything I did seemed to come as clear as a bell, thanks to good Navy training and long hours in the air.

Now to get on with the fight. I went into a steep right turn and got directly over another bomber. I rolled over, fired at him three seconds and he exploded almost in my face. That was Number Two. As I pulled out I gave a short burst to another who crossed my sights. I hit him, but he kept on.

Then I saw another bomber head for a rain cloud. I cut him off with a full deflection shot. He went into a crazy spin, caught fire, hit the water and bounced, leaving a trail of red flames and black smoke.

It looked good to me but I don't suppose you folks think it very nice. Yet killing is what they want me to do so I'm trying to do my best.

That was Number Three. By this time the torpedo planes were making their passes at our ships. I picked out one and made my run. He was getting too close to ack-ack fire to please me. A 20 mm. shell got me just aft the cockpit. It ruined my aim. I had to steady down and get the pipper on him again. Just a fraction of a second before I fired he dropped his fish. Then I pressed home my attack and he caught fire and plunged into the sea.

Thank God the torpedo missed. That took care of Number Four. I had only 15 gallons of gasoline left and had to land on one of the carriers and get more before going back to my island home.

More missions came, and Kepford's score piled up. His 12th victory came just as he had been promoted from ensign to lieutenant, junior grade, and he was flying to celebrate. He met a "Tony" a new type of Jap plane about which American fliers were wondering. They made their runs head-on. Neither pilot wavered.

Kepford's guns were blazing as he came within 50 yards of the "Tony," when the Jap plane blew up—so close that it set fire to the wing of Kepford's plane. He streaked for home, the fire out of control, and landed just before the wing crumpled. Two days later he was in the air again with a new plane and bagged number 13. Some of Ike's close calls might indicate that he is one of these "lucky fliers," but the opinion of his old high school grid coach, Leo Redmond, is otherwise. "It isn't luck," according to Redmond. "It's just guts. He has more than any football player I ever coached, or ever played with or against. It's reckless disregard for personal safety. He gives everything. When a man has that faculty he's hard to beat. In fact, he's unbeatable."

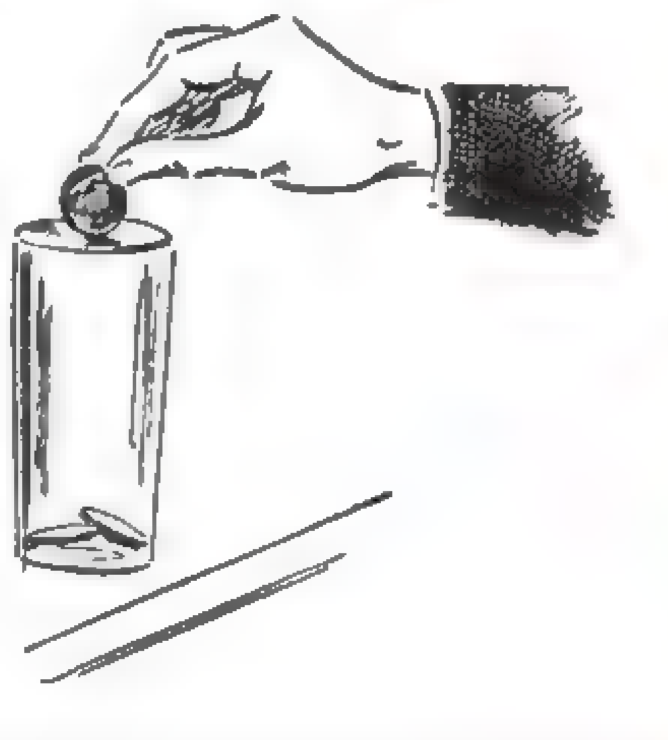
Lieutenant Ike isn't a fatalist. He firmly believes in his ability to care for himself. In fact, with the carefree mind of the typical American soldier or sailor, he is planning his life after the war. Ike and several of his flying mates have made a pact to save their money for investment. They plan to buy a ranch in Texas after the war. He'll work such a ranch with the same abandon with which he played football and with which he flies. He'll study and theorize, yet never lose sight of practicalities.

Anyone wishing a slight wager can get one from any of the myriad admirers of Ike Kepford. They'll wager he'll accomplish *anything* he sets out to do. He'll triumph, and he'll bow his head and say: "I am humble." #

Checkpayers . . .

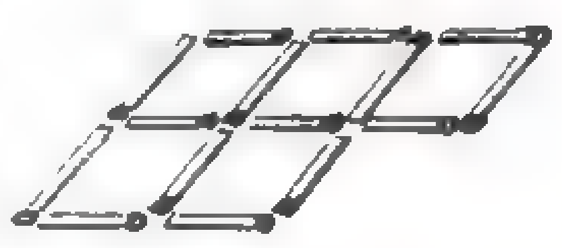
good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That, in a glass of water filled to the brim, you can insert ten quarters without spilling a single drop.

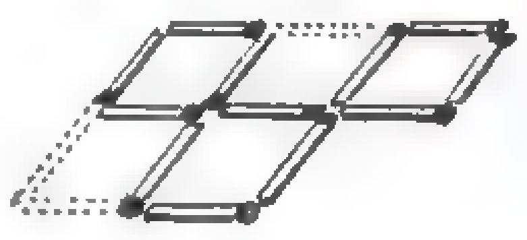


the payoff: Surprisingly, the water will not spill over the top even though you drop in—but gently—more than the stipulated ten quarters.

the wager: That from a five-square figure formed with fifteen matches, you can make a three-square figure simply by removing three matches.



the payoff: Pick up the top center match and the two matches at lower left, as shown in the illustration.



"Son... IT'S THE MOST USEFUL GIFT I EVER RECEIVED! ... It was a lucky Father's Day for me when you gave me this fine Rolfs 'Identifier' Billfold. I carry it everywhere, every day. It's so useful, I'd never want to be without one now!"

Here's a genuine leather Rolfs Billfold that's more than a fine billfold! Pass case fits snugly into billfold...detaches quickly whenever desired ...features four transparent wings for essential cards, favorite snapshots.

And built into the billfold is an ingenious secret currency-carrying pocket to keep big bills out of sight. Prewar quality and value? You bet...it's made by Rolfs!

Rolfs "IDENTIFIER" BILLFOLD

Pass case instantly detachable, leaving extra-thin billfold.

From $3.50 up

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES ...BY Rolfs
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CITY
330 FIFTH AVENUE

Help speed the knockout punch . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Baseball's Violent Vesuvius

Continued from page 78

valiant assistance in establishing Johnson and his American League. One late summer day in 1910 young Taylor wired this same Johnson for the World Series scoring job, a plum sought by dozens of big-name writers. Only twenty-one, Spink had never scored a game in his life, but that made no difference to him. He bombarded Johnson with telegrams when the first went unnoticed. Finally, in order to shut off the deluge, Johnson named Spink official scorer. Telegrams did it then and are still doing it today. To Spink's credit it must be told he proved so satisfactory as scorer that he held the job for ten years, relinquishing it voluntarily to provide others with this extra medium for cash.

Always a fighter, Spink admires men of similar quality and today is devoting his every energy in helping make the best warriors of all a bit happier—the boys in service here and overseas. At cost, and often at a loss, Spink is sending thousands upon thousands of special issues of *The Sporting News* to the men in service. The War Department alone is regularly rushing some 51,000 copies of a condensed overseas edition to the men over there. Chesterfield cigarettes provide for distribution of another 72,000 copies of a "service" edition to the camps in continental United States. Extra thousands go to the many service hospitals.

In addition, Spink himself, in conjunction with the U.S. Coast Guard, provides for 16,500; the American and National Leagues 10,000, and Joe E. Brown, a baseball addict, 3,500, making a total of 153,000 copies for men in the Armed Forces. Add to this some 90,000 regular readers and you have a weekly run of more than 240,000.

So important to overseas morale has this sports weekly become that *The Sporting News* now is designated as a "must" for air express by the War Department, a distinction shared only by four other publications.

Hour upon hour is spent in personally replying to every letter received from men in service. This mail from the boys is all photostated and filed. Most of the messages are unsolicited tributes to *The Sporting News*. All questions on sports are answered immediately. All requests for varied sports coverage are given an attentive ear. Today this "baseball" paper carries extensive football, basketball and hockey news, with a spattering of boxing and racing.

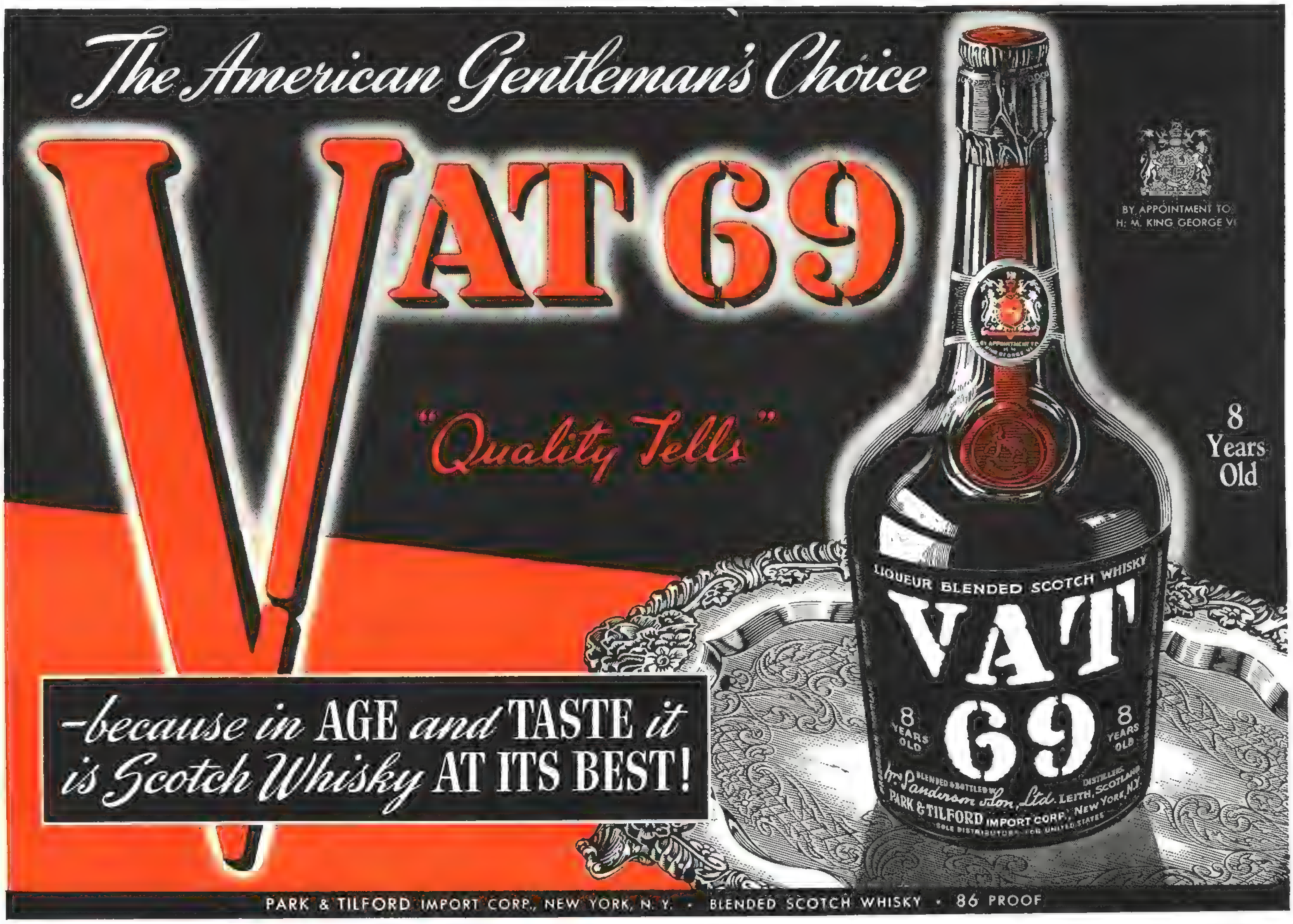
Spink's infrequent spare moments are spent in telephoning or wiring club and league officials urging them to arrange wider distribution of the paper among the men in service. He offers to share expenses, even reduces the cost of the 15-cent publication down to 2½ cents for such purposes. And when these men hesitate or question the value of such appropriations, the volcano boils.

Of course, Spink realizes these men in service are the potential subscribers of tomorrow, but he also knows they are the fans of the future, too. They must be made baseball conscious now or never. But his interest goes even deeper—his only son is in the U. S. Coast Guard.

Fighting is in Spink's blood. His Uncle Al battled to keep the infant publication alive before the turn of the century. His father continued the struggle and made it a paying proposition. It was Charles C. Spink who eliminated horse racing and theatrical news from the paper and then began sweeping the broom in the house of baseball. His first target was owners of the Chris Von der Ahe type. He chased the beer baron president of the successful St. Louis Browns—yes, the Browns were pennant winners in the old American Association four years in a row, 1885, '86, '87, '88—out of the game. Next came a drive against "syndicate" baseball—baseball in which one person might have interests in more than one club in a league. This evil was quickly eradicated.

With each success, circulation began to mount. Now *The Sporting News* was ready for an acid test—the support of a radical idea conjured by the then little known Ban Johnson. In 1901, he proposed a second league—an American League. The *News* did not chuckle at the idea, as others were doing, or at this stranger's requests for financial aid. The Spinks backed Johnson, while their lone rival, *Sporting Life* of Philadelphia, sided with the established Nationals. The result is known. The American League was born and today even is rated the big brother of the older National loop. *The Sporting News* was made; *Sporting Life* folded. Johnson always acknowledged his debt to the Spinks.

To this day, Taylor Spink drops everything on March 28 of every year and visits the grave of Ban Johnson in Spencer, Indiana. Taylor thought so highly of the great Ban that he continues to call his son Johnson, though young Spink is known officially as Charles C. Spink, III. It was Taylor Spink who acted as one of the chief investigators for Johnson after the


The American Gentleman's Choice
VAT 69
"Quality Tells"
—because in AGE and TASTE it is Scotch Whisky AT ITS BEST!
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
8 Years Old
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd. LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

harrowing Black Sox scandal of 1919, an event that threatened the life of the American League and baseball.

In Charles C. Spink's early battles to place *The Sporting News* on a firm basis, his first assistant was his wife. After Charles C. died in 1914, his widow took an even more active hand in the operation of the paper and successfully guided the footsteps of her son, Taylor, as a fledgling publisher. In recent years, ill health prevented Mrs. Charles C. Spink from visiting the office daily at 7 a.m., but she retained the title of vice-president and treasurer, a desk in the front office and a sharp eye on the editorial and business policies of the paper until she died on March 1st of this year.

As to Spink himself—he is short, despite the aid of an extra thickness of rubber soles. His voice has the boom of an antitank bazooka, easily heard seven blocks from the office come fog or smoke pall. His eyes are owlish, especially when peering over glasses used only for desk work. He's on the paunchy side, but his grip on the water wagon has held firm for years and his abstinence from smoking predates it. Both habits were stamped out overnight in Spink action-fashion. His language is salty.

While his office still boasts a roll-top desk as well as the pitcher and stand of his father's day, his home in suburban Clayton, Missouri, is imposing and exquisitely furnished. Headlines in his composing room are still hand set, while proofs are pounded out by hand or rolled over a press that was over draft age in the last war. Yet he enjoys luxurious travel by plane or train and no night spot is too expensive for his fun.

Sartorially, he borders on the flashy. His suits are neatly tailored; his ties are as colorful as his shirts. Every lunch hour is touched off by a shave, trim and shine. Every evening dinner is preceded by a vigorous rub at a health emporium, and daily he visits his doctor for a checkup.

For relaxation, it's a daily noon-hour wager on the ponies, a too infrequent movie or stage production and racy humor anytime. Besides major sports events, he favors spaghetti, columnists—sports and gossip—subscriptions to every important newspaper and magazine and radio program. He weekly guest-stars on as many as three or four sports shows and regularly releases a prepared baseball broadcast to hundreds of smaller stations.

For irritation, it's the pealing of Christmas carols during the yuletide season in a large department store window across the street; any traffic cop who fails to change the stream of cars as Spink steps to the curb—and self-satisfied baseball moguls.

His wife is charming and as proud as he is of their two children—the son in the Coast Guard, and their attractive daughter, Marie, wife of Ensign John David Sweeney, Jr., of the Navy. Spink's devotion to his family is unsurpassed and his thrill at being a grandfather—why, it keeps him from his desk until 9 a.m. when Marie visits St. Louis. What finer tribute from a Spink? ##

Red Badge of Courage

"Yes, Madame? Perfume? What can I recommend to you today? Perhaps you'd like to try *Danger*? One of our newest creations—but only for the woman who has no fear of the consequences."

"Hm. Have you anything else to recommend?"

"Indeed, Madame! Why not try *Reckless*—a perfume so daring that only the utterly fearless should consider using it?"

"Well—"

"—or *Hazard*—for the woman who laughs at risks."

"My goodness, you have quite an assortment, haven't you?"

"Yes, Madame, there's also *Fearless*—a brand we can only recommend to those hardy few who face the odds unafraid."

"Odds?"

"Or perhaps *Risk* is the number that will appeal to you most—although fraught with danger as its name implies."

"Well, do you think—"

"But wait! Have you ever tried *Courageous*? Of course, that's intended only for what I might call the *femme fatale* type."

"I understand. Is that all you have?"

"Oh, no. We also have *Threat*, *Forbidden*, *Rash Venture*, *Daring*, *Dangerous Gamble* and *Supreme Peril*."

"Ah! Fine. I'll take that *Supreme Peril*. Why do things halfway, I always say."

"Exactly, Madame. Here you are. The perfume and—"

"Say, what's that document you're handing me with it?"

"Our latest innovation, Madame. With any of the famous-name brands of perfume nowadays we give you free a five-thousand-dollar insurance policy, good until the bottle's empty, to protect you against every contingency."

—Parke Cummings

Walking PARTNERS

"Walking partners" . . . matching stride for stride in harmonious companionship . . . British Walkers and Synchro-Flex Shoes are like that. Patented construction gives them glove-like suppleness, sound stability. They conform to every movement of your feet; support you buoyantly. . . . Most of your sixteen (or more) waking hours are action-hours. So you need the refreshing comfort of these exceptional shoes—the most congenial "walking partners" you ever had.

FIRST:
BUY MORE BONDS

J. P. SMITH
SHOE CO.
CHICAGO 22

BRITISH WALKERS
MADE IN THE U.S.A.

don't listen

● TO IDLE RUMORS

Careless talk can cost countless lives. It is your duty to safeguard information of value to the enemy. In your own interest safeguard your American right of "Freedom of Choice." Ask for what you want by brand name. Trade marks are a double protection. They enable you to reject as well as to select. When you say "I want Paris—and not a substitute," you exercise your right to choose what you use. Protect this privilege. Trust the trade marks which have stood the test of time,

● Paris Belt illustrated: No. MB 343 Smart two tone twill. Genuine pig skin trim. Choice of four color combinations. $1.00. Other Paris Belts $1 to $5.

BY THE MAKERS OF PARIS GARTERS AND "FREE SWING" SUSPENDERS, A. STEIN & COMPANY . . . CHICAGO . . . NEW YORK . . . LOS ANGELES

PARIS BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 89

("Not Countin' Days It Was Sore and How It Got That Way.") Part Three discusses "Who's the Greatest Hitter in the World?" The windup is the answer to "Who's the Greatest Pitcher-Runner in the World?" ("Not Countin' Days I Was Tired.") Diz demolishes "house dicks" (players who show off in hotel lobbies) and "pebble pickers" (infielders who alibi fielding bobbles by picking up imaginary pebbles which, they indicate, caused the ball to take a crazy hop); he lingers lovingly on the season when he and his brother Paul won 49 games for the Cards and went on to mow down the Detroit Tigers in the World Series.

As things are shaping up, Diz may be back on the mound before the season ends. He's neither too young nor too old. In a pinch he can confound the opposition by throwing his book at them.

The Dean Dictionary should never have omitted the classic repartee that brightened the first Series' game at Detroit. The fans were riding him hard that day and hooted when he struck out the entire side in one inning and came swaggering to the bench. "If I was your wife," hollered one lady enthusiast, "I'd give you poison." "If I wuz your husband," snapped Dean, "I'd take it!"

The talk of the town is a first novel named *The Lost Weekend* by Charles Jackson. He's a radio executive by profession, and everybody is trying to guess the model for his central character, a drunk of truly epic proportions. The book is the story of a five-day binge, and a doctor, who has handled so many cases of D.T.'s he knows every pink elephant by its first name, assures me the details are uncannily accurate. Jackson writes like a streak. When I put down *The Lost Weekend* I was a bottle-scarred veteran, ready for the W.C.T.U. Then a chum phoned to say he had located three bottles of Haig and Haig.

Niven Busch's *Duel in the Sun* is a rattling good Western story, the best in its class since Walter Clark's *The Ox-Bow Incident*. Reports from war fronts indicate this type of fiction is in greatest demand, with sailors in particular clamoring for more. Busch got his early training on *Life* and *Time*, and then he married the captivating Teresa Wright of Hollywood. He has spent his vacations for ten years working or duding on southwest ranches and learned the folklore of the region fast. He says that though horses smell some, they're easier to ride than subways and he has developed a sleepy southwest drawl that occasionally makes even the natives forget that this Busch grew in Brooklyn.

If *Duel in the Sun* whets your appetite for more tales of Texas, George Sessions Perry's *Hackberry Cavalier* is just what the doctor ordered. It is an engaging series of yarns about the Texan land and its people, both of which grow better with time. If you don't believe me, ask any Texan!

A Pictorial History of the Movies is not a book to be exposed on a library table. People have a habit of picking it up when it's time for them to go home and keeping you up long past your bedtime. One of the first pictures shows Hollywood at the turn of the century, a sleepy little village. Then come hundreds of "stills" from films that made the place what it is today. There's no telling what picture will inspire a Proustian stream of memories. For me, it was the shots of Norma Talmadge. When I was at Columbia we used to sneak down to the Nemo Theatre afternoons when her films were showing. Mr. Hays had not yet told glamor girls how well and how long they could kiss on the screen, and when Norma did her stuff—usually with stalwart Eugene O'Brien—the audience at the Nemo screamed, "Hold it!" The film operator, an amiable soul, would lock the machine for twenty or thirty seconds at just the right place. It probably is the daughters of some of these spectators who squeal like newborn pigs today every time Frank Sinatra lifts his voice. A text of sorts runs through the *Pictorial History* but it's hardly worth straining your eyes to read. It bears the name of one of my favorite editors, Deems Taylor, who probably tossed it off with his left hand between cocktails and the *Philco Radio Hour*.

Burns Mantle, whose yearbooks of the theatre constitute a whole drama library, has now collected in one volume, *The Best Plays of 1899-1909*, ten exhibits that achieved the biggest hits on Broadway at just about the time the D. W. Griffiths, Mary Pickfords, and "Bronco Billy" Andersons were heading westward. It includes such well-remembered plays as *The Climbers*, *The Squaw Man*, *Barbara Fritchie* and *The Man from Home*, and were I not afraid of infringing on Papa Nathan's domain, I'd tell you how they read today. ⧺

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE:

The Curtain Rises, by Quentin Reynolds (Random House)
The Wounded Don't Cry, by Quentin Reynolds (Dutton)
The Dizzy Dean Dictionary (Falstaff Brewing Corp.)
The Lost Weekend, by C. Jackson (Farrar & Rinehart)
Duel in the Sun, by Niven Busch (Morrow)
Hackberry Cavalier, by George S. Perry (Viking)
A Pictorial History of the Movies (Simon & Schuster)
The Best Plays of 1899-1909 (Dodd Mead)

Nothing takes
the place of
BACARDI
RUM
Ron Bacardi Superior
DE BACARDI Y C.IA
ESTABLISHED IN 1862
SANTIAGO DE CUBA
89 PROOF
PRODUCE OF CUBA

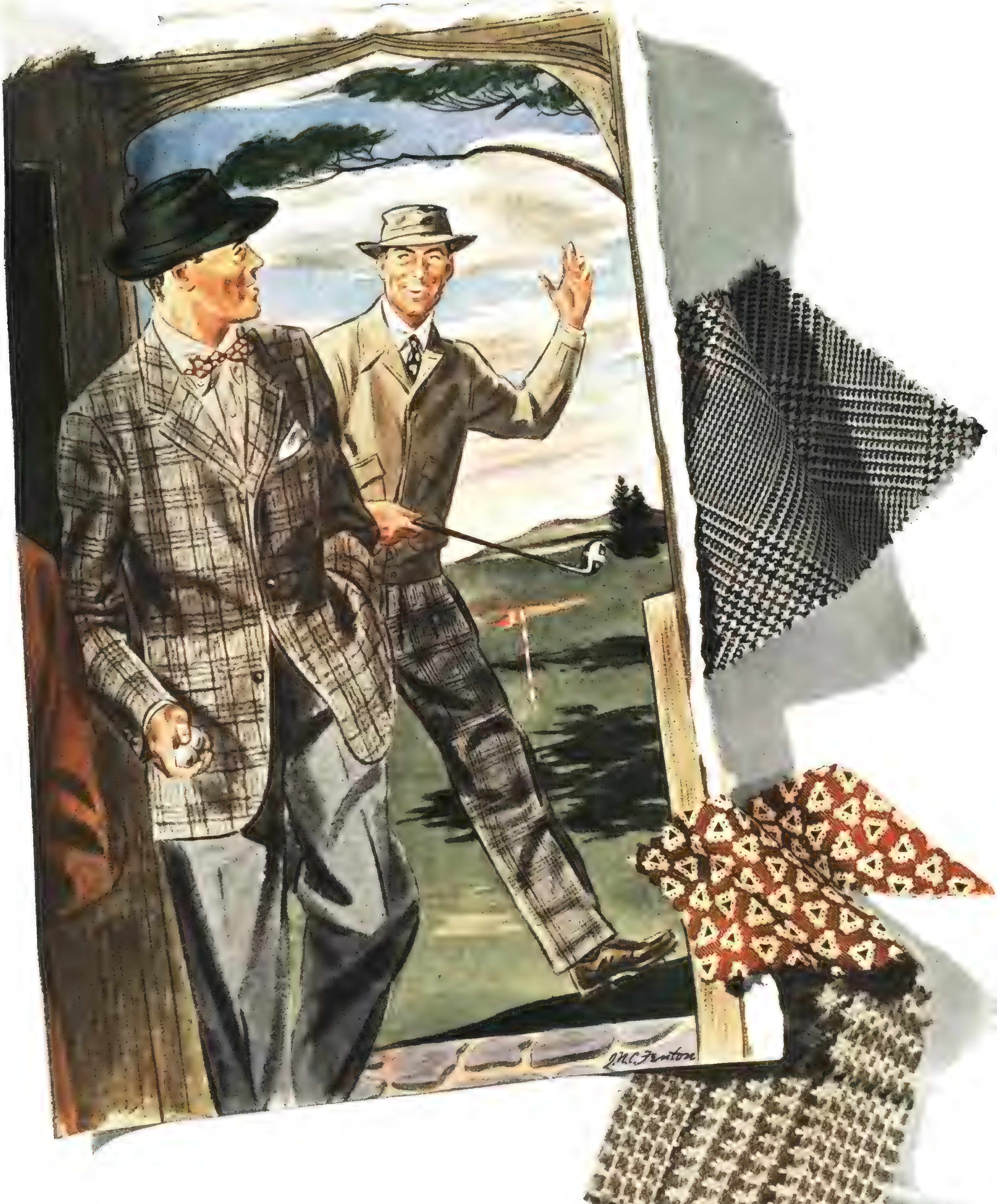
Esteemed all ways . . . all over the world

In all the realm of fine liquors none is more highly regarded than Bacardi, famed the world over for over 82 years. Inimitable in quality, uncopyable in flavor, Bacardi also possesses the unique distinction of being highly versatile . . . of making every drink, mixed or straight, perfection itself. Whatever your taste . . . a Bacardi Cocktail, Bacardi Cuba Libre, Bacardi Straight, Bacardi and Soda, Bacardi Old Fashioned, Bacardi Collins . . . or any of the 30 other grand Bacardi drinks . . . *nothing takes the place of Bacardi!*

AWARDED 35 MEDALS FOR EXCELLENCE SINCE 1862

AND REMEMBER — NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS!

★A Bacardi Cocktail MUST be made with Bacardi (Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936) RUM — 89 PROOF — Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York, N. Y.



one egg is like another

Regard the congenial tastes of these golfers, reading from jacket to slacks: Glen plaid. The gink on the left, proud possesser of two (count 'em) golf balls, is, of course, on his way to the locker room, to change into something more active. His costume of the moment consists of a brown and natural Glen plaid jacket, enlivened with vertical stripes of oxblood, and horizontal stripes of dark green, tan Oxford shirt with button-down collar, lightweight felt pork pie hat, and bow tie in small-figured red foulard. The fellow with the driver, now talking a great game, wears a tan processed cotton jacket with button fly-front and slanting patch pockets, the better to hold those tees. Roomy shoulders allow for a good swing. The hat is also processed cotton—so rain or shine, he'll be out there swinging. His slacks are worsted; his half hose, blue wool; his shoes, brown moccasins.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Spunray
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DR

For full color picture Miss Spunray write Dan River Mills.

IT'S YOURS, PRIVATE JONES— ALL YOURS

That's right, Mister – it's waiting for you when you get back. Yours for the golf and tennis we're going to play again someday—yours for long afternoons of fishing—yours to wear around the house or puttering in the garden. A cool, comfortable Spunray* shirt. You're going to like it, Private Jones—you're going to like it plenty. Dan River Mills, 32 Thomas Street, New York 13, N. Y.

Spunray is a two-ply, 50% rayon and 50% cotton comfort fabric for leisure shirts, dress shirts and ensembles.

VAT DYED FOR COLOR FASTNESS
SANFORIZED† AGAINST SHRINKAGE
TEBILIZED FOR CREASE RESISTANCE

ASK FOR SPUNRAY SHIRTS AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. †Shrinkage less than 1%

BE RIGHT-DRINK LIGHT
BROWN-FORMAN
BROWN-FORMAN
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET, BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN INCORPORATED AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

KING

LIGHT AS A WHISPER

KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% neutral spirits. Made from grain and cane products.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 87

be welded together into a workable idea. A farm system plan under definite limitations more strict than now would help. The present setup may be satisfactory to the major clubs (some of them, at least), but at least part of the solution will have to be arrived at from the approach of "what is satisfactory to the minors."

It was the idea of **Dick Cullum,** Minneapolis *Times,* that:

The strongest argument in favor of the farm system is that minor league teams need the help the major leagues offer; and this may be true, but only because the major leagues control all available players far beyond the needs of their own systems. Give the independent minor league team an even chance in the player market and it will pay its own way. It isn't a fair argument against independent ownership for the major leagues to establish a monopoly on all sources of material and then say to the minors, "You can't get along without us." Naturally not, under those circumstances. But change a rule or two and watch the independents prosper.

Taking the other side, **James F. Henderson,** Muskegon *Chronicle,* pointed out that:

Few minor leagues make money. Most lose cash and call on public support. That's a poor foundation. However, major league baseball is a business, and the majors can afford to lose money on a city provided that city develops some new ball players, as Muskegon did in John Lipon for the Detroit Tigers. Developed privately, the Tigers would have paid around $50,000 for the boy. That sum would keep a minor league club going a long time.

Charles Young, *The Knickerbocker News,* Albany, suggested that: "No major league club should be permitted to own more than one team in each classification. To do away with the farm system at once would be disastrous. If it can be done gradually, all well and good."

Leo Kautz, Davenport *Times,* told of the situation in which:

Davenport at one time tried to operate independently in organized baseball. That was in the days of the Class D Mississippi Valley league, a fine organization of youngsters founded by the late Mike Sexton. In later years, with the majors grabbing all the talent as soon as the kids came out of high school, Davenport found it impossible to continue without big league aid. The Valley folded. So did the old Western. Now we're waiting for a major league outfit to send a farm club to Davenport.

QUESTION III

Every branch of the service is now teaching swimming. Should we make swimming compulsory in the schools throughout America just as soon as the facilities can be provided?

The Public	Yes 82.26%
Sportscasters	Yes 83.34%
Sports Writers	Yes 93.33%

One who voted "no" on this question remarked that if Esquire could get the public and sports authorities as stirred up about teaching "book l'arnin'" in schools as we have got them to consider physical instruction in schools, the students would be greatly benefited. But what good is an answer in a book to a kid after he's gone toward the bottom for the third time?

Some objection was registered to the cost of providing swimming facilities in schools. The nation's already lost enough in the value of drowned sailors and soldiers to put a de luxe pool in every school.

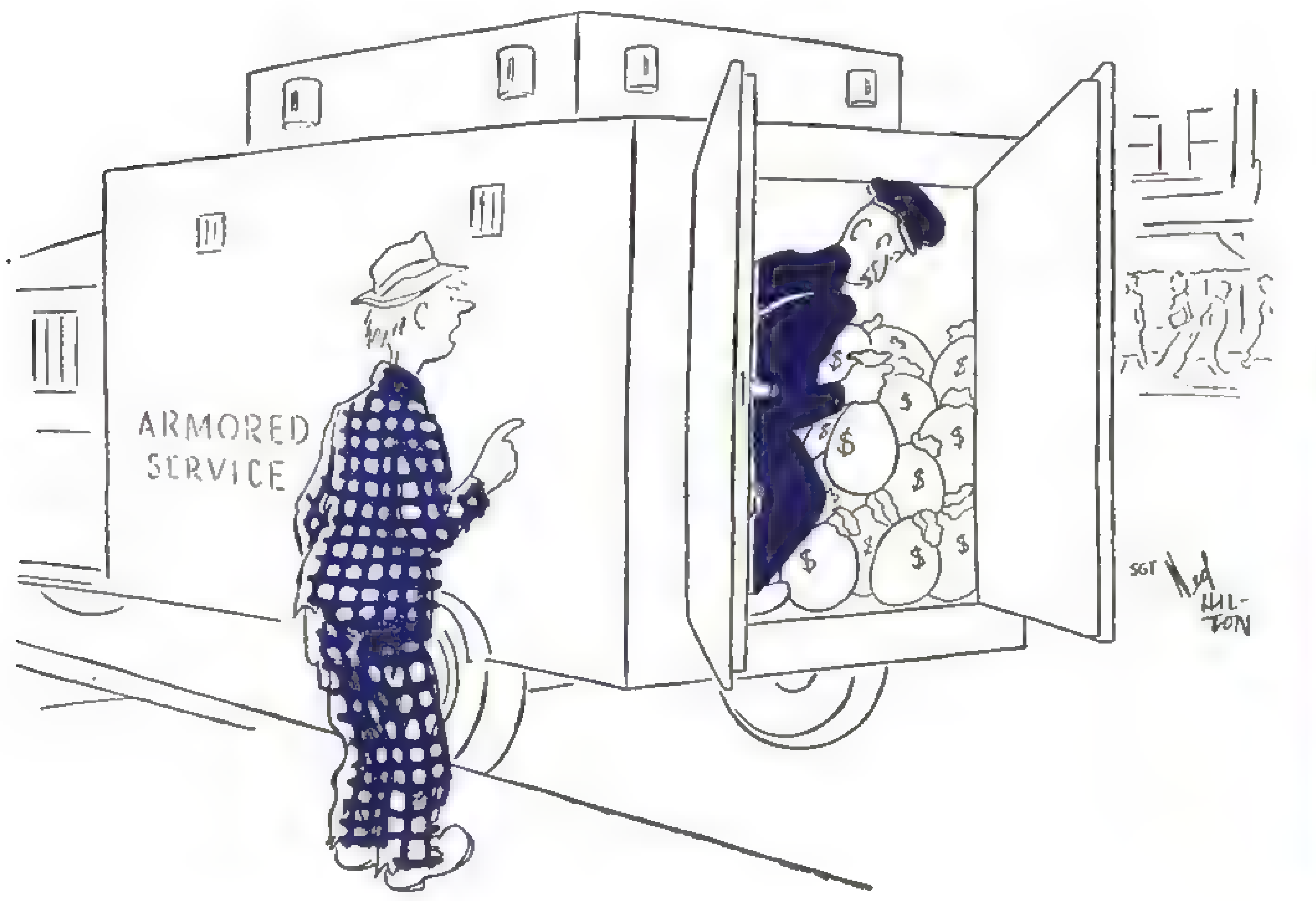
"The problem is the pools," declared **Major John L. Griffith,** Big Ten athletic commissioner. "It would be a fine thing to agitate for more swimming pools, and I am in favor of making swimming compulsory for all boys and girls with few exceptions in all institutions that now have pools."

Richard Kishpaugh, Battle Creek, Michigan, *Enquirer and News,* reported:

Battle Creek's Central High School has one of the best teams in the country every year. They have won their conference title 13 out of the last 14 years, and have been state titlists 9 times. Many of the local stars have starred on the University of Michigan teams, including Dobson Burton, who is now on the record-breaking Great Lakes team. Also, Bette Burton and Martha Blair, both of whom rate among the first ten in the country in women's diving, are from Battle Creek.

"Not a day passes," wrote **C. L. Sawin,** coach of the championship Riviera club girls' teams of Indianapolis, "that we aren't confronted with stories convincing us

Continued on page 120



"Does all that money bring you any happiness?"

CLUB SODA
DELIGHTFUL TABLE WATER
A MARVELOUS MIXER
CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER
"PIN-POINT CARBONATION"
A SPECIAL FORMULA OF CANADA DRY RESEARCH LABORATORIES

"I hear a better highball coming"

YOU CAN *hear* the zest and liveliness of drinks mixed with Canada Dry Water . . . sparkle lasts right down to the bottom sip.

Canada Dry's "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"* means millions of tinier bubbles . . . brisk little bubbles that insure lasting liveliness, in spite of melting ice.

Make the most of your precious liquor stocks. Use Canada Dry Water. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink—scotch, rye, bourbon, gin or rum.

P.S. *If you prefer mixers with fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as Canada Dry . . . "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."*

CANADA DRY WATER

***PIN-POINT CARBONATION**—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 87-119

of the importance of swimming. Mass methods of teaching give greater opportunity for a nationwide water program. We should not miss the boat. Now is the time to plan for a better job in the next go round."

W. I. Christie, Hanford, California, *Sentinel*, added that:

> For altogether too many years, swimming has been classed as a "sport"—rather than a necessity. You don't see the Red Cross giving annual schools in golf or tennis, but the Red Cross thinks enough of swimming to make it one of its most important peacetime programs. It's a crying shame that too many high schools have been reactionary and backward in ignoring this need.

Dr. Karl W. Bookwalter of Indiana University, Chairman of the Research Council of the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, also said:

> It's a shame that our schools have truly given only lip service to recreation and physical education facilities. Our Army units are motor morons on the average, proving the narrow skills training in our public schools. There should be a swimming pool or pools in every secondary school and college. Each elementary school should have a "parent" or key pool to which their pupils would go regularly for instruction in swimming. This is the age for laying down skills—not in the college or in the Army. The provision of swimming facilities should be subsidized and participation in the sport made compulsory.

QUESTION IV

Do you think that golf instruction in general has kept pace with teaching methods in the other sports?

The Public	**No 78.95%**
Sportscasters	**No 64.44%**
Sports Writers	**No 65.82%**

The public vote here is unexpectedly emphatic and probably is based not so much on acquaintance with teaching methods in other sports as on the public's knowledge that the golf pros are unable to work the miracle of teaching a muscle-bound adult to break 80 in one easy half-hour lesson.

Pro golf leaders, knowing what they're up against in the complexities of teaching, have been trying for several years to determine simplified fundamentals. A Professional Golfers' Association committee, headed by the veteran teaching and playing authority Joe Novak, has been working on the instruction problem for four years. Eventually, instruction may share P.G.A. primary attention with the pros' tournament activities, thus developing a much higher general scoring standard.

"In many instances," figured Jerry Nason, Boston *Globe*, "golf instruction is in advance of other sports." Robert G. Kenney, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, *Herald*, had this comment to make:

> Golf pros are constantly learning new tricks in their trade and are very willing to teach all that they know to future players. Anyone desiring to play real golf can do so at practically any country club in the country and have good instruction. One thing that might be said about golf instruction is that there should be set rates for instruction in order that every player might have the same opportunity.

Eddie Loos was among those voting that golf instruction was up to the par of other sports.

QUESTION V

Who was the greatest boxer of all time, in your opinion, in each of the weight divisions?

To save your wind we list the years the first choices won their championships. Dempsey, 1919; Fitzsimmons, 1903 (Ruby Robert won the world's middleweight title in 1891, and the heavyweight crown in 1897); Walker, 1926; Armstrong, 1938; Leonard, 1917; Kilbane, 1912; McGovern, 1899; and Wilde, not at all.

"There's a difference between a boxer and a fighter," insisted A. W. Wells, Gainesville, Texas, *Register*. "Dempsey, I believe, was the greatest fighter of all time, though Corbett and possibly others were better boxers." Ted Campagna, WDAY, Fargo, pointed out that: "Dempsey was easy to hit. Boxing is to keep from getting hit." His choice was Jack Johnson. Henry J. McCormick, Madison, Wisconsin, *State Journal*, also gave the top to Johnson as the best heavyweight. "Try to figure out who would have beaten him at his peak," he said. "I tried and can't." Earle D. Wilson, WNBH, New Bedford, Massachusetts, also had good words for Johnson, as follows:

> Jack Johnson was the best heavyweight ever to don gloves. Judging him from a straight pugilistic angle, he was just about everything a good boxer should be. He could hit; he could take it; he could fight and he could box; he used his head as well as his fists and feet; he was quick on his feet, despite his bulk; he would spar with the best of them and slug it out with sluggers. In his prime, he kept in condition and until his last big fight always gave the fans a run for their money.

Abe J. Greene, president of the National Boxing Association, rated in order: Jack Dempsey, Bob Fitzsimmons, Harry Greb, Joe Walcott, Benny Leonard, George Dixon, Terry McGovern and Jimmy Wilde. Homer C. George, Santa Barbara *News-Press*, put the following in the first six weight divisions: Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Kid McCoy, Joe Walcott, Joe Gans and Benny Leonard. "The above," he said, "is the opinion expressed to me by James J. Corbett, with the exception that Corbett thought he was the greatest." ⌗

Alive with Action!
Free-for-All
an AXEL exclusive

Sam Byrd
Winner
New Orleans Open
1944

Johnny Bulla
Runner up
Los Angeles Open
1944

Sportsmen, men-of-action everywhere endorse Free-for-All. Its revolutionary construction... the complete absence of seams at shoulder and armholes, eliminates binding . . . gives unhampered freedom in motion. In COHAMA *Elkskin and other fabrics. At better stores.*

Leon A. Axel, LTD. · 200 FIFTH AVE · NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

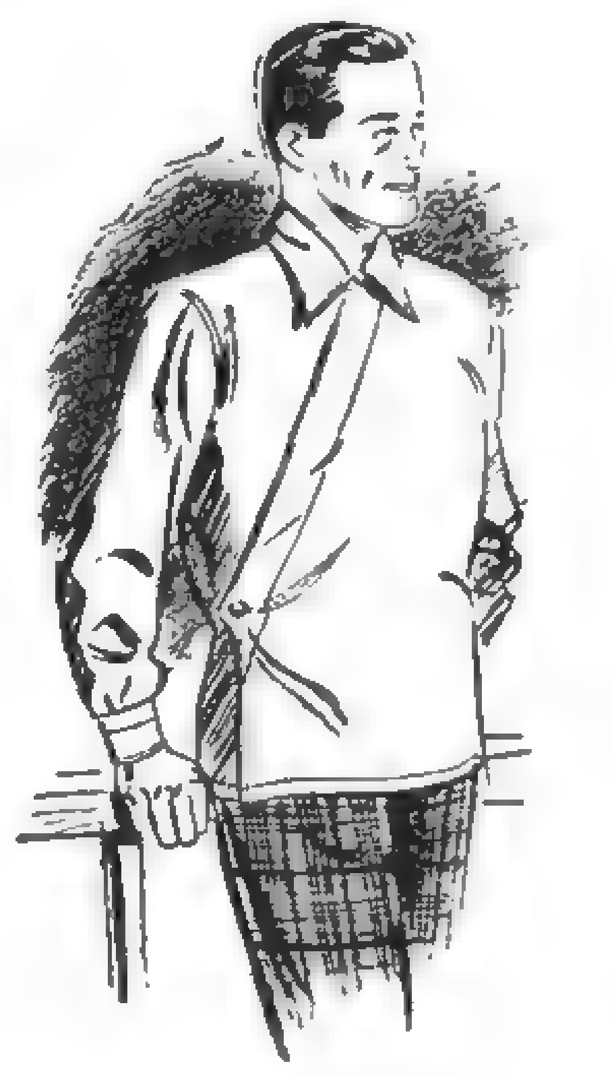
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Gibbons, Pillar of St. Paul

Continued from page 56

them on a percentage basis, with Gibbons receiving fifty per cent of the gate receipts after Dempsey had been paid his 300,000 dollars.

"Collins, Johnson and Zimmerman convinced me the fight would draw at least 500,000 dollars," Gibbons recounted. "This meant between 75,000 dollars and 100,000 dollars for me, plus an opportunity to win the heavyweight championship having an estimated value of 1,000,000 dollars.



Wrap style sport shirt of rayon gabardine is cut with diagonal opening in front. Fastened with one button at collar and one at each side, it fits snugly at waist.

"I still think the fight would have drawn 500,000 dollars if the promoters had met their payments as agreed," Tommy continued.

"When they failed to pay the second 100,000-dollar installment on June first, sports writers predicted the fight never would be held. The promoters finally came up with the 100,000 dollars the middle of June, but when July first came around they couldn't meet the third payment. They had hoped the sale of tickets would take care of it.

"Kearns called the fight off at three a.m., July 2, whereupon twenty-two special trains from the East, Middle West, Far West and South were cancelled.

"When Kearns consented to go through with the fight at 6 a.m., July 2, it was too late for trains to arrive in Shelby in time for the bout, even though arrangements were made with railroad companies to haul boxing fans from distant points.

"Kearns agreed to go through with the fight for the 200,000 dollars already paid him and Dempsey, and whatever cash had been taken in at the box office on the day of the bout. This amounted to 60,000 dollars more.

"I knew before entering the ring I would not receive a penny for my services. But I was so sure I could beat Dempsey I didn't care. I knew I could make a fortune with the championship and was content to gamble on that chance."

Gibbons admits he erred in his plan of battle against Dempsey.

"I figured the only way to whip Dempsey was to carry the fight to him in the first round; get him on his heels and keep him there.

"I was sure I could take the play away from him by rushing and keeping him so busy defending himself he couldn't do much punching himself. In other words, I figured a good offense would be the best defense against Jack.

"I figured, too, Jack would be rusty as a result of not having engaged in a fight for two years—not since he kayoed Georges Carpentier in four rounds in 1921.

"That's where I made a terrible mistake. I played right into Jack's hands by tearing into him as soon as the gong started the first round. That was right up Jack's alley because he loved to slug it out toe to toe with opponents.

"During a wild mix-up, Jack nailed me with a terrific blow between the eyes. He aimed for my chin. I tried to duck under it, but didn't time the punch.

"Fortunately, the blow didn't find its original target, otherwise the fight might have ended there. Despite the fact it landed on my forehead, I felt the punch clear down to my ankles.

"I saw three Dempseys in front of me, so I grabbed the one in the middle and clinched until the fog lifted from my brain.

"How I lasted out that round and the next three was a mystery to me for days afterward. The punch affected my vision so badly I could scarcely see Jack, much less gauge the blows which he fired at me from every angle with machine-gun rapidity.

"My brain finally cleared and my vision improved when the sixth round was reached. But I never fully recovered from the effects of the pummeling I endured during the first five rounds.

"Jack won the decision at the end of fifteen rounds. It might have been another story, or at least I would have made the milling much closer if I had boxed on the defensive during the early rounds, let Jack bring the milling to me and picked him off with counter punches, a plan of battle Gene Tunney used so effectively against Jack to win the title three years later."

Claims were made by some sports writers to alibi their predictions that Dempsey would knock out Gibbons in anywhere from three to six rounds, that Jack felt sorry because Tommy fought him for nothing and deliberately permitted Tommy to stay the scheduled fifteen rounds. Reports were spread, too, that Dempsey and Kearns gave Tommy 25,000 dollars from their purse.

Both reports were utterly false. Dempsey did everything possible to score a knockout, nailing him frequently on the breakaway from clinches after being ordered by the referee to break clean.

On one occasion, while fighting along the ropes, Dempsey forced

Continued on page 122

HERE'S HOW TO

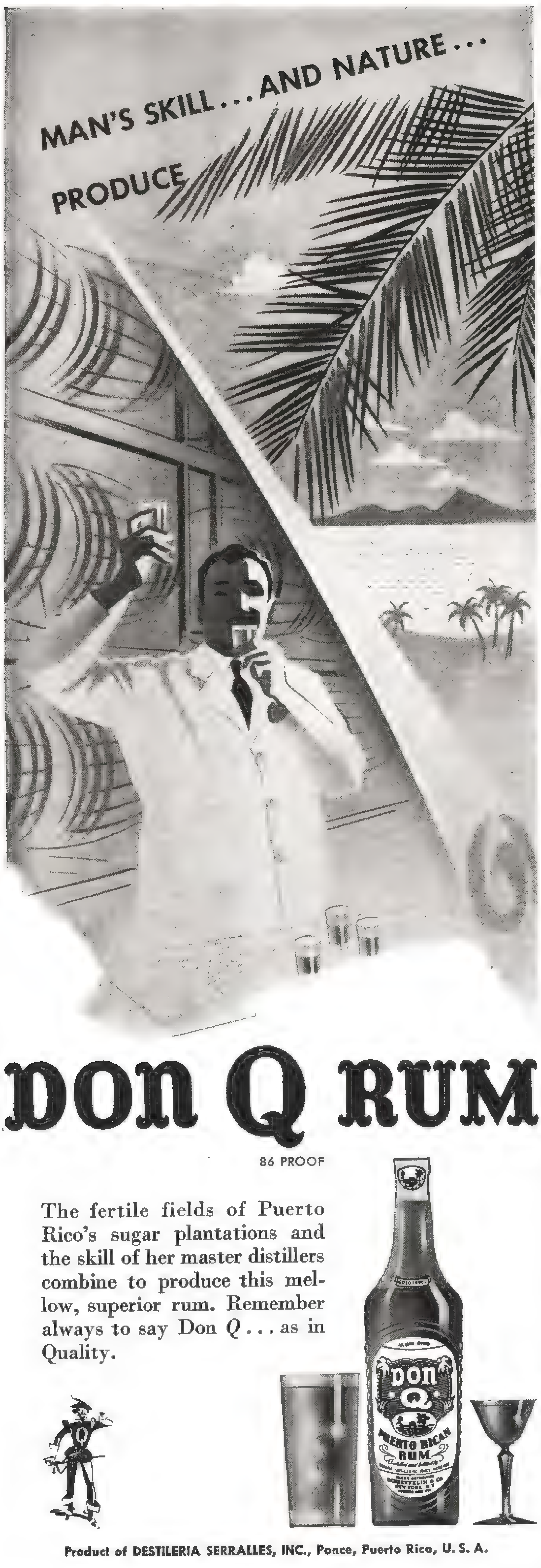
DUCK THE HEAT

Paddle over to your favorite store and get into a Rivercool. Man, here's comfort of a new order—pure spun rayon, light as waterspray. Yet a Rivercool looks like worsted, comes in worsted patterns and colors, is tailored as precisely as your winter suits. It goes for all occasions from a mayor's committee meeting to a tennis tournament. And, thanks to a special finish, it keeps its fresh appearance through the summer's worst sizzlers. Rivercools are priced down to riverbed level to keep your budget from burning up. And they give you a lot of extra enjoyment. Try one and see. If you cannot find it at your dealer's, write to us.

DAN RIVER MILLS
DANVILLE DR VIRGINIA

RIVERCOOL*
SUMMER SUITS AND SLACKS
Cool · Colorful · Comfortable

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



DON Q RUM

86 PROOF

The fertile fields of Puerto Rico's sugar plantations and the skill of her master distillers combine to produce this mellow, superior rum. Remember always to say Don *Q* . . . as in Quality.

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Gibbons, Pillar of St. Paul

Continued from pages 56-121

Tommy's head between the middle and upper strands, and then belted him on the chin with a smashing right-hander.

"All I got out of the fight was 5,000 dollars for training expenses," Tommy declared.

"I made 50,000 dollars from a vaudeville tour on the strength of my fine showing against Dempsey, plus the fact I had the nerve to fight him for nothing, whereas all other opponents received at least a hundred thousand dollars."

Gibbons' two biggest money matches were with Georges Carpentier and Gene Tunney.

Tommy was paid 20,000 dollars when he defeated Carpentier in a ten-round fight at Michigan City, Indiana, May 31, 1924, and a guarantee of 110,000 dollars for his bout with Tunney at the Polo Grounds, New York City, June 5, 1925. He was knocked out by the Fighting Marine in the twelfth round of a scheduled fifteen-rounder.

Previous to that, Tommy's biggest purses were with Jack Bloomfield in London and Harry Greb at the old Madison Square Garden, New York. He received a guarantee of 25,000 dollars and all expenses for flattening Bloomfield in three rounds in London, August 9, 1924. Tommy took down a guarantee of 17,500 dollars when Greb decisioned him in fifteen rounds March 13, 1922.

"I could have earned in excess of 100,000 dollars after Tunney knocked me out," Gibbons revealed, "because there was such a demand for heavyweights during the boom era in the twenties. But I decided to retire due to the serious illness of my first wife, Helen.

"She became seriously ill while I was training to fight Tunney. But with so much money at stake, I decided to go through with the bout rather than inconvenience the promoters by a postponement.

"Helen was ill for several months after the fight, so I decided to call it a day to remain close to her and the kiddies."

Gibbons invested most of his ring earnings in annuities and is comfortably fixed for the rest of his life. He has no expensive habits, consequently he pays all current expenses from his sheriff's salary, thereby letting his annuities accumulate.

Helen, his first wife, died several years ago. He married Mrs. Josephine Black of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, three years ago. She was a widow with three children. Tommy had nine of his own—seven sons and two daughters.

Tommy believes that most pugilists of the past ten years were rushed forward too rapidly by avaricious managers.

"Before the war," says Tommy, "I saw many promising young boxers ruined because unscrupulous managers were too eager to make quick money with them. They had youngsters fighting tough opponents before they mastered the first rudiments of defensive tactics and proper methods of hitting.

"Instead of engaging a competent trainer to school a youngster for at least a year in boxing technique before turning him loose against a professional rival, they overmatched the lad before he was ready.

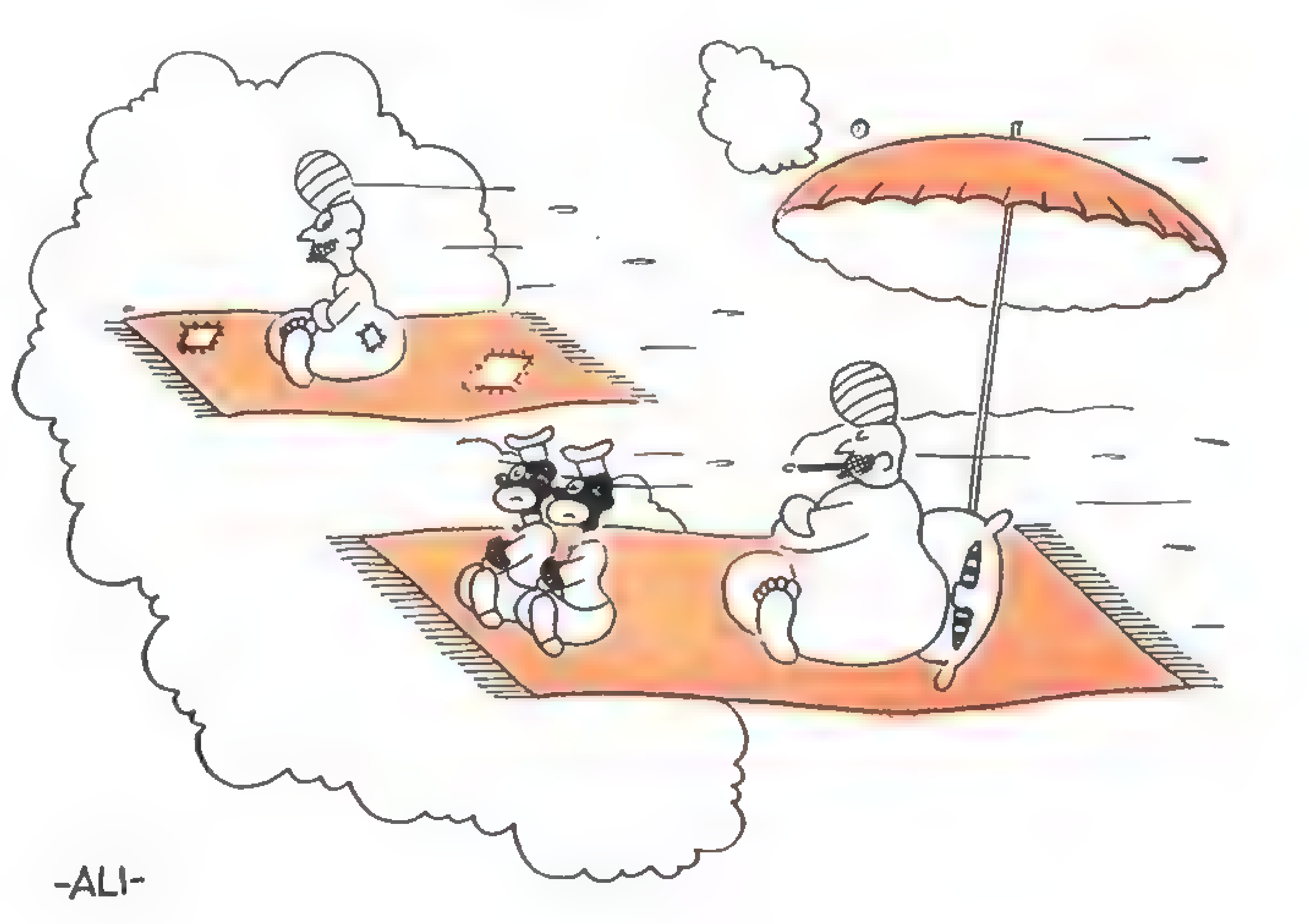
"Instead of matching a boy for 25 dollars with a lad he had an even chance of defeating, greedy managers pitted him for 100 dollars against a rival with whom he didn't stand a ghost of a chance.

"The tragic part was that a boy who might have gone a long way under proper handling was battered into a physical and mental wreck before he knew what the boxing business was all about."

Gibbons would offer no objections if any of his sons desired to go in for professional boxing.

"Boxing, like any other business or profession," says Gibbons, "is exactly what you make it. A fellow can be a pugilist and maintain the respect of the better element, as attested by James J. Corbett, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Willie Ritchie, Benny Leonard, Tommy Loughran and my brother, Mike, to name a few.

"Boxing was very good to me and it always will have my best wishes." ###



Outdoors Is Where They Grow

Continued from page 67

against the backstop. Pretty soon he got in front of one and caught it. Then I asked him to take a racket and bat a few balls for me to hit. Soon I discovered that two years before when trying to play baseball with older boys, he had been struck in the face by a hard thrown ball that he didn't know how to handle. His eyes were blackened and his nose bloodied. The accident could have passed but worst of all was that he was jeered off the field. In psychological language, he was conditioned against fast moving balls and, by reflection, against other games. No one had recognized the fact. His mother, a very intelligent college graduate, wrote to tell me of his "natural" dislike for athletics.

"Of course she misses her ground round steak—hell's bells, so do I!"

She must have been surprised when he came home to her in the fall, runner-up in the camp tennis championship. His pride rose up in him and made him a splendid, manly boy.

A two-year-old baby will walk out into the water over his head, but a growing boy, especially if he was brought up inland, sometimes has an overmastering fear of water. With Joey, pride seemed no use as an appeal.

He was a slender, sensitive boy. The swimming instructor, after a good part of an afternoon of pleading, finally induced Joey to wade out waist deep and then at last compel himself to duck and push himself toward the instructor's outstretched hands, a glide of three feet. This triumph seemed the culmination but in August, with the instructor on one side and a boat on the other, Joey was induced to paddle to the raft, a hundred feet out. Once there he was shuddering. He wouldn't swim back. "Oh, no. The boat. The boat." He was almost crying.

A bigger boy, one of those youngsters who are just naturally pointed to be an All-American fullback some day, was on the raft looking on, not saying anything, but contemptuous. This boy was the object of Joey's helpless admiration for his cheerful daring, as he was of most of the other boys. "Look here, Joey," said the instructor. "You can do it. Bob will go with you. You've seen Bob in life-saving practice. He could carry you that far easily. Swim in with him."

Joey set his teeth and let himself down into the water. "Don't you touch me," he said as he let go. He paddled furiously for shore, not making much time but moving along. "Keep away from me," he gasped several times as his head rolled toward Bob, who was loafing along a few feet distant. Joey made it and stood up glorious.

If you know boys, I don't need to tell you that before the summer was over we had to watch Joey to keep him from swimming across the lake by himself.

In camp life we don't try to expose boys to actual conditions of hardship and peril. We try to toughen their bodies so they will have confidence in their powers. And with that we try to condition their minds so that they will be able to face any situation with the courage to do calmly what they know how to do. I shall never forget what a camp director once told me about a group of his boys. This man had a camp up north. The boys had gone out on a long hike with a young counsellor in charge.

Late at night they were many miles from the camp, lost in a wilderness country on a mountainside. There had been a terrific rainstorm with bursts of hail. Rain still was falling heavily. The counsellor who had been guiding them was helpless. He had sprained his ankle and he was blinded by a branch which had struck him across his face so that his eyes were bandaged.

The boys made a shelter with their ponchos, got dry wood by chopping open a fallen hollow log, made a fire, cooked their emergency rations, had supper and fed the dazed counsellor. He was in no condition to give any advice. They studied the map, laid out a course by compass, cut a rough pair of crutches for him from forked branches and got him to his feet. Taking turns helping him, they started for a stream that would give them their bearings for the camp.

They made it. The camp director was waiting with blankets, hot water and big fires. First they got the counsellor to his room. After the boys had turned in, the director went to him. The counsellor was sitting up in bed reading. He laughed. "Don't let any of them see me tonight," he said. "And don't get me well too quick. I put on the show to see if they could get me out of there."

"But what I shall always remember," the director said to me, "the sight I shall always see is that bunch of boys coming in, cold, wet as muskrats, with the rain steaming off their faces, laughing and stamping in, tickled to death with themselves.

"That bunch coming in laughing through the rain. Those are the pictures that come back and make you know the job is worth while." ##

TO DAD FOR *Distinguished Service*

Choose any of these—
by Hickok:

New Modern Cameo tie bar, patented Hickok grip, $1.50.

Hickok Bar-H Belt with contrasting saddle stitch, $2.50.

Pigskin Belt, sterling silver gold inlay initial Buckle, $6.00.

Natural Pigskin Brace with contrasting saddle stitch, $2.00.

Hickok Bar-H tie chain with bucking bronco, $1.50.

HICKOK

Where War Work Comes First

BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY

"Home at last! And now to get into my comfortable Wings Sport Shirt!"

Across the threshold . . . great expectations — his definitely include comfortable Wings Sport Shirts. You can expect smarter style, more comfort in action and relaxation, when you wear perfect-fitting Wings. Cut to body proportions, you'll find these shirts fit with accuracy that's unique in sportswear. Ask for Wings Sportswear at your nearest dealer.

Quality Fabrics including
PACIFIC FABRICS

Wings Sport Shirts 1.65 to 7.50 Wings Ensembles 5.00 to 12.50

WINGS SPORTSWEAR
FOR PERFECT FIT

PIEDMONT SHIRT CO. Greenville S. C. Empire State Building, N.Y.C.

The Owl That Kept Winking

Continued from page 48

ously at him with its good wing.

He fought it, while his fingers and his hands were cut again and again. Blood dripped to the ground and on the owl's feathers. The man kept calling and crying, cursing and yelling.

Finally he had the owl by the legs, holding them with both bloody hands. One talon was still embedded in his flesh. It would tear him again when he let go.

For an instant the man considered thrashing the owl against a tree and not caring about the talon. Then he calmed a little. He remembered his desire to make the owl suffer. Now there was more reason for it than ever.

He looked at the bird. He wasn't able to laugh any more. But he could do something else. He spat into the owl's face. The bird blinked one eye but not the other and then stared steady hate again. The man looked for fear, but there was none.

He carried the owl to the outbuildings, not noticing the pain of the talon which remained buried in his hand. He went to the sizeable cage set upon the ground that had held pheasants he once tried to raise. Its chicken wire was stout. The back of the coop consisted of a heavy sheet of iron that was almost like armor. The owl wouldn't get out of this.

He lifted the opening at the side. He thrust both hands in, holding the bird. Even then he couldn't get rid of it at once. The flesh tore from the buried talon and at another place the owl slashed.

The man slammed shut the cage door, saw that it was securely fastened and then hurried into his house. In the kitchen he ran cold water over his hands until the bleeding stopped. It took quite a while. Then he doused his cuts with antiseptic. It stung all the way up to his elbows. The man yowled and yelled and danced and pranced until the awful stinging was over.

He bandaged the deepest of the cuts. Then he went out into the full daylight, making his way to the palmettos. He retrieved his shotgun and brought it back to place it in the rack beside his rifle. He started his day's chores, handicapped by his injuries. He went about the work grimly. He was so full of rage that he couldn't bring himself to glance at the owl's cage except once to see that it was still there.

In the afternoon one of his customers, a storekeeper from town, drove in to pick up an order. He saw the owl in the cage and the man's bandaged hands and asked, "What you got there?"

The man told him, and the customer, after ruminating over the occurrence and examining the owl, inquired, "What you going to do with him?"

"I'm going to kill him," the man answered promptly. "When I get good and ready. Maybe in a couple of days. Maybe in a couple of weeks. Then I'm going to cut off those talons and hang them on my wall. They're mine. They belong to me. After the chickens they got away with. After this." He held up his hands.

He looked at the owl which clung with its talons to the wire at the front of the cage. The owl blinked one eye as if winking at him in mockery. He kicked at it, sending the owl off the wire.

That night the man heard the owl calling to its mate and the answering from the woods. He began to enjoy having caught the owl alive.

In the morning he looked again for a sign of fear in the bird. But there was none. "I'll help you along," he told the owl. "I'll help you to have it."

In front of the coop he staked out a young chicken, giving it feed and water. He placed the water close to the wire of the cage, but not close enough so that the owl could reach it. Each day after that he put the chicken and the feed and the water there. The owl watched solemnly. It blinked one eye, then the other. In the night it called to its mate and received an answer, but the bird never showed any panic. Instead, it got back the use of its injured wing, which evidently had only been paralyzed by buckshot hitting it. This enraged the man so much that he kicked at it again.

On the fifth day another man came out from town. This was a winter visitor, a tourist, a snowbird from the north, a nosy who had heard about the owl.

"I'll give you three dollars for him," the snowbird offered.

"No, sir, you won't," the man answered.

"I'm going to give you five."

"No, sir, you ain't."

"I'll make it eight."

"He ain't for sale, Mister. Not for eight hundred dollars. Not for any price. Not if you offered me a million dollars."

"You mean to say you're going to kill him—this beautiful bird—like I've heard, out of spite?"

"I'm going to kill him for my own reasons. Which ain't yours, nor ain't your business. You ain't got business here on my place."

The snowbird went away, shaking his head, insulted, and muttering about backwoods people.

The man waited only for one thing before the killing. He meant to break the owl's spirit. He decided it couldn't be done by starvation. The owl paid no attention at all to the staked chicken, nor to the feed and water. The bird simply glared at them with his yellow hate, but showed no desire for them. He blinked one eye at a time, making fun of the man between that stare of loathing.

The man removed the chicken and the food and studied on what he thought was a better way. The owl's mate had been making flights to the chicken farm. More and more the two birds called to each other. Now they called even in the daytime. And though there might be a plaintive note in the voice of the female, there was nothing like it in that of the caged male. If anything, there was stern warning to his mate to keep away, keep away.

The man kept his shotgun handy. On the tenth day he had his chance. The female, driven by instinct, concern, sex, hunger, curiosity, any or all of them that you want, came to search out its mate. It came right in over the chicken runs to where it could see its mate in the cage. It lighted on a tall pole and called, "Who-o-o?"

The male didn't answer, as though indicating that the female should keep still and go away.

Deftly the man snatched up his shotgun. Swiftly he aimed and fired, with both barrels.

This time there wasn't any paralyzed wing but a dead owl.

He brought it, in glee, and placed it on the ground in front of the caged male. "How do you like that?" the man demanded. "How do you like her now?"

The owl stared at its mate. Its jowled face was impassive. The great yellow eyes looked from the body of its mate to the man. The bird winked at him.

The man turned from the owl. He went into his house. He felt defeated. The bird's spirit was not broken. Nothing seemed able to break it. There was no fear in it, only that pure hate mixed with the mockery of the blinking.

The man's own hate was so great that he felt it might consume him. His gaze, wandering about the room, came to rest upon the rifle with which he meant to kill the owl. For an instant a strange, unnatural impulse came to him to forget everything, to let the owl go, to free it now that he had obtained his revenge by at least killing its mate. Left alone, maybe the male would leave the vicinity and no longer steal chickens.

The generous impulse passed as quickly as it came. The man grabbed up the rifle. He saw that it was loaded. He strode out.

"Now," he said to the owl. "Now. Damn you! Damn you!"

He thrust the barrel of the rifle through the wire. The owl attacked it, pecking at it, and clawing. When it saw that it could do no damage, it was no longer interested in the gun that would kill it.

The man backed a little, so that the muzzle of the rifle was several feet from the wire to which the owl clung. For a last time the man looked for fear in the owl's wonderful yellow eyes. There was none.

Infuriated, the man sighted. He yanked at the trigger instead of squeezing it. He fired.

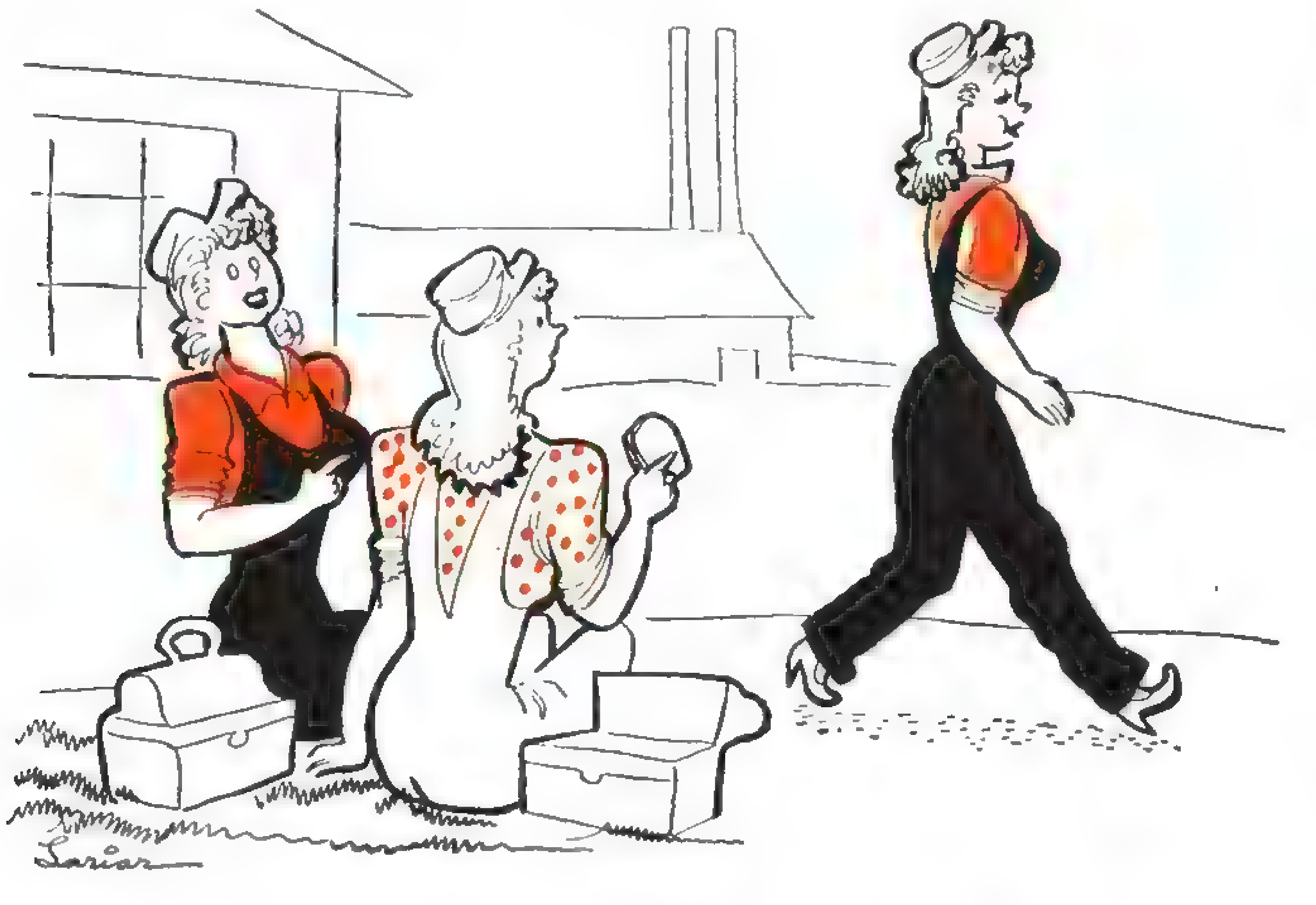
At first he didn't know what had happened. In addition to the noise of the cartridge being fired, there was a loud clang. At the same time he was sure someone had hit him, hard, in the chest, so hard that he staggered back while the rifle dropped from his nerveless fingers.

The man touched his chest with one hand. His fingers came away wet and red. Then he felt the tremendous shock and pain of it and knew. He choked, his throat full of hot liquid. A dimness came to his eyes and he crumpled to the ground.

He was still enough conscious, before the final dimness came, to realize the whole enormous accident. The bullet, hitting the heavy sheet of iron at the back of the cage, had ricocheted and struck him down. More than that, he had missed the owl. Still more, the bullet, on its voyage in and out of the cage, had cut the wire in two places.

The owl now found the opening. As the man's eyes glazed over, the owl squeezed out. It clung for a moment to the outside of the wire, looking upon the man. There was no more hate in its eyes. There never had been any, except in the mind of the man. There had been only the expressionless stare of an owl. Now it blinked one eye, then the other, so that not even for a split second was it failing to watch and be on guard. This, also, was of what its winking mockery consisted.

The owl asked once, "Who-o-o?", received no answer and then flew away. ###



"I heard she graduated from one of the most exclusive drill press schools in the country!"

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF
The Seaforth Highlanders
(Full Dress)
Carnatic—Hindoustan—Cape of Good Hope, 1806—Kabul, 1878—Afghanistan, 1878, 80—Egypt, 1882—Armentieres, 1914—Cambrai, 1917, 18—Baghdad

HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"
Grand Prize . . . Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904 . . . one of more than 60 medals honoring Dewar's White Label for Excellence.

If reconnaissance at your favorite Scotch Headquarters shows there is no Dewar's on hand, be patient. Reinforcements are on their way. And Dewar's superb quality will score another unconditional victory for your good taste—*and for your good judgment in waiting!*

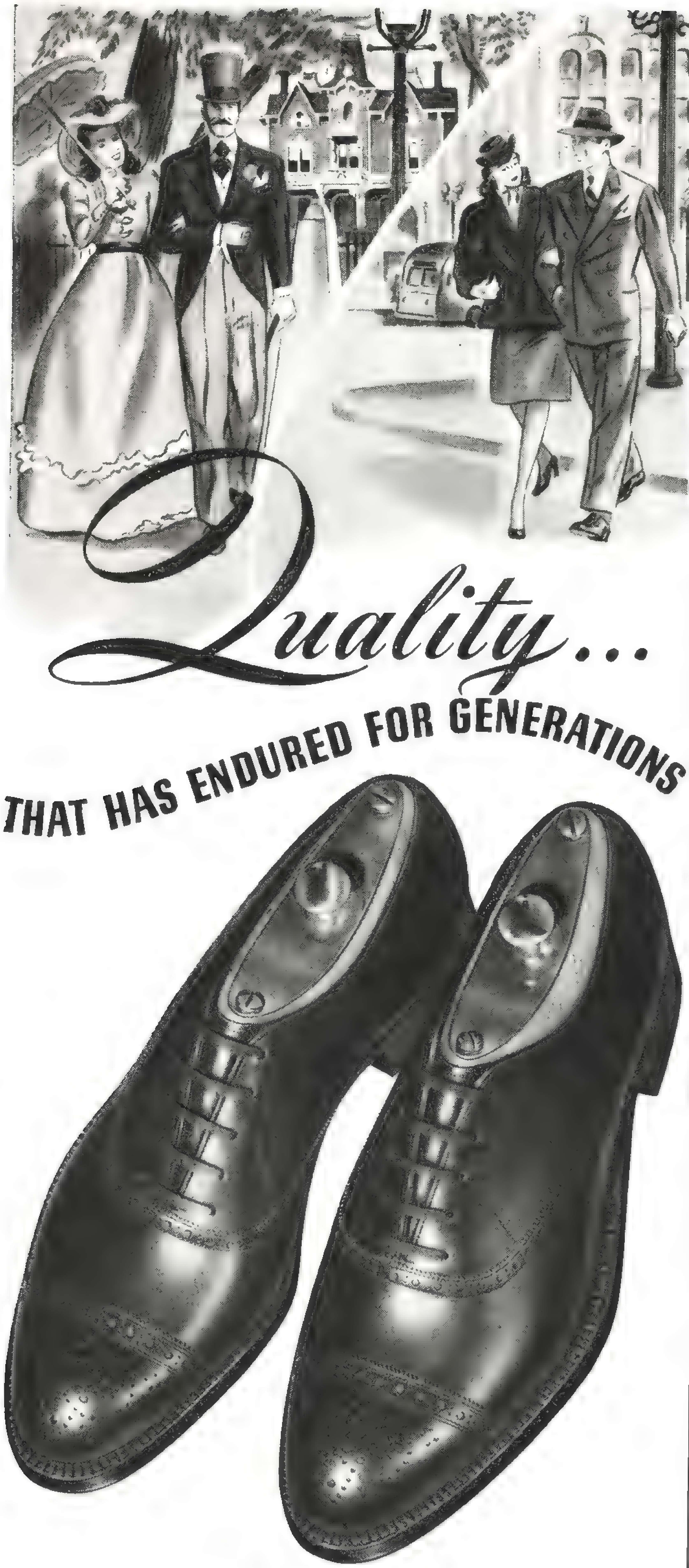
Victoria Vat
12
years old
also known as Ne Plus Ultra
White Label 8 years old
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
TWELVE YEARS OLD
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH

COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. © 1943, Schenley Import Corp., N.Y.


Quality...
THAT HAS ENDURED FOR GENERATIONS

For 94 years, men have found Hanan quality trustworthy. Today, stepped-up shoe-mileage and foot-ease are essential; and the long-proven excellence of Hanan Shoes . . . the comfort assurance of exclusive Hurdler construction, more desirable than ever.

HANAN HURDLER

Illustrated:
BROADWAY HURDLER
Black or Russetan Calf

HANAN
Shoes

by HANAN & SON, INC., CHICAGO, 22, ILLINOIS

Buffalo Bill's Last Stands

Continued from page 47

make him talk for publication save on what he wanted to talk about. I did not ask him anything about the Katherine Clemmons story because I sensed that I immediately would be ordered out of his presence.

Shortly afterward we all trouped across Madison Square to the Garden. In his press room Major Burke gave me a copy of the book, *The Life of Honorable William F. Cody*, from a stack of them, and from that I later did the usual Buffalo Bill romance for my Sunday article. I told the Major that I was just doing specials for the *Telegraph* and he asked me if twenty-five a week would tempt me. It would. At thirty cents an inch my usual Sunday piece for the *Telegraph* paid me nine to fifteen dollars. So I had a job with the show during the New York engagement.

There I saw Bill Cody boosted up on his splendid white horse to ride out, sitting like a lance, grand and glorious, to give his famous announcement: "Ladees and gentlemen . . . It is my honor and privilege to introduce to you the Congress of Rough Riders of the World." In the Garden roof the great voice boomed. The fact is the dear old fellow was braced like a ramrod in a special corset of heavy canvas and whalebone. But once mounted he never fell off.

He was getting old, a crime indeed for a western figure out of legend, along with his friends Kit Carson and Jim Bridger. Unlike Wild Bill he was growing old. He was really a man, was Colonel Cody, who had enjoyed good luck for decades, but now the waiting gods were out to destroy him.

I believe that what Colonel Cody went through with in his last stands, using the word in its theatrical meaning, was more heroic than his youth when he killed buffalo and fought Indians.

Ruinous rainy seasons, partners dying, Annie Oakley—his best card—hurt in a train wreck and forced to quit, he was compelled to combine with others in order to keep on, with Major Gordon Lillie's "Pawnee Bill" show and with the Sells-Floto circus. He had the idea of closing out with a series of "Farewell Appearances." Business was wonderful for three years but everything went into the bottomless sink of investments in mines and ranches that he wouldn't let go of. At last the show was stranded and sold at auction. It wasn't the typical history of the aging trouper who will not quit the stage that was his life but totters on to the last wheeze. His heart was never in the show business. His ideal was to be a great westerner, great in every way in his own domain, the West. He loved crowds and applause or he wouldn't have been Buffalo Bill but he had had enough of them and he longed to end his life on his estate, a chief in retirement.

The dream ended in disgrace and ruin. The greatest purely American show that ever existed staggered to its end, a sheriff's sale. The old stage coach, beloved of generations, was knocked down. An old-timer bought Cody's white horse and gave it to him. Sick, his head down for the first time, Cody went back to his Big Horn ranch to start life again.

He couldn't stay there. Like that other westerner, Mark Twain, he had to get out to redeem himself from bankruptcy by doing the only thing he could do. And, without further comparing the two men, Cody didn't find an adviser to rule him as Mark Twain found H. H. Rogers. With shame in his heart, Cody went back to the towns and cities where he had said his last farewell and showed himself as a feature with a small circus. This was tragedy. To soothe the pain he remembered, or thought he remembered, or Major Burke thought it up, that the farewell words had been—"my last appearance *in the saddle*." So he appeared now in a high cart behind a team.

He thought now of his Congressional Medal of Honor. He wrote to the War Department asking for the ten dollars a month he understood was paid to those who had this medal. His name was about to be knocked off the list along with others because of his civilian scout status.

Toward the end he was broke and his health was so bad it was feared he might drop any day. The last stand was Nov. 11, 1916, at Portsmouth, Virginia.

Instead of going home he went to Chicago, to try to raise money—the endless, useless endeavor. He collapsed and was taken to the home of his sister in Denver. On January 10, 1917, he died.

Buffalo Bill has passed into myth and legend, stronger than rock. Critical examination of his history will blow in vain against the fame of Buffalo Bill. His name is enshrined in that of a great little town, Cody, Wyoming. His grave and monument are on Lookout Mountain. A reproduction of his ranch house is on the Cody Trail in the Yellowstone.

I think of Buffalo Bill as the real man, an Indian scout who became a great showman—never taking himself very seriously in that capacity, who lived too long and at the end was glad to join Wild Bill and the other comrades of a past day, waiting for him beyond the border in the Valhalla of our Old West heroes. ##

Cocoanut palm hat with striped band has a high fashion rating this summer.

Never a bitter note

That famous flavor found only in Schlitz is as free from bitterness as a songbird's lighthearted melody. For Schlitz is brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, bringing you all of the delicate hop flavor and none of the bitterness

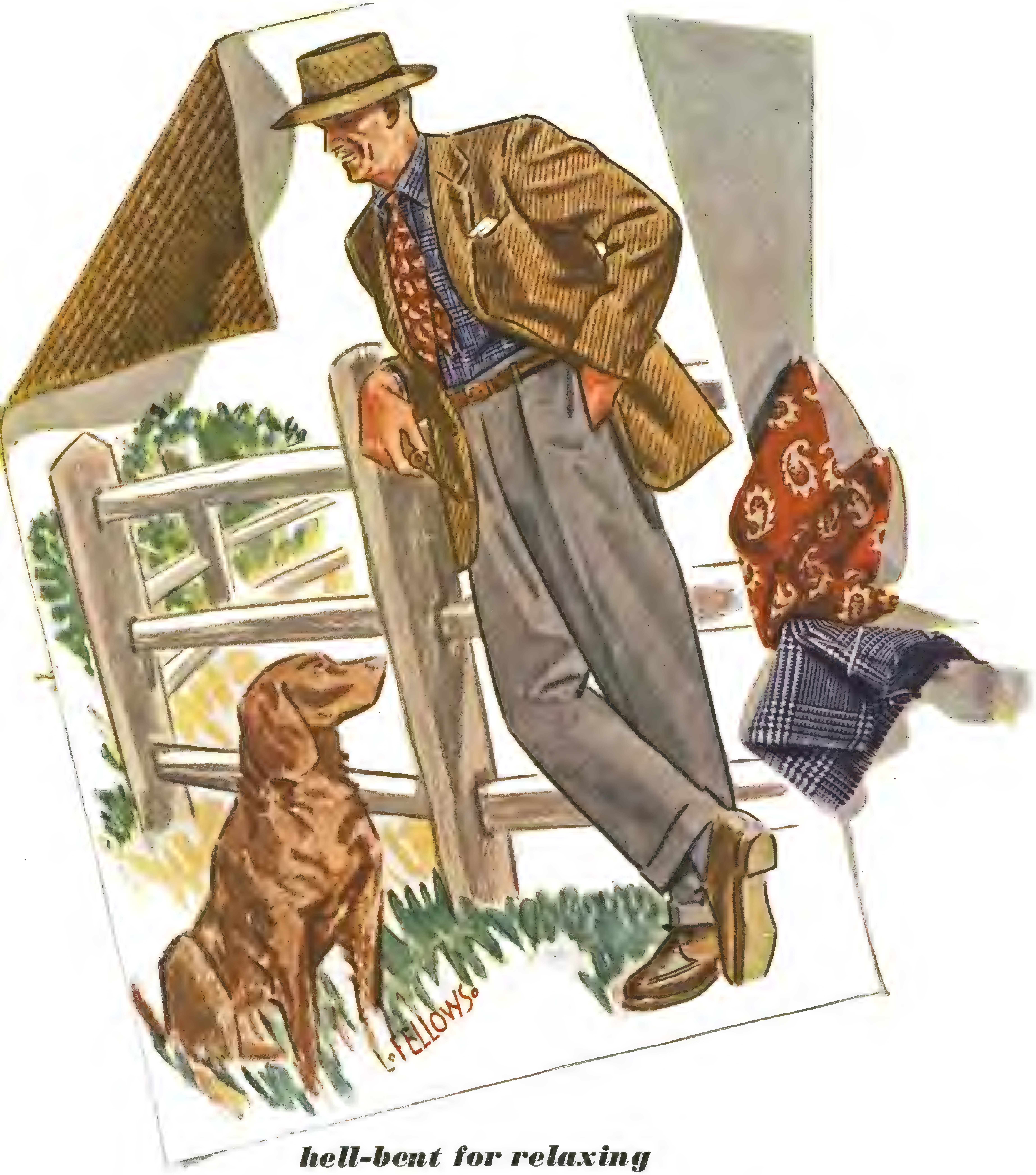
Copr. 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

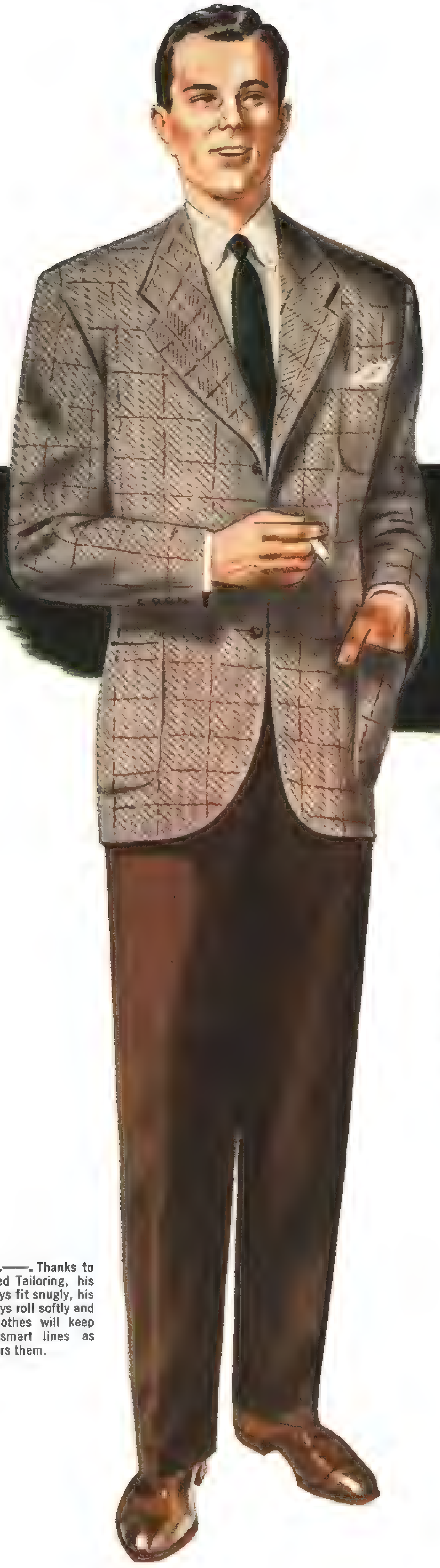


hell-bent for relaxing

There is nothing more curative, when the world gets too much with you, than life in the country. Green fields, running brooks, the song of birds . . . it's enchanting if you like commuting fifteen or so miles a day, on foot. Our nature lover likes his fresh air diluted with nicotine, his clothes, casual. His tweed jacket is cut along easy lines, and short enough to comply with regulations. (The fabric is shown, actual size, above and to port.) This being the country, he indulges in a penchant for patterns. Contrast is furnished by the red ground of the figured foulard tie (shown actual size at right, along with the shirting material). A red, yellow and black striped ribbon belt holds up the grey flannel slacks. His hat is rough textured straw, very pastoral. The blue cotton socks and brown moccasin shoes are fine for walking. So what, the setter wonders, are they waiting for?

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Theophilus Tillot *once took Lily Langtry to supper . . . but he never knew the benefits of technicolor, ice cubes, or *Balanced Tailoring.*



Stephen T. T.——. Thanks to Timely Balanced Tailoring, his collar will always fit snugly, his lapels will always roll softly and his Timely Clothes will keep their original smart lines as long as he wears them.

you'd think some clothes had magnets in their pockets!

Some men always look so well turned out and so completely poised that people naturally notice them. The moment they enter a room, women sense their presence. Other men respect their opinions because they look confident and authoritative. What is it about their clothes that enables them always to look their best? Any expert will tell you that the secret lies in the tailoring . . . in needlework that stitches in the style to stay so that even when their clothes are no longer new, they still keep their original smart lines and flavor. Such long-lasting good looks were once costly, but now, thanks to Balanced Tailoring, you can enjoy the same unfailing smartness without a higher price tag. Balanced Tailoring is a new, modern needlework technique, developed by Timely of Rochester. It combines expensive handwork with modern machine sewing—each where it serves best to stitch in the flattering lines of your Timely Clothes for keeps . . . keeping you always dressed your best. Timely Clothes are about $35 to $70 . . . at better men's shops.

TIMELY CLOTHES • ROCHESTER 2, NEW YORK

*balanced
TIMELY
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.
CLOTHES
tailoring

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Anita Colby, Columbia Pictures "Cover Girl"—Ensemble by Bergdorf-Goodman

Helene Curtis Cold Wave

...the Permanent of Professional Beauties—Acclaimed as the "possessor of the most beautiful face in the last 2,500 years," Anita Colby, featured in the Columbia picture "Cover Girl," makes beauty her career. To this exquisite Cover Girl, soft, easy-to-manage, hair that looks *naturally* lovely is a must. Small wonder she treasures the perfection of her HELENE CURTIS Cold Wave Permanent.

HELENE CURTIS COLD WAVES: DUCHESS • EMPRESS • VICTORIA • VICTORIA GRAND PRIZE

MEMBER
Helene Curtis
GUILD
Professional Beauticians

Only the most skillful hairdressers are privileged to become members of the HELENE CURTIS GUILD of *Professional Beauticians.* Look for this emblem.

Gwathmey's Editorial Art

Continued from page 83

month he spent in the Brittany fishing village of Concarneau, he even did some painting. He was simply overwhelmed by the glories of the Prado in Madrid and was overwhelmed, in quite another way, by the conditions under which the Spanish masses lived, memories which later informed his activities on behalf of the Spanish Loyalists. He put his human sympathies to the test by traveling through Europe by third class, also spreading his resources over a longer period, which was probably the initial motivation, for he had by this time reached only the cynical *American Mercury* stage in his unsensed progression toward social consciousness.

It took the Depression to straighten him out. Up to that time he had had a succession of odd jobs and although every pay envelope he drew was a thin one, he did not realize where and with whom he stood until his intellect cast his vote for him on the proletarian side of the tracks. Now that he has been committed, by the art he paints, the company he keeps and the opinions he expresses, it fits easily into the mosaic of his life to report that he has held jobs in a lumberyard, a construction camp and a florist shop, was assistant in a settlement house in the Italian quarter of Philadelphia, worked on the night shift in the engraving room of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and that during the Summer of 1925 he worked as a merchant seaman on a ship that made such ports as Antwerp—where he saw the masterpieces of Flemish art—and San Francisco, not to mention the minor Caribbean ports. Withal, he remained a gentleman.

In the Fall of 1930, following his second European scholarship tour, he returned home to Richmond and just looked around and sketched and painted, but between what he saw and what he painted there was a gap. He saw life, but he painted studio compositions. The following fall he found the shelter of an art teaching post in Beaver College, a girls' school outside Philadelphia. It left time for his own work, for visits to museums and galleries and the Barnes Foundation at Merion, Pennsylvania, for Artists' Union activities and the soaking up of the influence of Franklin Watkins, through whom, principally, French art seeped down to Gwathmey.

One day in the Spring of 1938 Gwathmey took a train for New York. Accompanying him were four Beaver College girls who wanted to survey the possibilities of future art education in New York. The five had supper in the same restaurant and went together to the theatre. No offense intended and none taken. But before supper they had had just one cocktail apiece, and when the Beaver College board heard, Robert Gwathmey had to start looking for another job.

He spent the Winter of 1938 in New York, and the following year became instructor in painting and drawing at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh where he remained for three years. But before he left Philadelphia, he took stock and destroyed practically every painting he had done up to that time, because they were chiefly Gwathmey versions of Watkins. Of this period there exists only one canvas, *Hitch-Hiker*, in which the chief figure is distorted in the Watkins manner, but without the older artist's style.

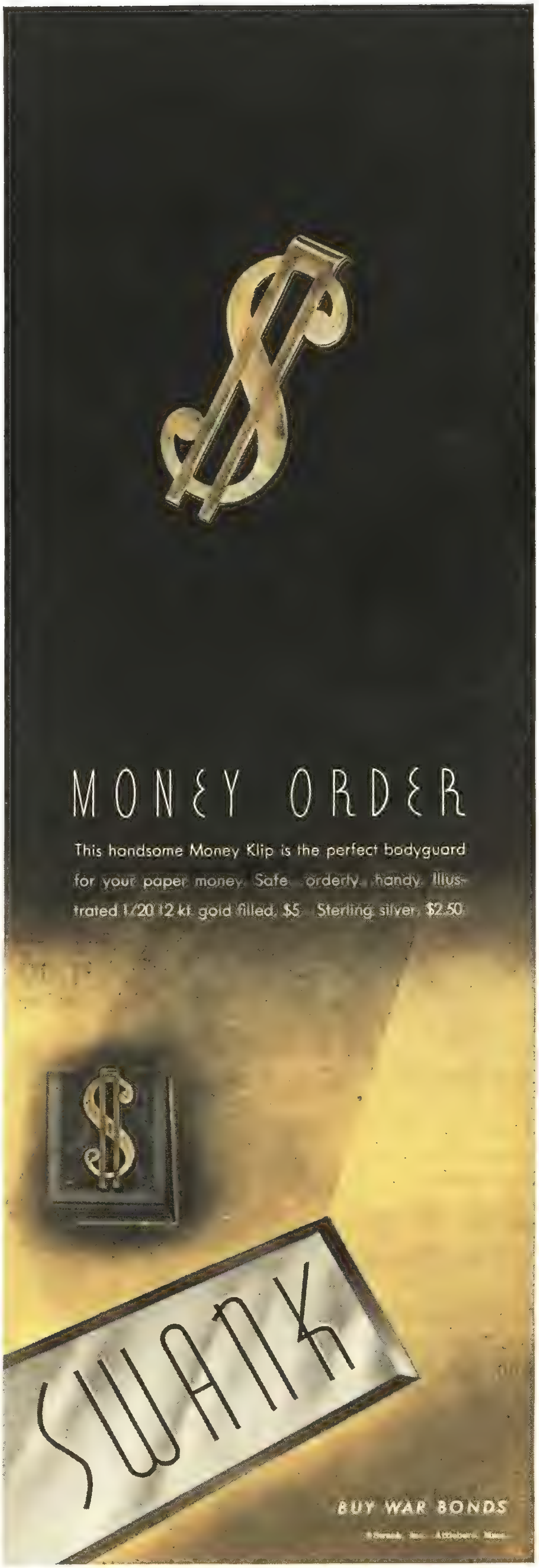
An artist lives by his exhibitions and in 1939, at the age of 36, Gwathmey had not yet had a one-man show. In that year he entered a picture in the end-of-the-season annual exhibition of the A.C.A. Gallery in New York, the prize being the right to a one-man debut the following season. Gwathmey's entry, *Land of Cotton*, won the prize, but he had no studio full of paintings with which to take advantage of his victory. He paints slowly and not until January, 1941, did the public see Gwathmey's first one-man show.

He has enjoyed diverse rewards. He was one of the winners in the Forty-eight States Mural Competition and painted for the post office at Eutaw, Alabama, a design descriptive of the community, which was set in place grudgingly, because it failed to celebrate the boys in grey of 1861-65. He was one of the winners in the Artist as Reporter competition organized by *PM* and won a prize in Pittsburgh for a water color, *Sharecroppers*. It was in 1943 that he hit the jackpot with *Hoeing*, entered in the *Painting in the United States* exhibition of the Carnegie Institute, which was awarded a second prize of 700 dollars and is now in the Institute's possession.

Now it is in this painting that one may most profitably study the characteristic qualities and limitations of Gwathmey's work. It is a design more than a painting, a statement devoid of sensuous quality or overtone—or studio pretense, too. It is, in effect, a composite montage based on the problems of the Negro sharecropper in the South and containing fragments repeated from other paintings. No aspect of earth or sky detracts from the human figures and the appurtenances of their daily toil, properties which are in danger of becoming a bag of convenient symbols for subsequent use when the same thing demands to be said. This repetition, incidentally, gives away the limitation upon editorial art: once you have expressed an opinion in a painting, it is hard to repeat the opinion without seeming to repeat the painting.

Not only are earth and sky dull and neutral, but also in spite of the fact that it is a hot day in

Continued on page 132



MONEY ORDER

This handsome Money Klip is the perfect bodyguard for your paper money. Safe, orderly, handy. Illustrated 1/20 12 kt. gold filled, $5. Sterling silver, $2.50.

BUY WAR BONDS

©Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

For Father's Day . . .
A Regal Guy deserves
a Regal Tie

Ask your dealer to show you his selection of

Regal Ties

famous for two generations for Style and Wear

$1.00 and up

Let's Speed the Day when all Dads can wear Regal Ties like these again . . .

Buy More War Bonds

Regal Ties in Khaki and Black are Favorites with Men in the Service

Don't Say Neckwear . . . Say Regal

Regal Foulards . . . Regal Crepes . . . Royal-Aire
Regal Homespun . . . Regal Du-All-O

FRANK & MEYER NECKWEAR CO., St. Louis, Manufacturers

Gwathmey's Editorial Art

Continued from pages 83-131

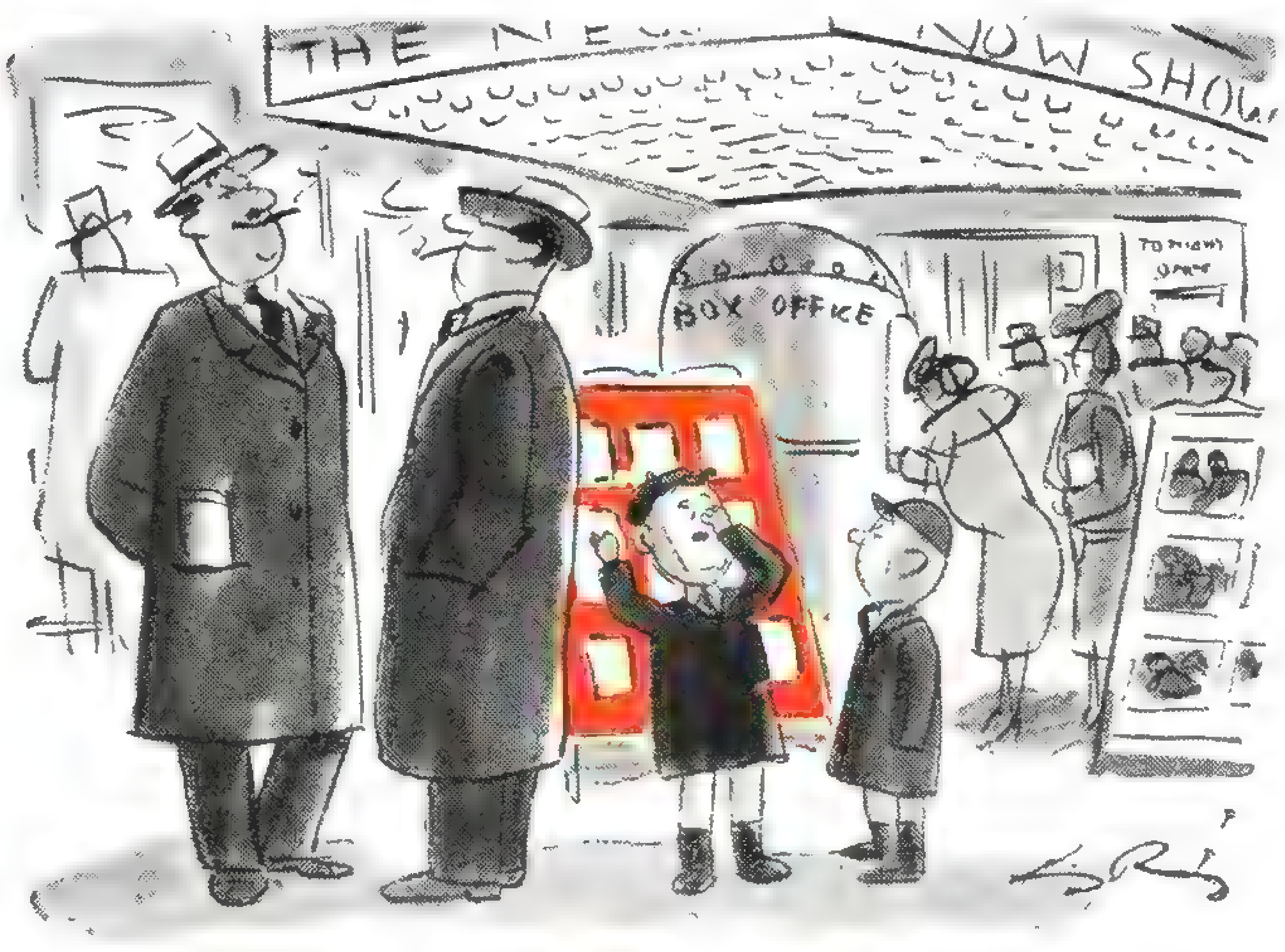
Hoeing, the sun isn't shining brightly, for a bright sun creates shadows within which you cannot easily say the things Gwathmey wants to say. If his paintings are two-dimensioned, that is because he is not interested in the third or what painters call plastic values. But he avoids the distortions consequent upon violation of the laws of perspective, so that his pictures are, in their flat way, conventionally acceptable.

The central figure is a monumental black man, barefoot, in shapeless shirt and trousers, caught at the moment when his right arm is athwart his face in the act of mopping it, so that he takes on the appearance of a featureless symbol. Alongside is a single stalk of corn, indicating the poverty with which his effort is rewarded, and a wire fence straggling from a placarded post, symbol of private property and the South's effort to keep the black man on the land. To the immediate right of the central figure is a little black girl bearing against her hip a plump sister, obviously too heavy—a detail borrowed from Gwathmey's earlier painting, *Non-Fiction*—while spaced to right and left and into the middle distance are such details as a group of aged figures bent over a dairy trough, a group of cotton pickers, an old man carrying a plank near a stack of old lumber, a blasted tree trunk, two meager pine trees and an ugly, dirty white clapboard structure. There is the suggestion even of the shallow grave which is their final destination. The wonder is that Gwathmey has succeeded in saying so much, with such discretion, within the narrow confines of one canvas. If an artist has a certain kind of talent, we have no right to raise a row because he doesn't also have a contradictory kind of talent.

For the white tenant farmer of the South, about whom also Gwathmey has feelings and convictions, he has painted a composite montage called *The Farmer Wanted a Son*. This design is divided into two parts, but without an equally dominating central motif. To the left foreground is a plump infant apparently propped up against the lower end of an iron bed, and a gnarled old man bent in some indefinable task beneath a starred service flag. To the right is a skinny farm woman, body worn and face lined, carrying a pail, and to the right of her three old-looking children on their knees, absorbed in some such task as scrubbing the floor. A door with a quarter-moon slit, a stove pipe and scraps of linoleum are other details in the design. There is no possibility of misunderstanding the artist's conviction on this subject, either. An editorial could not be more explicit.

For the record, Gwathmey has paintings in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Buffalo Albright Gallery, the Pennsylvania Academy, the San Diego Gallery and the Telfair Museum of Savannah. He has been teaching drawing and painting at Cooper Union in New York since the Fall of 1942. He has recently become interested in the silk screen process, to which his palette could be easily adjusted and has produced *The Rural Home Front*, a print that won a prize in the section of the graphic arts show devoted to America in the War. He has also produced excellent designs for war posters.

Mrs. Gwathmey's interest in photography, especially in the documentary kind, has been of great help to the artist in enabling him to verify significant detail for his paintings. She has also done a lot of camera work at the Stage Door Canteen, and her husband agrees with her that the scope of the modern camera has not yet been fully realized. Gwathmey is interested also in functional architecture and industrial design. His favorite reading is in biography and sociology, chiefly concerning the Negro and the land. He is fond of the theatre and is a gregarious social being, having found that the more things he is interested in, and active about, the more, and possibly the better, he paints. #

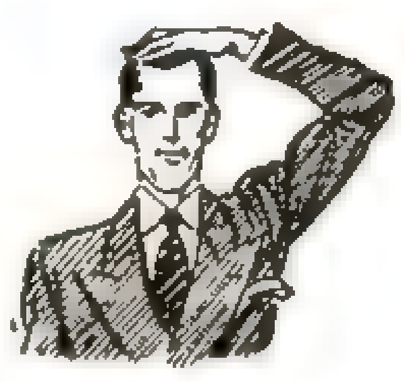


"Corny—but the old man seemed to enjoy it so I never let on"

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That your husky friend can't take your hand off the top of your head.

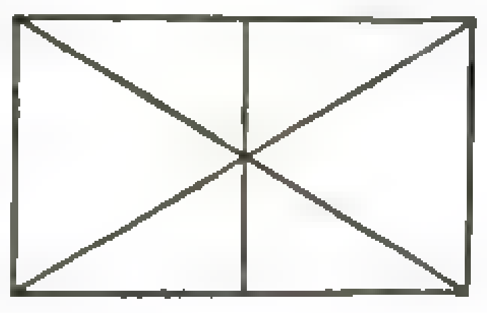


the payoff: The laws of leverage put the odds highly in your favor; place your hand firmly on top of your head, and your friend certainly won't be able to pull your arm away with one hand and probably not with both.

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That your friend cannot draw the figure sketched here, joining all lines neatly, solely with the aid of a mirror.



the payoff: If he actually guides himself by the mirror alone—place your hand over the paper if you don't trust him—the resulting figure will fail to meet the terms of the wager by a comfortable margin.

The Admiral and the Nose

Continued from page 77

him!" She reaches out for Roger's hand. "You're so good and kind," she murmurs.

"Now let me get this straight," I yell.

"Roger," the gazelle whispers in her husky voice, "take me away from all this."

"Me?" he squeals.

"Wait!" I cut in. "What's this talk about Johnny Drummerboy?"

She busts out to bawling. "I hate him, I hate him!" she moans. I begin to get the point: they're mad at each other. She gets up and dashes away whilst a slow grin spreads over Rajah's face and his nose lights up like a Christmas tree bulb.

"Did you hear what she said, Admiral, old friend?" he whispers.

Just then Poppy comes busting through the front door tugging old Doc Levison. "There!" Poppy cries, pointing at the Turk's nose.

Doc Levison looks like he is not only puzzled but mad. "At eleven o'clock," he screams. "A matter of life and death!"

"Look at it!" the boss shouts.

"It's a nose!" Sawbones hollers, mad as he can be.

"This," Poppy tells him, "is not the ordinary nose. It is a combination sniffer and gold mine. And it has a cold in it."

Doc almost weeps. "He gets me out of bed for this!"

"Look, prafesser," Poppy says. "This is my friend. His name is Rajah. He is a Turk."

"Armenian," the Turk mumbles.

"Also an Armenian," Poppy adds. "He is a stranger in a strange country."

"But for only a cold in the nose, Poppy!"

"But take a good look at this one!" The boss sounds proud, like a young punk poppa showing off his baby infant. He grabs old Doc's hand and drags him up the stairs, telling Rajah to come along, too. "We gotta get that sniffer overhauled, son."

Bright and early the next afternoon, as soon as I have finish breakfast, I come around to the club looking for Rajah. "Where is he?" I ask Poppy.

"He has took Judy out for the afternoon," he smiles. "They are going to the zoo and also the aquarium."

"That is indeed a romance," I say. Then: "Did he not have any hot or cold twitches during the night?"

"He did indeed," Poppy grunts. "The nose has twitch on behalf of Hanson." I wonder out loud if this can be a blooper, for I myself like Connell and I know Poppy does likewise. He shrugs and says, "I will bow to the nose."

I hang around until it is time for supper and whilst I am eating who walks in but Johnny Drummerboy. He sits himself down without no invitation and says, "Admiral, can you perhaps tell me when Judy will be in?"

"Judy," I say to him, "is out to the zoo looking at fishes."

"Is she looking at fishes alone?" he retorts.

"No, my dear little drummer boy," I announce. "Judy is looking at fishes with a dear old friend of mine whose name happens to be Rajah the Turk."

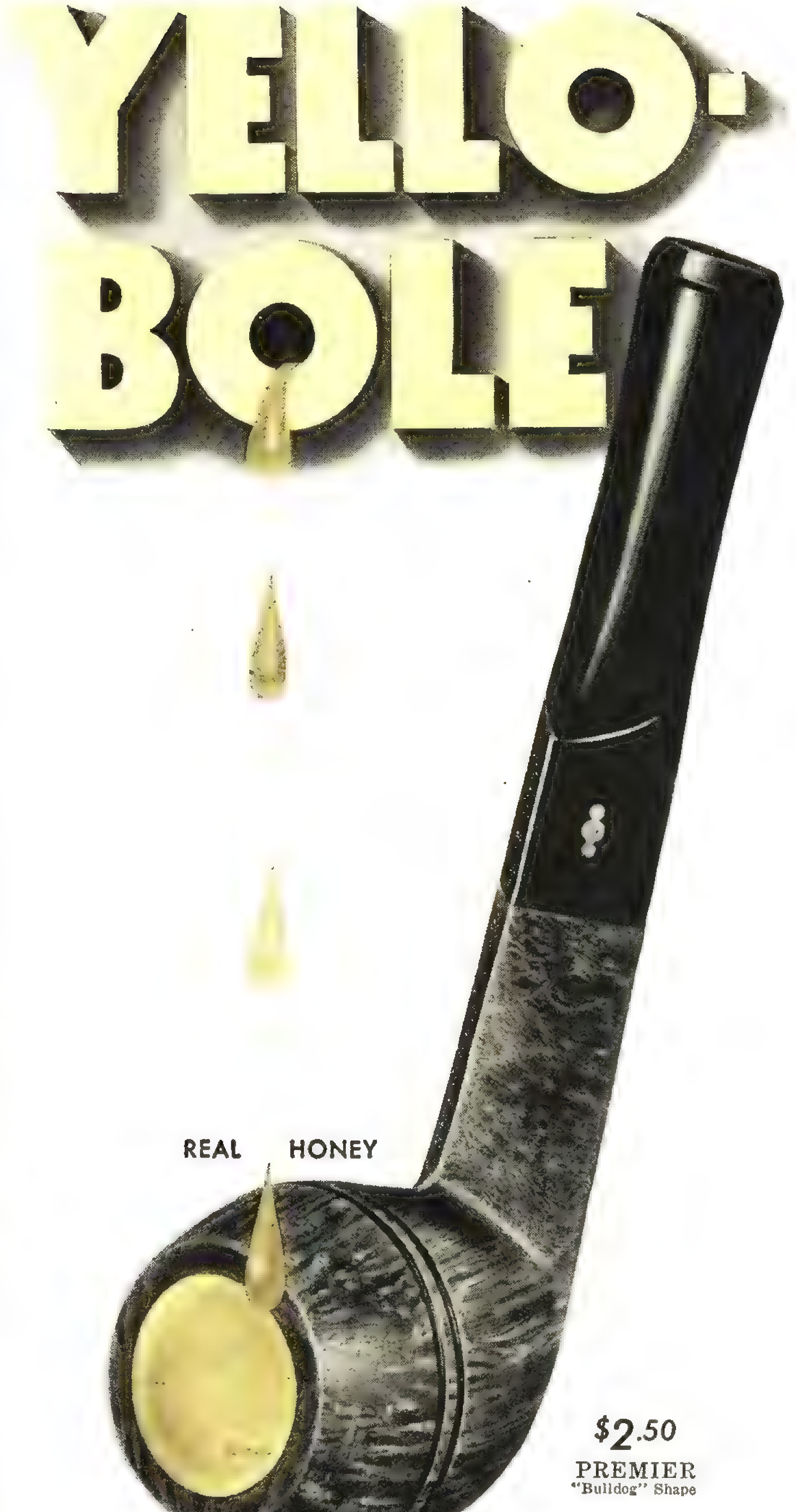
"Oh," he says.

"Furthermore," I tell him, "Judy says she hates you."

"Oh," he says, like he is going to weep. "Will you please tell her, in case she forgot, that our band hits the road on the midnight choo choo?"

I promise to tell her but I do not get a chance because when

Continued on page 134

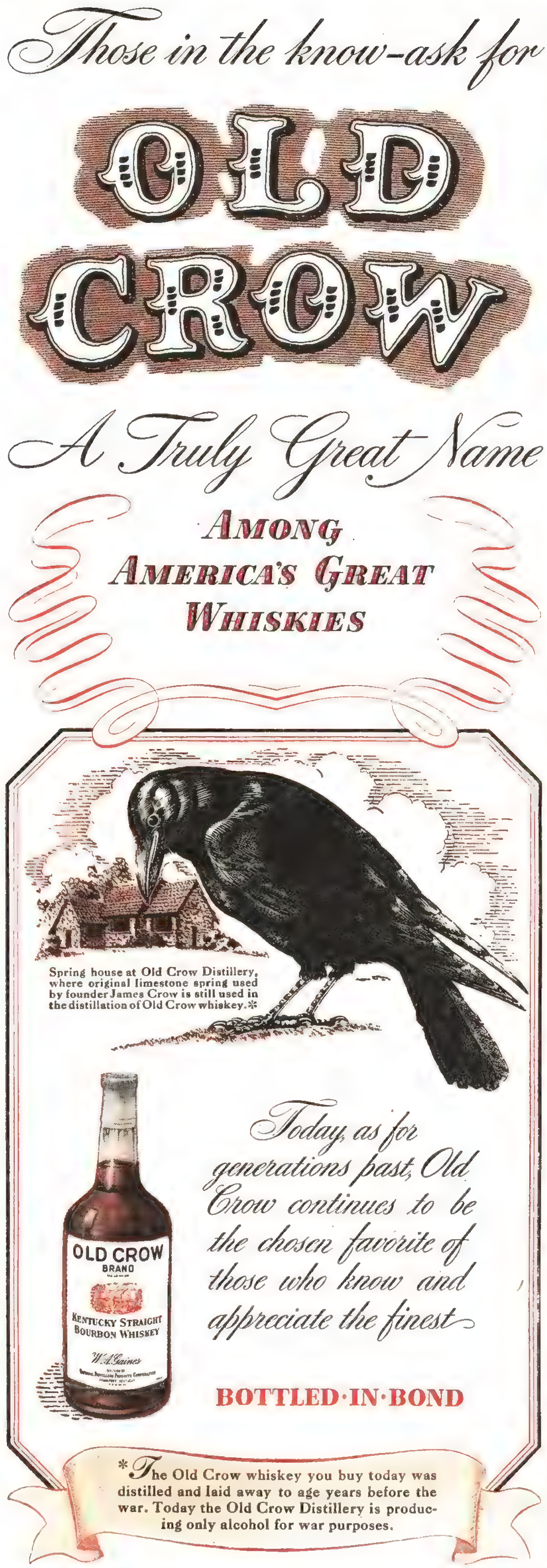


the honey-cured smoke

Notice that yellow lining? There's real honey in it! Of the proper thickness, it cures your smoke of any trace of harshness the *first time you light it*—no "breaking-in" is necessary. Honey keeps penetrating and flavoring the pipe, as you smoke it, so it's always mild, fragrant and agreeable. Now look at Nature's beautiful pattern on the pipe-bowl—the real thing, *not* artificial painting put on. Truly a handsome pipe. If you don't find Yello-Bole at dealer's, remember, please, that he has been, and is getting, Yello-Boles regularly—and that men fighting all over the world want them, and are getting them, first. Your dealer will have *his* shortly.

YELLO-BOLE PREMIER $2.50
YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL $1.50
YELLO-BOLE STANDARD $1

YELLO-BOLE . . . A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE—
AND WHEN YOU COME HOME



Those in the know-ask for

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Spring house at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still used in the distillation of Old Crow whiskey.*

Today, as for generations past, Old Crow continues to be the chosen favorite of those who know and appreciate the finest

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

*The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

The Admiral and the Nose

Continued from pages 77-133

Poppy and me leave for the fights Judy is not on the premises. Neither is Rajah, but we forget about both of them when we reach the arena. It seems there are a lot of operators who think highly of Pinky Connell who, as you know, is a very fancy-dan boxer. Horace can only hit. It is my opinion that Pinky will box Hanson like a crate of tomats. "I am leery about this," I say to Poppy.

He only shrugs and puts a heavy wad of moola on Hanson, whilst I do likewise in my humble way.

Well, when the fight opens Hanson comes out with a rush and swings a terrific right to the jaw. Only he misses. Pinky steps in and lets our boy have it. Lucky for us he is not a puncher or it will be curtains right there. He only opens up an old cut over the eye and Hanson bleeds like a pig.

At the end of the frame Poppy says to me, "I am not what you will call a fair weather friend, old friend, but it would be a whole lot better for me if I have never see you at all, not to mention your dear friend the Turk!"

"He is not my dear friend," I cry, as the gong rings. Hanson's eye is patched but a couple jabs open it and once more he is at Connell's mercies. Thus it goes, frame after frame. Both Poppy and me know we do not have a chance unless Hanson can connect for a kayo. But Connell keeps dancing away, for he has plenty points piled up. When the gong gongs for the ninth, Hanson comes out fast but Connell keeps his distance. He stays on his bicycle because Hanson is swinging heavy artillery in the hopes that he will lay on a haymaker. Horace swings from the ankles, but misses, and he falls to the floor like the clumsy baboon he is.

"Let's get out of here," Poppy groans. We get up and start for the exits, too sick to look back. Just as we are walking out, a loud yell goes up all over the place. We turn around and see the ref counting. "Look," the boss cries. "He's down!"

"Six! . . . seven! . . . eight!"

"Which is it?" I scream, but Poppy is dashing for the ring and I am on his tail. Then I hear the ref sing: "The winnah! Horace Hanson!" I catch Poppy and he grabs me with both arms like he is a frog and kisses me.

"Admiral," he yells, "tonight we must light a candle for our very dear friend the Turk!"

"And a special candle for his horn!" I put in.

We get back to the club and about 12 p.m. midnight Judy walks in, looking very neat in her new mink and fur garment, and very excited.

"Where is Rajah?" Poppy cries. "I wish to congratulate him."

"Then you know?" she blushes.

"Know what?"

She grins like she does not have all her buttons. "We're getting married!"

"What!" Poppy screams. "You and the Turk!"

"He is not a Turk!" Judy snaps. "He is the kindest, sweetest man I know. And he—he loves me."

"Sure, sure," the boss smooths. He throws an arm around her. "But do you, as the saying goes, love him?"

"I," she says, "am going to marry him." Which is no answer to the question.

"Best of luck," Poppy croons. Then he turns to me with a wink, "Looks like we're going to keep that horn in the family."

"Ah, that horn," the gazelle giggles. Then she starts to laugh like something very funny troubles her.

"Remember," Poppy says, "that Rajah's my dear old friend."

"Nothing's going to happen to your dear old friend," she cuts in. "And anyway the only part of him that's dear to you is what you call the horn."

"Where is he?"

"He had to take a little trip," she giggles. "To Pongo Pongo. Where the birds fly backwards because they can't bear to see what they're running into!" With this she pours herself out of the room. Poppy and me are practically mystified.

"Go figure a gazelle!" he says.

Just then who breezes in but Johnny Drummerboy, all dressed up like he is running for the train. "Where's Judy?" he cries, "I have got to see her for it is all a misunderstanding." He looks like he is about to bust out in tears. "Where is she, Admiral?"

Right then Judy herself walks back in. "Judy!" he cries, "Judy, my queen!" He starts for her, howling, "Let me explain," but she stops him dead.

"Mr. Emmons," she announces, "there is not room enough here for this skunk and myself!" Each word is like an icicle.

"But, Queenie," Johnny mumbles, "it is all a mistake."

She looks at him like he is a secondhand lizard. Then she points a finger at the door. "Go!" the gazelle says. His eyes plead for mercy but it don't give any. He goes. She makes wipes with a hanky whilst her shoulders shake, and she runs out of the room.

A couple days pass during the which we have not hear a word from Rajah. Then one morning Poppy gets a letter from him. He does not tell us where he is, but the letter says:

"Dear Poppy Emmons. I will soon see you again but when next you lay eyes upon me I will be a changed man, which is all to the good. Best wishes, your old friend Roger."

"What does he mean?" I cry. Poppy is puzzled, too. I tell him it smells like foul play. He lights a new cigar and we go looking for Judy but we do not find her. We are both bedoozled to the extreme when in walks a Western Union punk with a telegram.

DEAR POPPY (it says.) I HAVE ENDEAVORED TO BRING FORTH A FINAL TWITCH FOR THE SAKE OF OLD TIMES. MORNING STAR IN SEVENTH AT CALIFORNIA. ROGER.

"What's this all about?" Poppy cries, like he is going crazy in a hurry. We sit down and try to dope it out but nothing adds up.

I say, "Are you going to bet this steed?" He nods. "But maybe the twitch is a blooper!"

"Our old friend Rajah will not do such a thing," he says. But I am not so sure. We have already finish supper when the seventh goes at California and I am nervous. "Why do you worry?" Poppy cries.

But he is worried himself as I can see when he phones to find out the winner. He gets his party and as I look at him it is like watching a man die before your eyes. He hangs up the receiver like he is throwing flowers on a grave.

"It has not win?" I ask.

He looks up at me with a groan. "It is sad, Admiral, it is very sad. The magic horn is no longer a magic horn!"

We go looking for Judy again to try and find out a thing or two, but for the third day running she is nowhere to be seen. He figures they have toddled off to get married.

Saturday night rolls around and we still have not hear from the lovebirds. We are still mad, too, because even if Rajah has give us a bum steer he is still somewhat a friend and should let us know what goes on during his honeymoon. We are sitting at the bar, discussing this very thing and feeling sad, when all of a sudden we hear a voice behind us.

"Hello, Admiral!" it says. "Hello, Poppy!"

We turn and there is this guy with a face that is familiar but not familiar enough for me to say hello to. "Don't you recognize me?" the voice cries. "It is me, Roger!"

Poppy and me cannot believe it because this guy is like a picture, with a nose like the movies.

"You have your horn bobbed!" I cry.

Rajah smiles like of old. "Old Doc Levison," he announces, "seems to have done a fine piece of work!"

"But how can you do such a thing?" Poppy moans. "To take the knife to such a nose!"

For a moment the crepe flies from his chin. "I'm sorry about the twitch on Morning Star," he says. Then he smiles. "Judy suggested she could love me more if I had less nose."

"Where is Judy?" the boss cuts in.

"I guess she needed some time to gather her trousseau." He blushes. "We're getting married." Then he tells us he is to meet her at the club on this very Saturday night.

So we all sit around and wait, the meanwhile discussing other subjects such as, well what are you going to do now without a magic horn that gets twitches, and he tells us he is going to get a job in some shipyard or the other.

Just then in walks a little Western Union punk with a telegram for the Turk, care of Poppy.

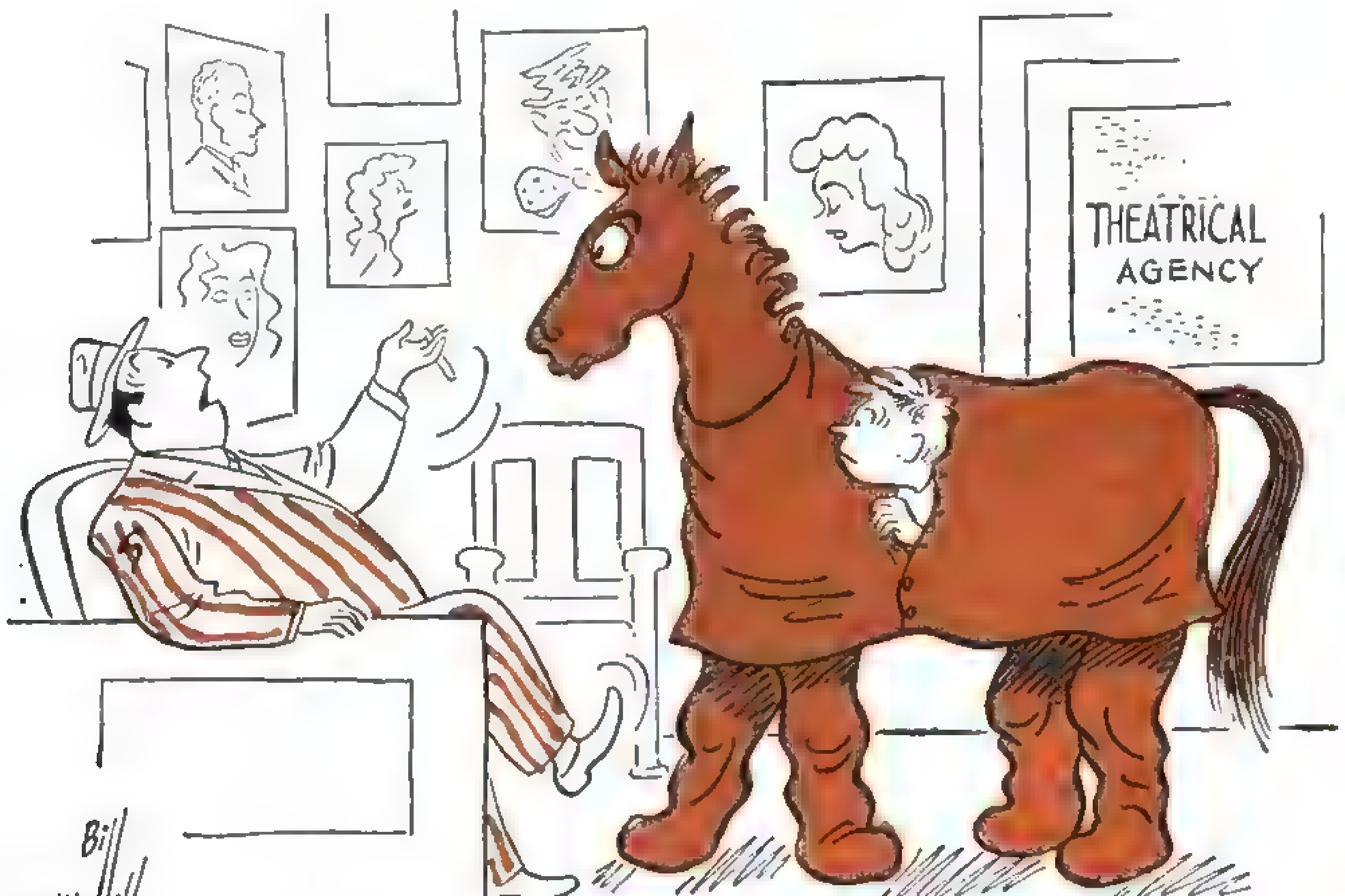
"That's me!" Rajah cries. He opens and reads. His face goes white and sad, and it looks like tears are squeezing out. The telegram drops on the floor and Poppy picks it up.

DEAR ROGER (he reads.) I HAVE DONE A TERRIBLE THING BUT IT IS WHAT I HAVE TO DO. JOHNNY THREATENED TO KILL HIMSELF IF I MARRY YOU. MARRIED HIM AN HOUR AGO. LOVE. JUDY.

Poppy is real mad. "Why can't she do what she has to do," he screams, "before you get the magic horn bobbed!"

Rajah gets up and starts for the door. His face is like something you should see only on Halloween. I waltz over to cheer him up. "Everything is not gone with the nose," I say. "At the least you have knock together a neat little bank roll."

He looks like he does not know whether to laugh or moan. "I did make a nice little pile," he says. "But I shot the whole roll on that horse!" #



"Well—fifty a week ain't hay!"

Rough Rider Slacks

Comfort-cut in California...
Worn from Coast to Coast

Rough Rider SLACKS & CORDS for Men and Boys MADE IN CALIFORNIA

Here's why Rough Rider Cords and Slacks are *the beginning of every man's Sports Wardrobe:*

1. **SMARTER STYLE:** California styles that men like to wear. Rough Rider is the style-setter... others follow!
2. **LONGER WEAR:** Top-notch fabrics go into every pair of Rough Riders. Better built... all the way thru!
3. **BETTER FIT:** Rough Riders are "Comfort-Cut." They're tailored for solid comfort and good looks.

For the name of your nearest dealer, write

ROUGH RIDER MFG. CO.

NAPA, CALIFORNIA

They don't grow on trees

YOU MAY have discovered that good Dry Martinis are hard to find. They don't grow on trees—*but they do grow in bottles labeled "HEUBLEIN."*

Just ask your liquor store for Heublein's Dry Martini Cocktails—made from scarce and precious MILSHIRE GIN and the world's finest *Dry Vermouth.* They're ready mixed, ready to ice and serve.

THERE ARE SIX HEUBLEIN VARIETIES:

Manhattan, *65 proof* • Dry Martini, *71 proof*
Martini medium, *60 proof* • Side Car, *60 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof* • Daiquiri, *70 proof*

HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

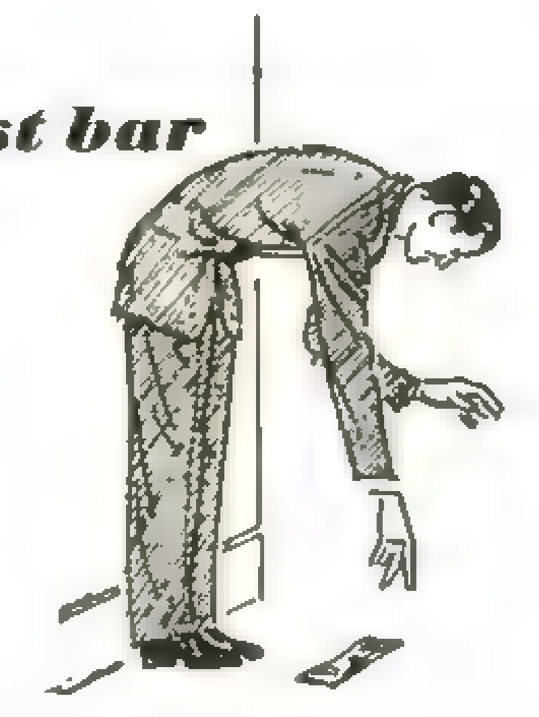
HEUBLEIN'S Club COCKTAILS

WIN THE WAR IN '44
—BUY WAR BONDS!

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.
G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar



the wager: That a person standing with his back to a wall cannot pick up a dollar placed at his feet without bending his knees or moving his feet.

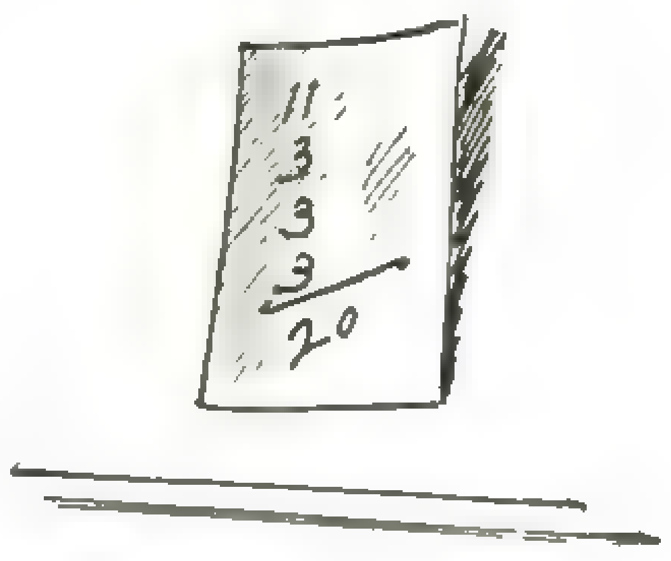
the payoff: He can't.

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That you can write down five odd figures that will add up to a total of twenty.

the payoff: Use the numbers 11, 3, 3 and 3. These are only four numbers but nevertheless five odd digits, as specified in the wager.



First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 84

New Life that a child brought up in wealthy and comfortable surroundings will inevitably become a corrupt adult, unlike a child brought up in a tenement without a bathroom.

4. In *Land of Fame*, the idea that a traitor yelling his head off would not be heard by officers of the German general staff sitting in the next room.

5. The ignorant gangster in *The Naked Genius* who was seriously offered as a skillful literary collaborator.

6. The idea in *Slightly Married* that when a young daughter tells her family she is pregnant the family will instantaneously behave like the Four Marx Brothers and start rushing about the room as if chased by George Abbott.

7. The pretty theory, advanced in *Manhattan Nocturne*, that wholesale prostitution may be a result of amnesia and continue merrily for all of a year or more without the woman being too aware of it.

8. The idea in *Winged Victory* that the United States Army Air Forces is composed in its entirety of young men with the mentality of Freddie Bartholomew at the age of nine and with the elevated moral standards of an archbishop.

9. Rose S. Kohn's conviction, in *Pillar to Post*, that if a young man is forced by circumstances to spend the night in a bungalow with a young woman he will be embarrassed half to death.

10. The seriously pronounced quotation from the works of Dorothy Parker, in *The Voice of the Turtle*, which argues that if a woman offers fidelity to a man he will disgustedly spurn her.

11. Some such line in *Susan and God* as the little daughter's, "Oh, Mummie—you *are* sweet! Don't you think it's just *too* wonderful, Dad?" (My stomach still doesn't feel right.)

12. The idea, in *Feathers in a Gale*, that an experienced sailor coming into a prim New England household would be likely to mistake it for a house of ill-repute and forthwith make up to the old maids resident in it.

13. The belief, advanced in *Listen, Professor!*, that a staid and venerable scientist would quickly be brought over to the viewpoint of the younger generation by the arguments of several children.

14. The attempt in *Over 21* to present the heroine to the audience as a brilliant wit in terms of such a rejoinder, to a woman who allows that she is so happy she could pinch herself, as, "Well, why don't you?"

15. The metaphysics of the last act of *Our Town* advancing the theory that the dead may possibly be a little wistful now and then but on the whole are so excruciatingly happy they can hardly stand it.

16. Maxwell Anderson's philosophy in *Storm Operation* that any soldier can be an Alexander the Great if only he has a picture of a girl in his pants pocket.

17. In *The Duke in Darkness*, the idea that a man feigning blindness would not flinch even a fraction of an inch if another man shoved a red-hot poker at his eyes.

18. Director Margaret Webster's notion, in her staging of the revival of Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*, that the loss of one's most prized and cherished family possession is an occasion for considerable lightheartedness.

19. Ernest Pascal's belief, in *Peepshow*, that an experienced and blasé philanderer would be so passionately overcome by a glass of champagne and a bit of waltz music that he could not resist the physical allure of even a woman whom he'd give anything to rid himself of.

20. The cute idea, in *Decision*, that a powerful band of Fascist-minded industrialists and politicians may be put completely to rout by a young soldier, even though a moron, provided only he gets indignant enough. ⌗

Dynamite for Sand Traps

Continued from page 62

come a nearly certain 2 and an improbable 3. Furthermore, this sand club is equally effective in other departments of the game. The terrors of the rough disappeared also. In the old days, when you got in the rough and had to pitch over a bunker with an ordinary niblick, it was difficult to stop the ball on the green. Now, owing to the construction of the weapon, you can stop it on the green immediately and with hardly any roll.

"Another shot that disappeared from the game was the ability to put backspin on the ball on a short shot. That used to be the most difficult shot in the game. Anybody can stop the ball on a full shot, but with the little half-shot, short-pitch shot, it was extremely difficult. Now there's no need to have the ability or knowledge to put backspin on the ball—the club does it for you.

"The dynamiter has undoubtedly become the most important weapon in the professional's bag—so much so that 90 per cent carry two dynamiters, heavy and light, and all approach work is being played with these clubs. Admitting these are the facts, you can see the effect that it had on the game. Before this club was invented, it was absolutely necessary for a first-class player to hit 15 or more greens in par during the round to do a good score. The second shots had to hit the greens. Now it doesn't matter. The fellows stand up and hit these shots fearlessly—and what do they care if they go in the bunker or in the rough? They merely take out that cursed implement and consistently flip the ball to within a few feet of the hole. That, combined with the fact that the greens are kept wet nowadays, has made scoring pretty easy. The premium has disappeared from the second shots, or iron play. All an expert needs is to be able to play steady golf and have a dynamiter. Gone are the delicacies of bunker work, the short pitches over bunkers. The chip shot from a bunker has also gone. The immortal shot that Hagen played from the bunker at the 15th hole at Sandwich, England, which meant the championship for him, has gone. That shot was the greatest I ever saw, but if he were playing it now he wouldn't have any hesitancy. He would take his dynamiter out and whip it up on the green. At that time he had to pick the ball clean off powdered sand, over the bank of the bunker, and one single grain of sand would have cost him the championship! It was a terrific thrill to watch him play.

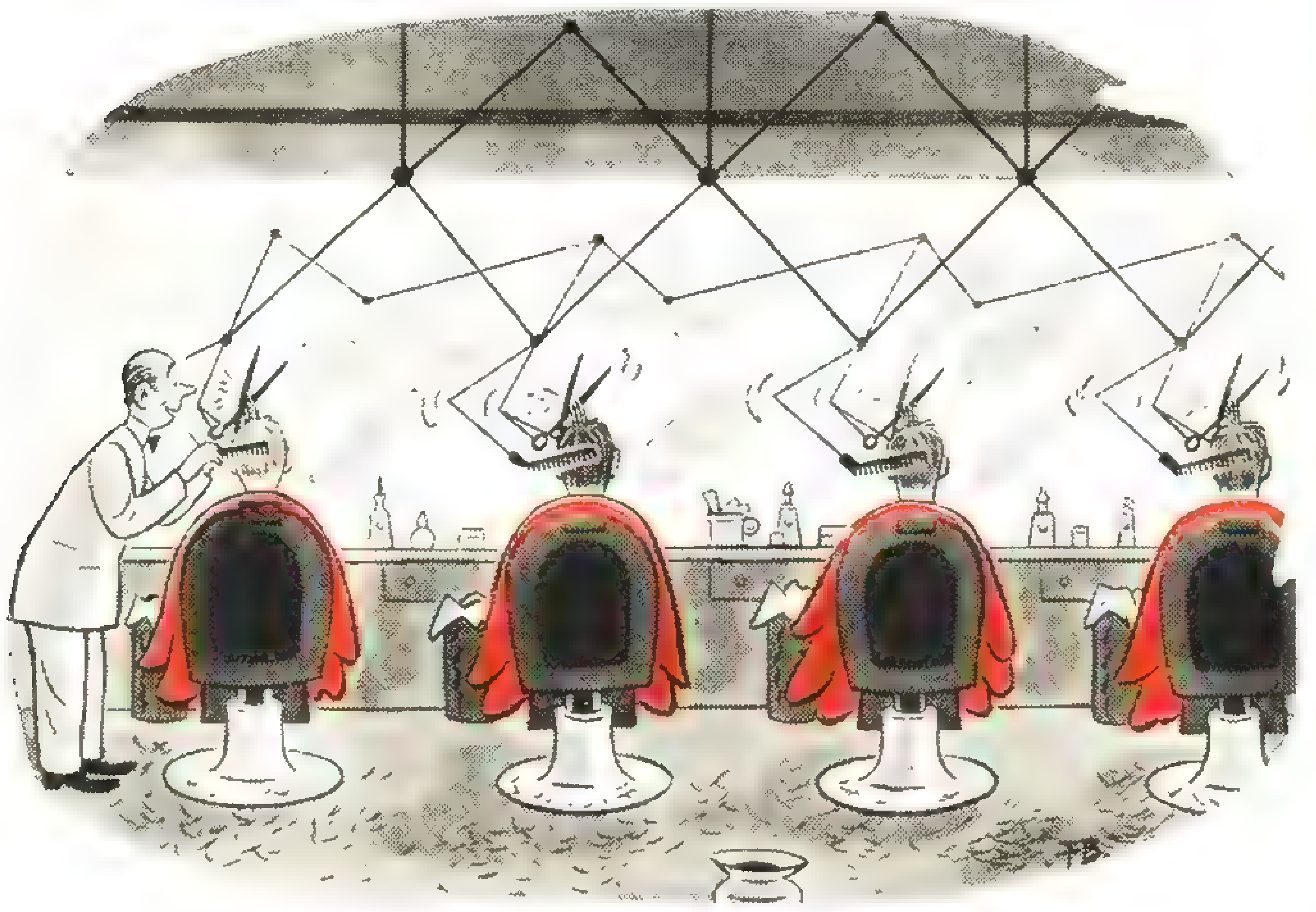
"I can definitely state that since the dynamiter has existed, I haven't seen a chip shot played out of a bunker unless the bunker was level with the ground. The amazing ability of the professionals with this club was exemplified by an exhibition before a tournament in Toledo, when one of the players told the gathered multitudes that he could pitch a ball out of the sand and make it bounce one, twice or even thrice. Not only did he say it, but he proceeded to do so. He played ten balls, played them as the gallery called them, and put every one within six feet of the hole. As one spectator remarked, 'Why have bunkers for these fellows?'

"Yes, Harvey, it's been a very detrimental invention for the cause of finer golf. As I said, the beauties of short work when executed by such experts as Hagen and Jones were something wonderful to watch. It thrilled me every time I had the opportunity to play with them."

"Did you ever use one, Tommy?" asked Harvey.

"Certainly," I said. "It won the P.G.A. for me against Johnny Farrell. On the 8th hole on this course I was 4 down. I played an extremely bad second shot. The ball was buried in a bunker. Johnny played two fine shots onto the green, and when he came over and looked at my ball he thought I could never get it out of the sand. Though he was on the green, he was farther from the hole than I and therefore had to play first. I think he played his

Continued on page 138



"Manpower shortage, you know!"

Arlingcrest

WOOL WORSTED

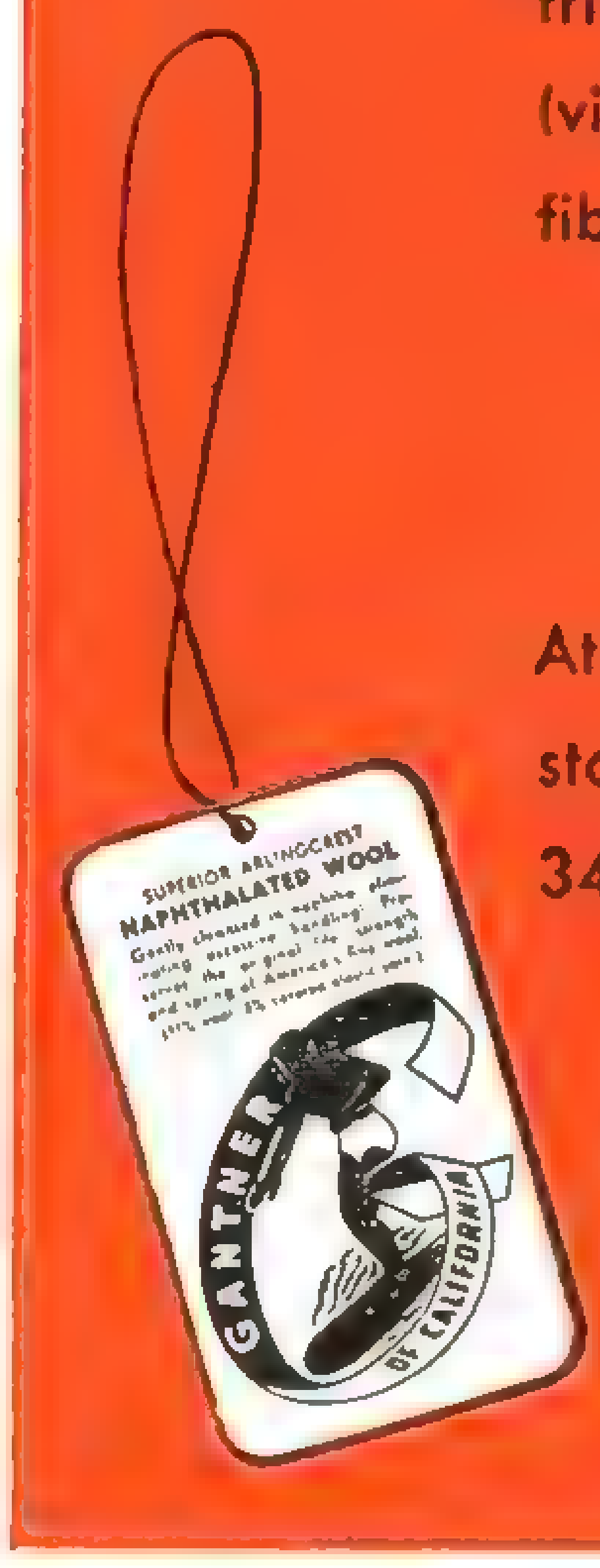
100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

Wet or dry you always are well groomed in your smart, WIKIE DeLuxe Swim Suit, California styled by Gantner and knitted from soft, resilient, Arlingcrest worsted yarns. You will enjoy the comfortable friendliness of the 100% Wool Naphthalated (virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve fiber strength and resiliency.)

Navy, Royal Blue, Maroon,
Camel, Khaki . . . $5.50

At leading stores everywhere. For name of nearest store write Arlingcrest Naphthalated Wool Service, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Arlington Mills
LAWRENCE, MASS.



Pioneer
PRESENTS
NYLON
SPORT BELTS
$1.50
PIONEER

Of lustrous Nylon in a smart corded weave, these Pioneer Sport belts hit a new style high. You'll like the harmonizing pigskin trim . . . the center-bar buckle. In White, Canary or Sun Tan. On sale at most good men's wear counters.

PIONEER
PHILADELPHIA

"For Men Who Care What They Wear"

Dynamite for Sand Traps

Continued from pages 62-137

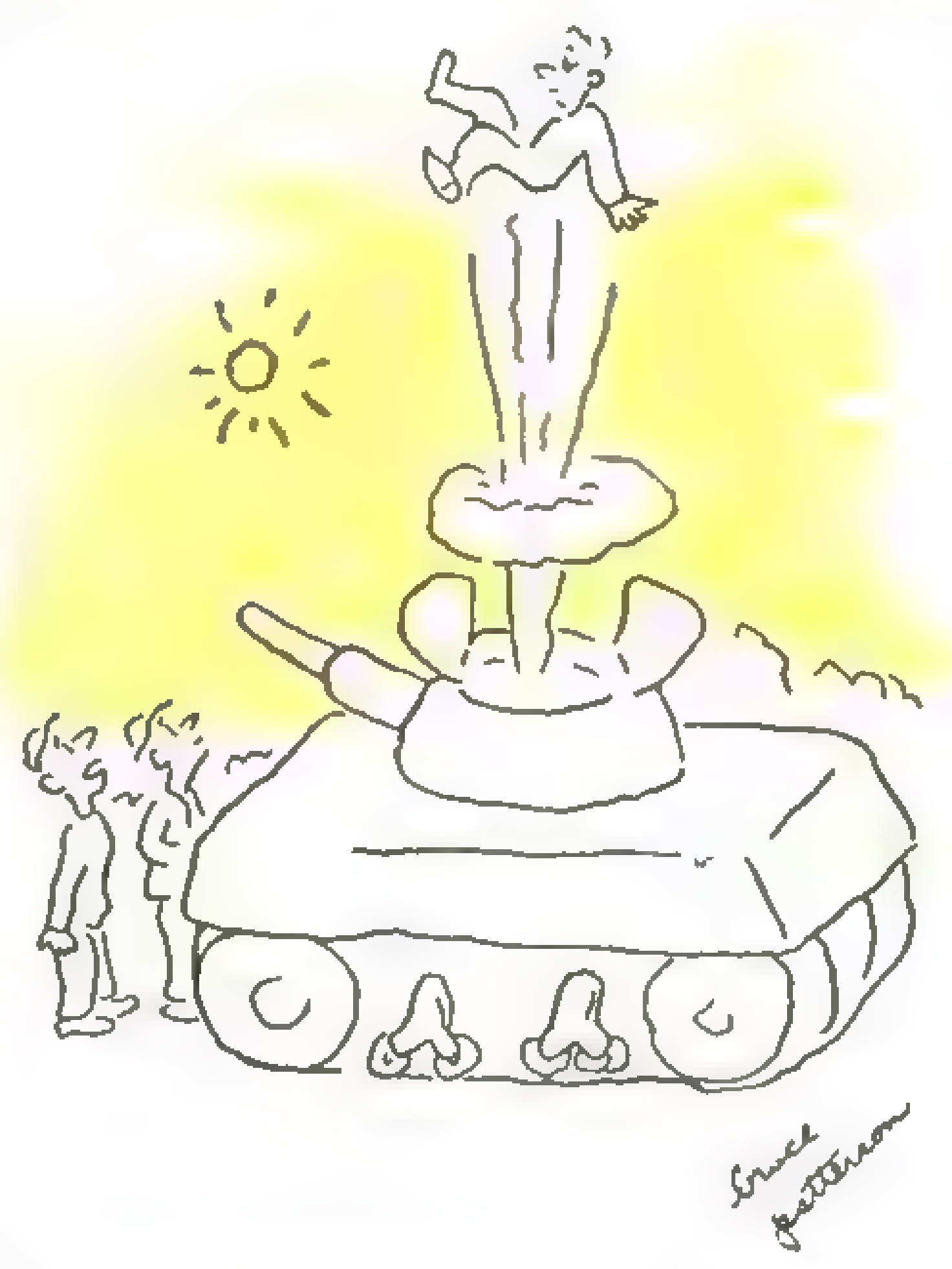
approach putt carelessly, because he didn't think I could get the ball out of the hole it was in. As a matter of fact, I didn't get the ball out. The dynamiter got it out for me. I must have removed a square foot of sand, but the ball landed on the green and rolled near the hole. Johnny missed his putt, and I won the hole. Instead of being 5 down, I was 3 down. With an ordinary niblick the shot would have been impossible. Undoubtedly I should have paid the penalty of making such a bad second shot, but this invention of the devil, as you call it, played the shot and I went on to win the tournament.

"On another occasion down in the Miami Open, playing on a course where the greens were so small that it was difficult to stop the ball on the green, I played every approach shot in the 72 holes with this dynamiter, and only on one occasion did I fail to get down in 2 strokes. And every time I hit the ball I felt that I was not playing the shot, but the dynamiter was.

"You asked if it was a fair club to play. Of course, it's fair, but it has certainly done something to the game. It has done something to the science that has always surrounded the game of golf; the ability to control the ball and win under all conditions has gradually disappeared. The days of the left-to-right shot, the cut shot, the high shots and the low shots, the backspin shot, the pitch-and-runs, have gone. It's merely a matter of taking a weapon which you think will propel the ball the required distance, grooving your swing and letting go. If the results are not satisfactory, 'the Dynamiter,' is still in your bag. You have no fear of penalties. The days of playing clever, safe shots are gone.

"No greater example could be afforded than the difference at the Oakmont course between the 1927 open 'PD' (pre-dynamiter) days, and the last amateur championship played there. The immortal Bobby Jones lost that championship in 1927 through the fact that he got into the bunkers on the short holes and averaged 5's. Yet in the amateur championship, the fellow who won it was bunkered eight times on the first nine holes, and eight times came out and got down in one putt. This man could never be rated in the same class as Jones, but his dynamiter could safely be rated ahead of any club Jones carried. Shots that can be played with the dynamiter in the hands of the experts were absolutely impossible with ordinary implements. I saw that great little golfer, Paul Runyan, play a shot in the 17th hole at Pinehurst that a few years ago would have been impossible. He was lying on hard clay among some trees with a little touch of sand around the ball. Between Paul and the green there was nothing but bunkers and deep, heavy rough. With a niblick he would have have had to pick that ball clean and put some 'cut' on it—nearly an impossibility. With the dynamiter he merely slapped the ground behind the ball, the ball went high up in the air, hit the green, rolled one foot and stopped three feet from the cup. Paul holed out for par. The position of his ball on the first shot was the result of very bad play which (PD days) would have left him facing a certain 4 even if he played the shot extremely well. With the great probability of a 5 on the hole, that iniquitous weapon we are speaking of produced a 3 for him instead.

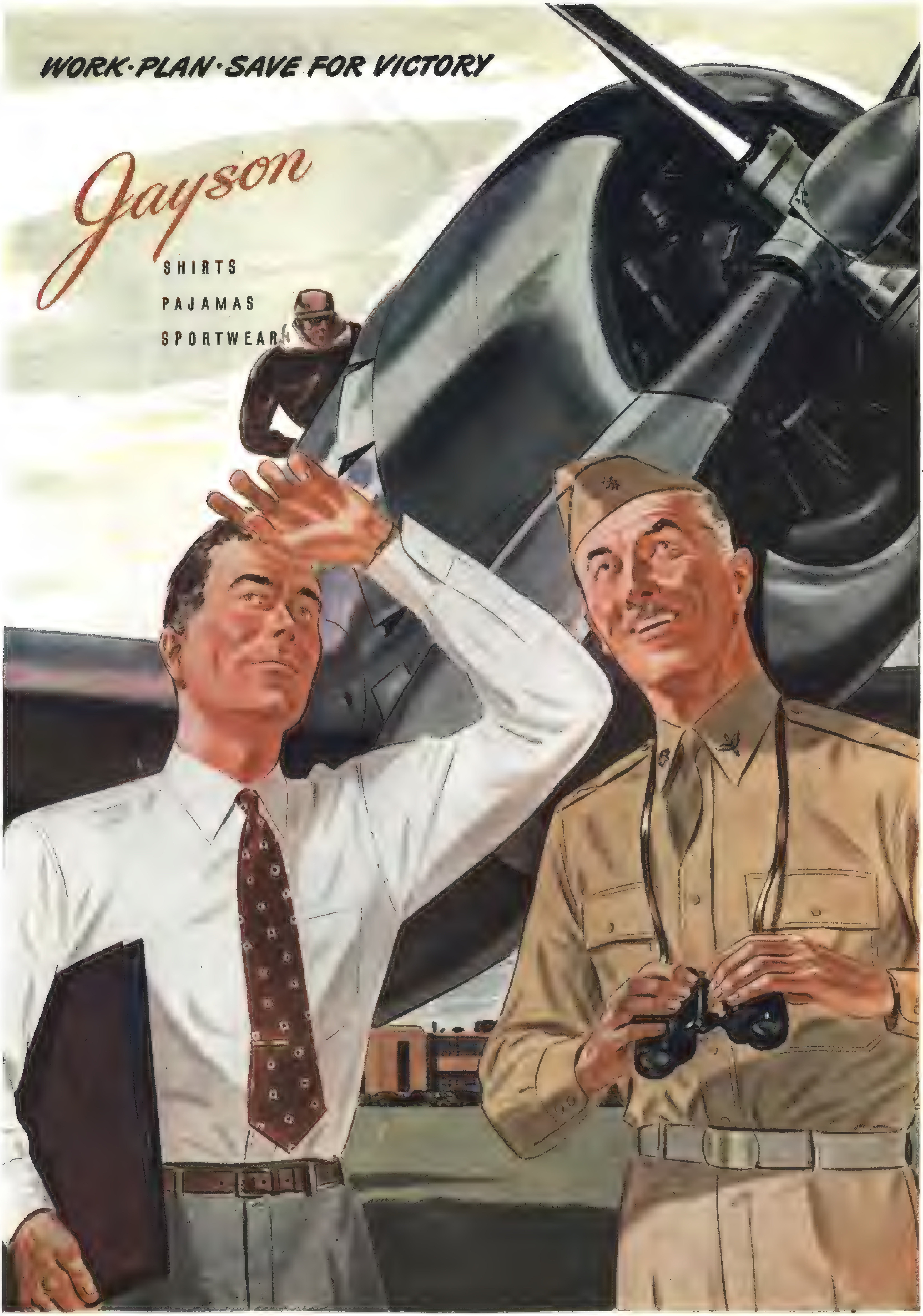
"I could go on for hours telling you of some of the remarkable shots I've seen and played with the dynamiter, but it would merely be a repetition. Though I have benefited as much as any other player in the use of this club, I have always felt it was very detrimental to the game. I started to campaign a few years ago to try to get it barred. I asked exactly 500 average golfers (and by 'average golfers' I mean men who shoot between 85 and 100) if they could use it at all. Exactly 491 said 'no' —and I question the veracity of the other nine. When presented with these facts, the U.S.G.A. said they agreed with me, but that there was no law that could make them bar the club. There is a definition of a golf club, and the dynamiter is built within its laws.



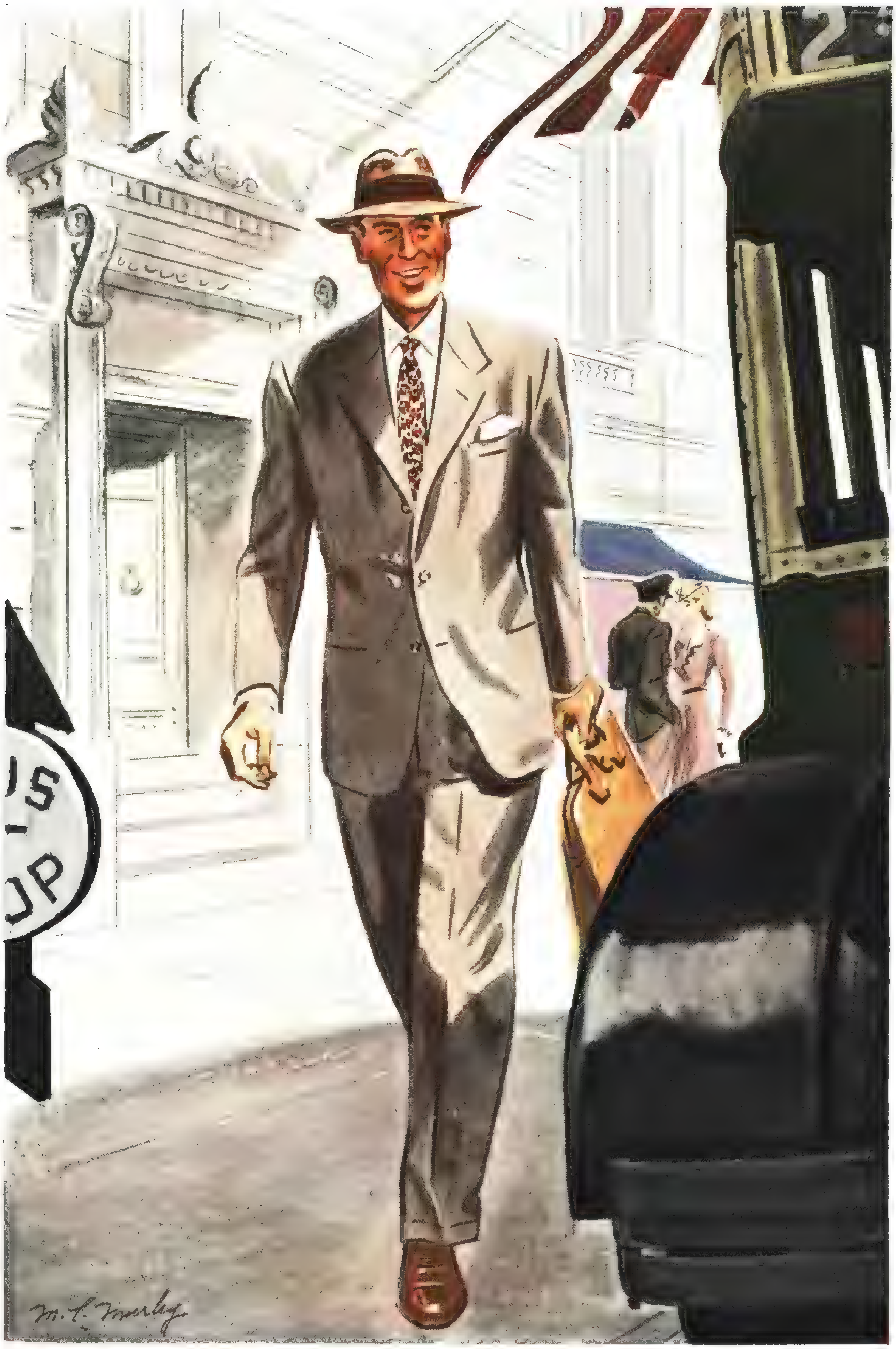
"When is he going to learn he can't keep beer in that hot tank?"

"When you became a free man on the golf course today by discarding that club, I think you did yourself and your partners a great favor. As you said, in your hands it's as dangerous as dynamite, but in the hands of a professional it's as powerful as dynamite."

At the beginning of this conversation my pal sat with a peaceful look on his countenance. As I went on, extolling the possibilities of the club and its devastating effects on par in the hands of the experts, his body became more tense. As I finished, he glanced at me and said softly, "Tommy, I feel my freedom slipping. Do you have another dynamiter in the golf shop?" #


WORK·PLAN·SAVE FOR VICTORY
Jayson
SHIRTS
PAJAMAS
SPORTWEAR

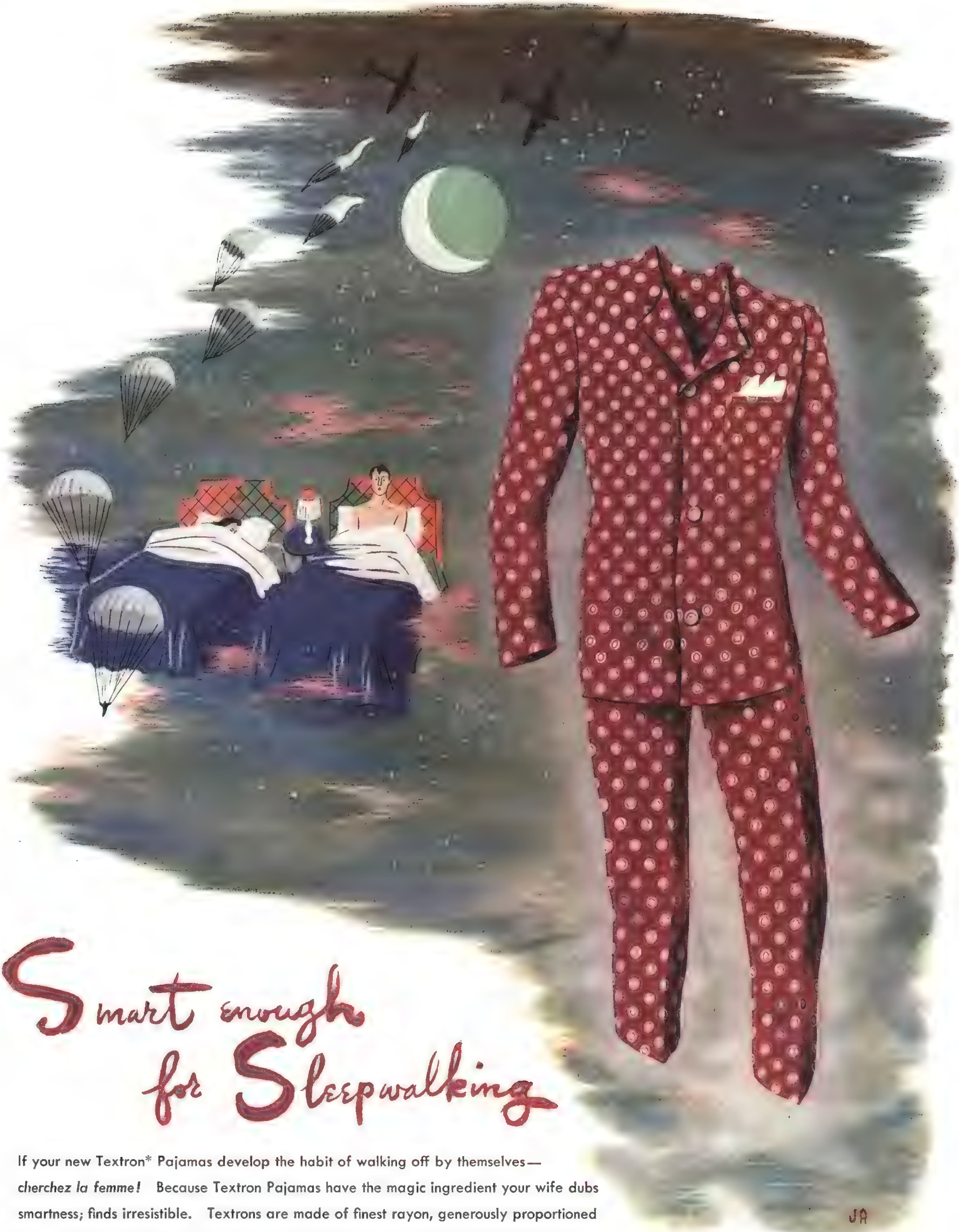
F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10 • MAKERS OF EXCELLO SHIRTS



fugitive from a cab stand

We have the artist's word for it that the fellow with the confident stride and the Dale Carnegie smile is an executive, just turned forty-two. Quite possibly it's something about annular rings that artists know—being closer to nature than most of us. Our executive will need all that charm and self-assurance when he tangles with the bus driver, a nasty bloke who enjoys making public examples of green bus riders from the carriage trade who forget to carry change and haven't acquired the sardine art of merging. His suit, at any rate, is as cool as they come; it's darkish tan tropical worsted. His shirt, tan and white, is of porous, drop stitch material. His brown mesh Panama hat has a pinched crown and fairly wide brim. His shoes are dark brown calfskin in straight tip town last. The red, black and white foulard tie introduces a welcome spot of color.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



Smart enough for Sleepwalking

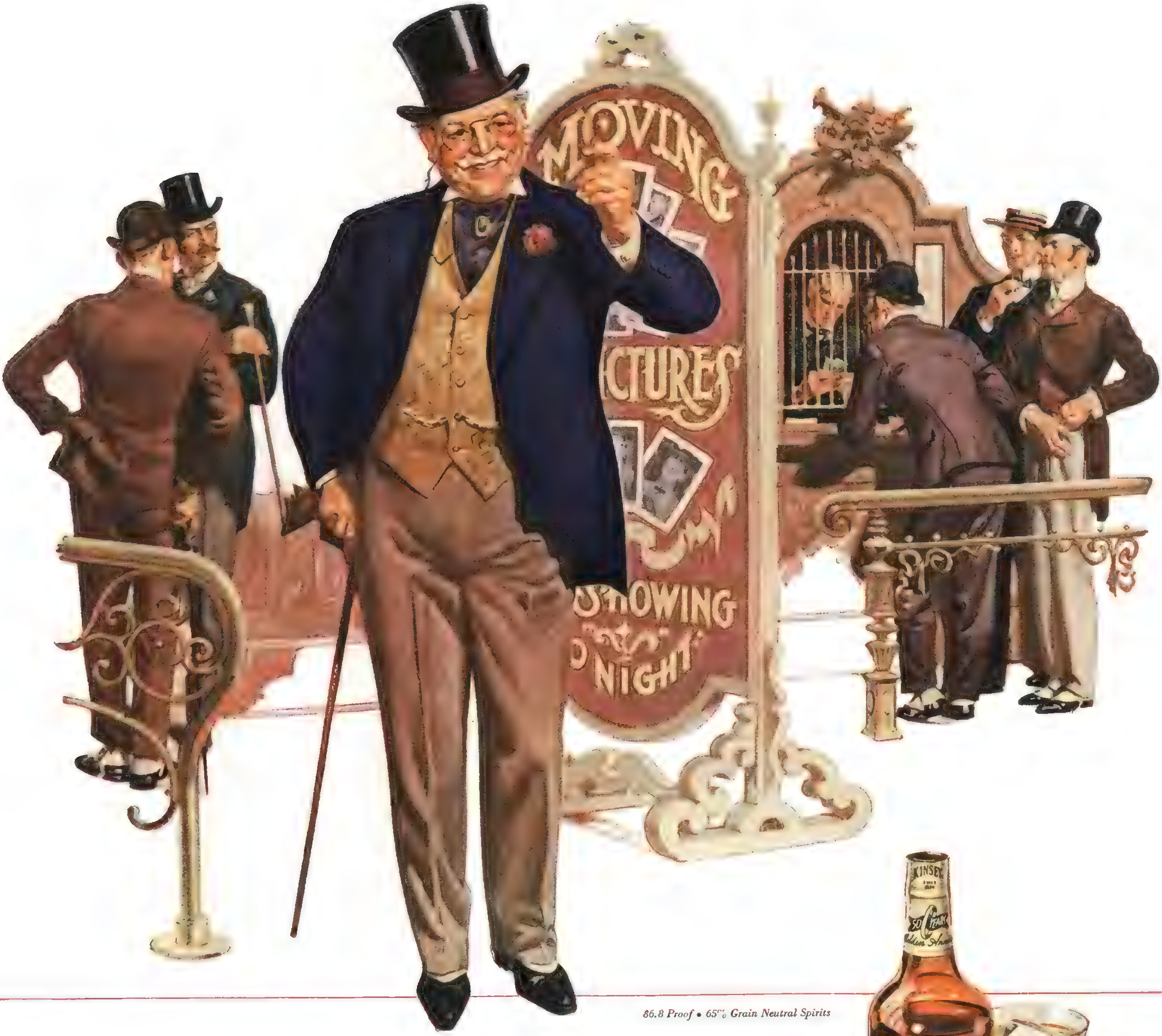
If your new Textron* Pajamas develop the habit of walking off by themselves—*cherchez la femme!* Because Textron Pajamas have the magic ingredient your wife dubs smartness; finds irresistible. Textrons are made of finest rayon, generously proportioned throughout . . . with trousers that fit and hang like slacks! Precision-tailored with the Textron skill used in turning out war's necessities—the air-light, steel-sinewed parachute, the sturdy, feather-weight mountain tent. White-ringed polka dots on wine, navy, luggage or royal blue. Also conservative and blazer stripes in the same color combinations. A to D. About $6. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rich's Inc., Atlanta, and leading stores in other cities. Slightly higher on the West Coast. TEXTRON INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York.

TEXTRON *Menswear*

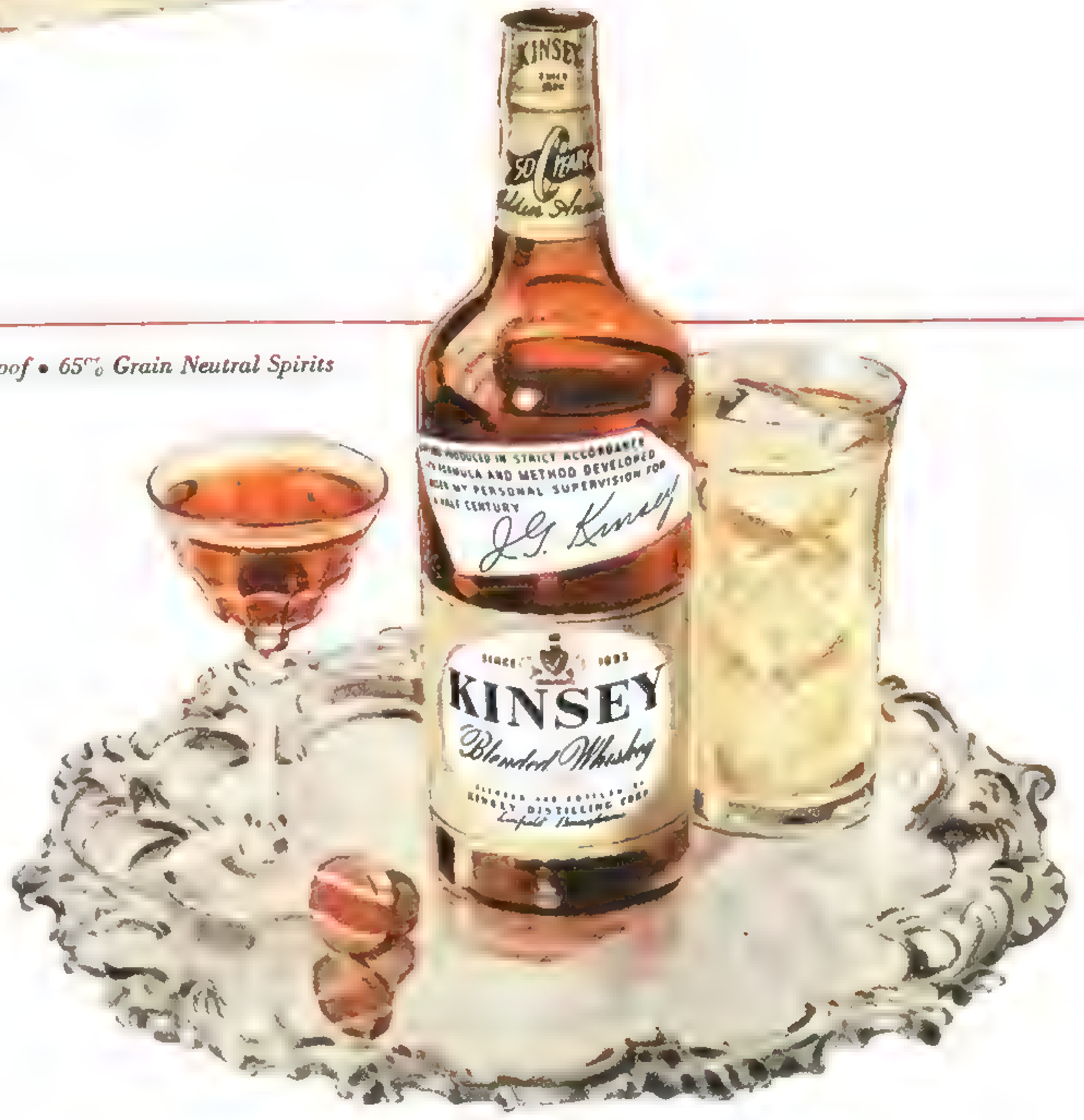
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GIFT OF THE GAY NINETIES

MOVIES for pleasant hours . . . LIGHT WHISKEY for pleasant taste


MOVING
PICTURES
SHOWING
TO NIGHT

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits


KINSEY
50 YEARS
J.G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

Life owes much to that decade of the nineties when moving pictures and light-bodied whiskey first captured public imagination and taste. Since J. G. Kinsey had the courage to introduce his milder, lighter whiskey, the mellow charm and distinctive flavor of this pleasant blend have won the high regard of all who appreciate good whiskey. And Mr. Kinsey today still personally supervises its blending. Kinsey Distilling Corporation, Linfield, Pa.

HASTEN VICTORY... BUY MORE WAR BONDS

KINSEY *Blended Whiskey*

ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR... NOW AS IN 1892

The Turning of Radiquet

Continued from page 61

smoke, he recovered his bundle, vanished and delivered the goods.

Radiquet probably thought the matter done and over with. But Bonnetti told his wife, who took the five children and went to offer ardent thanks. The episode became known, reached the ears of a deputy to the chambers. The short of it was that Radiquet was awarded the life-saving medal. The deputy delivered it and made a speech before many people. The volunteer firemen were present in uniform, guards and gendarmes.

This manifestation of public approval from his enemies broke Radiquet's morale. Evidently he understood that his old life, his real life, was over, that when he succeeded in tricking cops, people would shrug and say: "Sure, they look the other way when it's Radiquet. You know, he saved one of them from drowning." His existence was brutally bereft of purpose. Also, the ribbon of the decoration affected him strongly. Then the schoolmaster had him in to tell the older boys about the rescue. The finishing touch was a sermon in church, about the forgiveness of enemies, the return of the stray sheep.

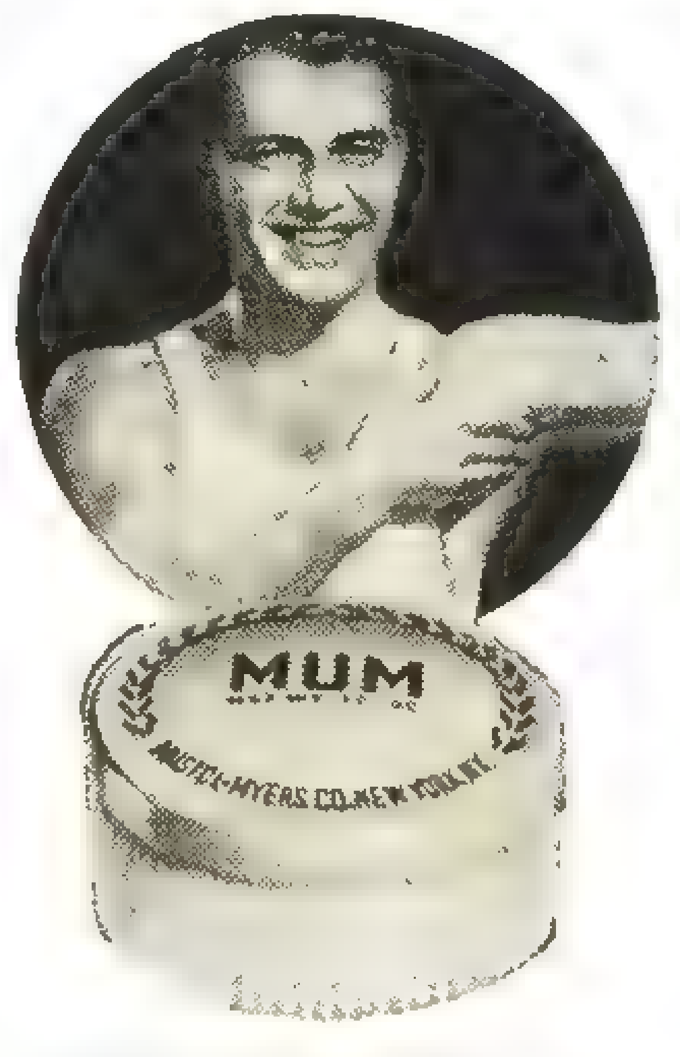
He worked the rest of the winter in a small factory in a town twenty miles away, returning every Saturday night, sober. The bruises faded from Melanie's face, never to be replaced. She actually bought a dress, looked like the average woman. She grew sleek; years melted from her face and body. When she entered church, people no longer leaned out of the pews to look at her, no longer whispered or clucked their tongues in pity. They looked at Jules, who now escorted her, in stiff black garments that seemed tailored from gas pipes, holding a new derby hat instead of the mangy fur cap he had worn for years. The ribbon of the life-sav-

"Hold everything—I just heard about lend-lease!"

Continued on page 144

NORTH POLE
ELECTRIC CO

"Sometimes I think using Mum has made our star salesman a bit overconfident!"



Product of Bristol-Myers

YOU CAN'T SELL yourself to others till you are sold on yourself—and that means confidence. Confidence made up of small things, like assurance against underarm offense. Many of today's pace-setters know this is true. And as a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—they dab on a little Mum to guard against underarm odor *ahead*. Mum is quick; takes only 30 seconds, protects all day. Mum is safe; won't stain shirts, irritate skin. Start using Mum after every bath.

MUM Helps a Man Make the Grade

Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
PHILIP MORRIS & Co LTD INC.

ALL FOR LOVE!

His pet frock, his pet records, *their* pet cigarettes . . . wonderful MARLBOROS*! So much more luxury, distinction, smoking pleasure . . . *just a penny or two more!*

CIGARETTE OF SUCCESSFUL MEN . . . *and* OF LOVELY WOMEN.

*IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

STAFF SERGEANT 3RD GRADE
1ST SERGEANT
TECH SERGEANT 2ND GRADE
MASTER SERGEANT
TECHNICIAN 3RD GRADE
TECHNICIAN 4TH GRADE
SERGEANT 4TH GRADE
TECHNICIAN 5TH GRADE
CORPORAL 5TH GRADE
PRIVATE 1ST CLASS

Chevron Brown

IN

Wembley Ties

$1

A new, warm brown-tone suggested by a non-com's stripes—in Wembley's new war-time fabric, a fabric cheered by American fighting men. In addition to uniform khaki and black, there are new civilian shades taken from the divisional insignia worn on a soldier's sleeve. Wembley quality and Wembley craftsmanship, worthy of the most popular name in neckwear.

BUY BONDS—SPEED THE VICTORY

Wembley Ties

Copyright 1944, Wembley, Inc., New Orleans

The Turning of Radiquet

Continued from pages 61-143

ing medal made a colorful, gaily sinister blotch on his lapel.

Then the Radiquets moved from the stone hovel on the outskirts of the village—it had been very convenient, a leap over the window sill, another over the fence and one was in the woods—to occupy three rooms in a new house. There was a housewarming, of course, cheerful but sedate. One or two of Jules' old friends did start to sing old chants, but Radiquet shook his head.

"None of that in my house," he declared stiffly.

For awhile, Melanie continued to do some odd chores, but prosperity overwhelmed her. She had chickens, ducks, then pigs to attend to. Her cups had whole handles on them; she wore button shoes, a hat on Sunday, even gloves. She smiled vaguely when people praised her husband, gradually lost the defiant lift of her chin when his name was mentioned.

Months passed and not once was Radiquet drunk, not once did he vanish into the night to cross the frontier with a bundle or to set snares in the forest. Once when some of us asked him for tips on how to catch larks, he delivered a lecture on the foolish cruelty of man who robbed nature of her sweet songs for so little meat.

On the Fourteenth of July the mayor put Radiquet on the committee that judged who was the prettiest virtuous girl in the village. The gendarmes took one look at him and went home to put on their best tunics. He was so evidently a solid citizen, a very zombie of righteousness. No one stood straighter, looked more serious or sung louder when patriotic songs were called for. No longer did he chant of the wretched of the earth, of the convicts of starvation. He drank reasonably, smirked and looked as if he had been starched all over with fresh pride.

This was explained when the guest of honor, the rich manufacturer from town, made his speech. He announced that he had decided to start a small factory right in this village, employing ten to twelve workmen the year around and maybe twice that many in the winter. He had chosen for manager a man known to them all, a man famous for his courage, a man whose recent conduct had atoned amply for slight indiscretions of the past: "I have referred to Jules Radiquet. He will be my right hand here, in complete charge, with a share in the profits."

No matter what was claimed later, no one suspected then that Melanie was not herself. Women turned to beam upon her, in congratulation, in envy and in flattery. She was now the wife of a very important man, a man who would dispose of many jobs, a man who was sure to be elected to the village council, a man who

Strong enough to stand on

JUST ONE OF MANY EXCLUSIVE ADDED FEATURES OF

Samsonite

Streamlite Luggage

» » America's most popular luggage, for him—for her. At better stores, when shipments are possible without interrupting our vital war work

★

SHWAYDER BROTHERS, INC.
Denver • Detroit

Buy More War Bonds

might yet be mayor. Melanie looked from face to face with staring eyes, smiled her vaguest smile, then suddenly rose and went home. All understood: her happiness was too great; she feared that she would break down and weep with pure joy in public.

The band blared, brasses glittered in the sunshine, dust rose chokingly. Radiquet shook many hands, smiling his new, humble yet proud smile. He left the inn late in the afternoon to change his collar for the evening ceremonies. And as he approached his home, Melanie appeared in the doorway in her new dress, the hat adorned with artificial cherries perched on her pile of hair. She held his shotgun in her hands.

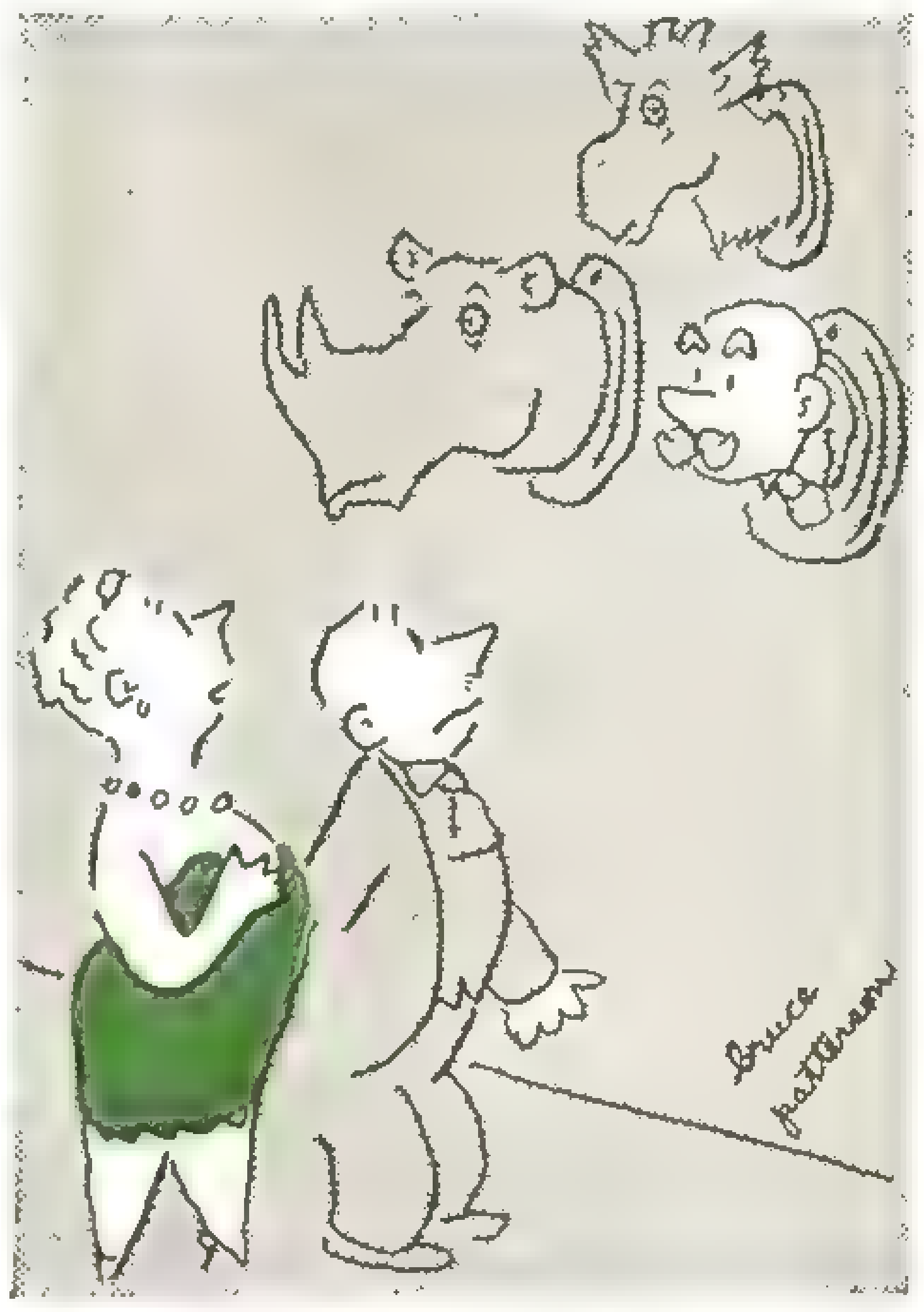
Her movements were deliberate, left foot forward, neat in the button-shoe, her shapely shoulder and rounded arm curving to end in the blue, rigid lines of the barrels.

The first shot knocked Jules back two feet, the second caught him as he spun, and it was over. Melanie surrendered the gun to the first gendarme to arrive, very politely, stock first.

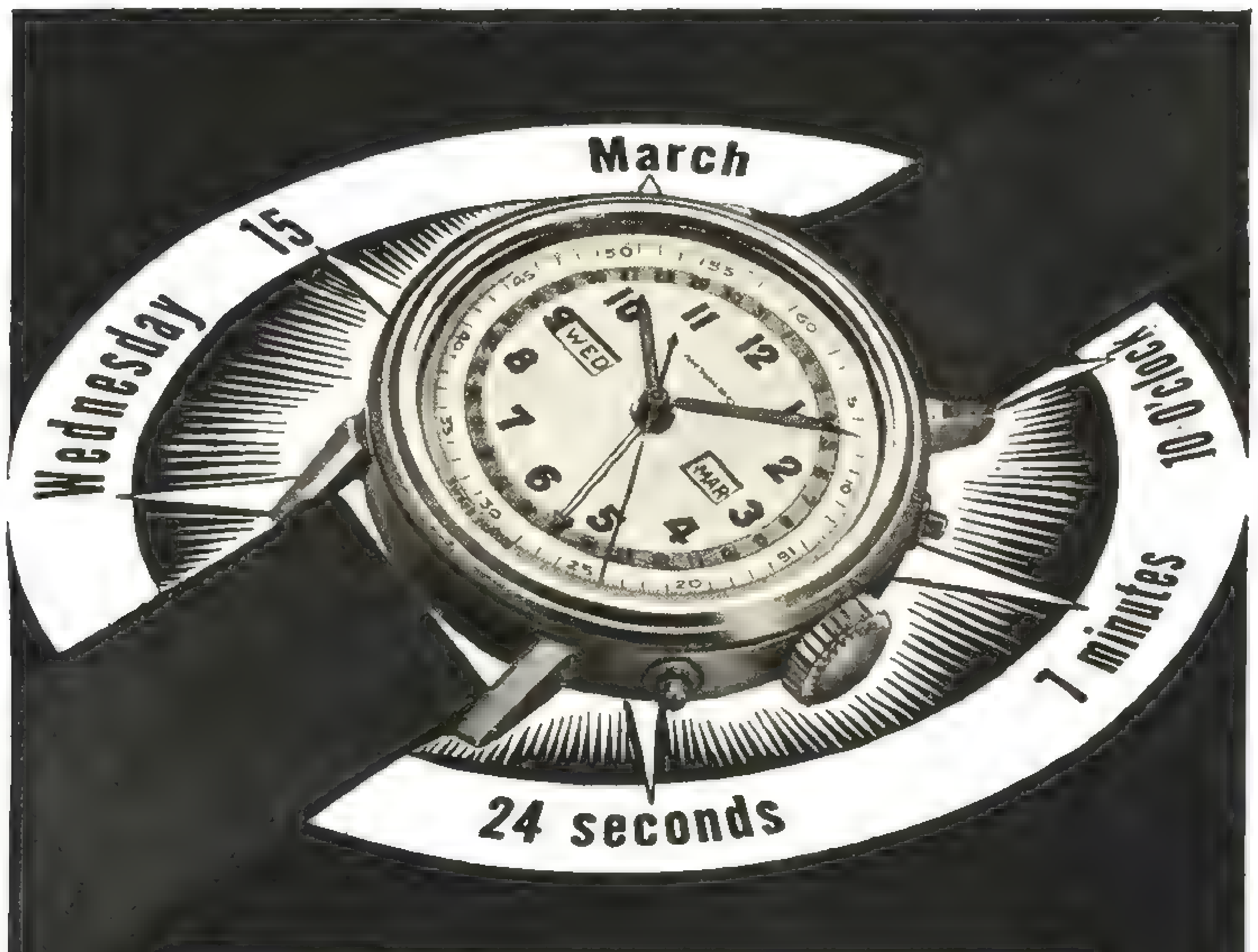
"I just had to do it," she said simply, "he was too disgusting."

That was all the motive she ever gave. Her lawyer brought out in court what he believed to be the explanation: her fifteen years of absolute misery had unbalanced her mind, or perhaps one of the hundreds of blows delivered by her husband during that terrible period. She was sentenced to ten years in prison and went away wearing her nice dress and the hat with the cherries, tall and calm between two gendarmes. Everybody said that she should have been sent to an asylum instead, that no one could understand what she had done unless she was mad.

Everybody was wrong. We, the children of the mountain village of Harquemont, understood that Melanie was perfectly sane and that she had done the one thing that remained to be done. #



"Dear John enjoyed his collection so much I thought he'd like to be with them"



CALENDOGRAPH, *famous Movado watch, registers the procession of time—in seconds, minutes, hours, days and months. The supply of these watches is limited.*

MOVADO

WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS . . . SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1944, Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

Here at last, was the rum we had been searching for:

a "mountain rum" of rare excellence!

We had heard, from native Puerto Ricans, that high up in the mountains of the island, there was a small distillery making a unique rum that had never before been exported to the States. We found the distillery, we tasted the rum, and discovered it to be truly superb. That was three years ago. Today this discovery, Ron Merito, is known to Americans from coast to coast. Enthusiastically they agree that rum drinks taste better when made with Ron Merito. It's the *mountain-distilling* that does it!

Ron MERITO
WHITE LABEL
Ron MERITO PUERTO RICAN RUM

Ron MERITO

THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Both Gold Label and White Label. 86 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet. Address Dept. E-9, National Distillers Prods. Corp., P.O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N.Y.

on the double

There's no time for strolling now.
We've a war to win. To keep in step with
fighting men, civilians must go forward "on the double."
It's the *extra* war bonds we buy; the *extra* hours on the
war job; the *extra* pounds of scrap we salvage; the *extra* effort
we make to save vital war materials that will speed the victory.
Leather is one of those vital materials. Conserve it by
wearing J & M's—the ultimate in fine shoes.
Conserve *them* by giving them good care and they
will last longer; give you more miles per pair.
Johnston & Murphy, Newark, N. J.
Fine Shoes Since 1850.

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE
J&M

BACK THE ATTACK • BUY WAR BONDS

Why Jap Pilots Take a Beating

Continued from page 37

good as long as they have numerical superiority. I guess they are born collectivists. But in individual combat they have poor judgment. In an emergency or under rapidly changing conditions they crack up. We'd always try to get the squadron leader. Once he was out and down, the rest of them acted confused, as though they didn't have any instructions and didn't know what to do. Sometimes we would intrude upon them above their own bases. They got so mixed up they started shooting at their own aircraft on the ground. A Jap flyer losing his head is a beautiful sight. It was funny how afraid they were of clouds. They'd never dodge into a cumulus. Can't stand it."

Other flyers confirm this complete lack of imagination on the part of the Jap airmen. There was the time a Jap plane came down, apparently to attack one of our destroyers that had been off a certain spot on Rendova Island the night before. When he arrived there, he saw not a destroyer but a carrier.

"You don't think he attacked?" a Navy pilot said in telling about the incident some time later. "He circled, unable to make up his mind, until our guns picked him up and brought him down. He hadn't even tried to bomb the carrier. Incidentally, his plane didn't have any bomb sight. A lot of the Jap planes don't have bomb sights." Some observers are of the belief that only the lead plane of a Jap formation is completely equipped.

There are other strange things about the Jap pilots. During the siege of Singapore, the residents would have their breakfast at 8:30 a.m. and hurry to their shops and offices, knowing that the first Jap attack would come at 9:30 sharp. And come they did, on the dot. At 11 a.m. there was the second attack, and at 1 p.m. the third.

"If we had had any planes we'd simply have sent them up twenty minutes before each raid," a British officer remembers. "We've often wondered about their silly habit but had no explanation for it."

Our Marines on Guadalcanal remember that the "Tokyo Express" arrived day after day at the same minute from the same direction and at the same altitude. The Japs hate to alter their tactics. They are displaying the same antics against our fast, new planes which they tried successfully against the first P-36's at the beginning of the war.

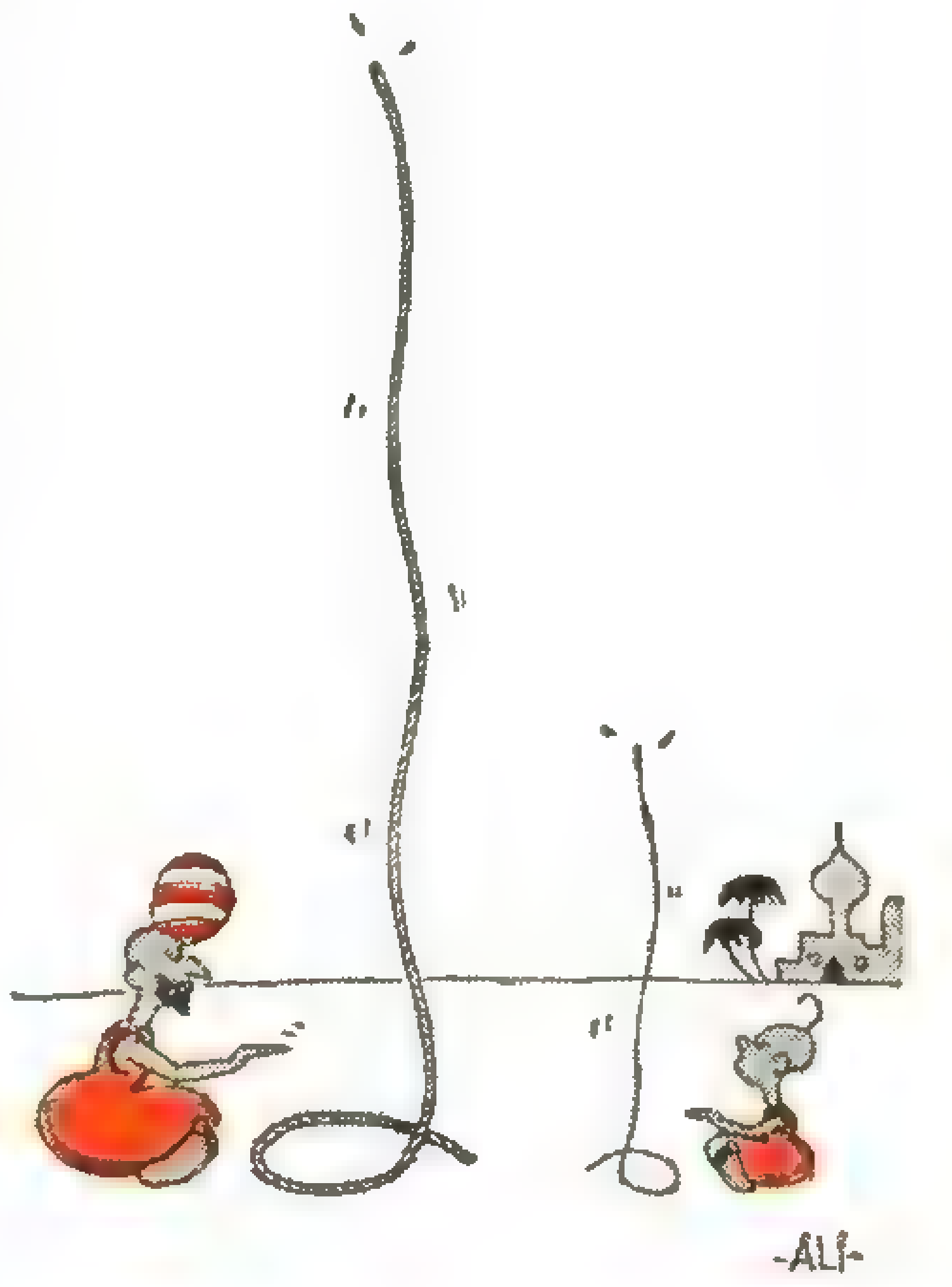
Much has been said about the superiority of the Mitsubishi-built Zero fighter. Its climbing power, maneuverability and ability to fight at high altitudes make the Zero the perfect plane for the purpose of dogfighting. Yet the Jap pilot is a bad dogfighter and

A NOBLE SCOTCH
"Gentle as a Lamb"
OLD ANGUS
BRAND
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
BRAND
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
Train & McIntyre Ltd.
DISTILLERS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1845

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

nearly always loses a duel with an American.

"The Japs dive poorly and their brakes are not secure," said a Marine pilot who had just returned from the Pacific where he shot down Zeros of various types. "They had no confidence in their flying ability and rely on tricks. Once two of them came after me, simulating a dogfight. I was to believe that one of our planes was being attacked and when I jumped to his help, the other fellow would attack from above and from the sun. I made a quick pass at the first one, giving him a burst from my machine guns and 20 mm. cannon. He went down in smoke. Then I tried to get on the other Zero's tail. I chased him for a while when suddenly he made a turn, trying to come against me in a head-on position. Fortunately we were flying fast. At 200 m.p.h. a Zero is easy on the controls but at more than 230 m.p.h. it loses most of its famed maneuverability and the turn didn't come off. I gave him a squirt and he nose-dived, trailing flame and smoke."



Our airmen back from combat with the Japs often recall that the Japs always stay in formation even when it's evident that they should fight individually. The Japs are mortally afraid of acrobatics, vertical spins and night-fighting. "They can't get their eyes used to constantly changing focus from the lighted dials to the little specks in the dark skies that appear and whiz past them in no time. When they make up their minds and start shooting, our bombers are already five miles past them. Then, night-fighting means going up in groups of two or three. Formation flying is out. It means to be up fast, pick your target, get in at gun range and get away fast. The Japs will never learn those things."

The formations of the Japs are two V's in different altitudes. The lower formation acts as decoy. When the Americans attack, the higher V swoops down on them. "The jaundiced little broth-

Continued on page 148

When Father is King!

Give Dad some Dutch Masters for Father's Day, if you would crown his pleasure with a truly great cigar. Any man feels like a king—when he lights up a Dutch Masters Cigar.

an American privilege

DUTCH MASTERS

TIES FROM THE ART OF CHINA

CHINESE STENCILS

Many centuries ago delicate hand-cut Stencils were the glory of Chinese art. From Manhattan's rare collection they were adapted into gorgeous ties. The colors have a rich depth of tone enlivened with highlights of woven Jacquards . . .

Sheer oriental splendor at $1.50

Manhattan TIES

By the Makers of Manhattan Shirts

Good advice for
Men
and Women
from Diana
Barrymore
daughter of the
great John
Barrymore:

"I am glad that people today realize that it is as necessary to use a deodorant as it is to use toothpaste, or any other article of personal hygiene. I am enthusiastically pleased with Arrid and recommend it highly. I think Arrid is a wonderful product because it gives complete protection. Men as well as women should use Arrid."

New Cream Deodorant
Prevents Under-arm Odor...
...Vanishes Instantly!

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid — it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, antiseptic, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid does not irritate — gives complete protection — use it regularly.*

STOPS PERSPIRATION
ARRID
UNDER ARM DEODORANT

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or dedepartment store. 39c, 59c a jar.

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

Why Jap Pilots Take a Beating

Continued from pages 37-147

ers stayed up there as long as they could," a Marine fighter said. "When they felt that we were running out of ammunition, they'd come down and start making passes. Once, two of them got me flat-footed. There wasn't a single shell left in my cannon. I went down to the level of the treetops, hedgehopping across the countryside. It was early in the morning and there was a mist in the air. It sounds incredible but they lost me. I peeled off to the right, opening up more space between them and me, and they didn't see my well-camouflaged plane against the ground. Their bad eyesight has given us many a break."

The Japanese pilots have a very high opinion of their American adversaries. Two months before he became Prime Minister, Hideki Tojo said in a secret officers' meeting, "The American pilots are skillful and thoroughly trained. They are relaxed and have the necessary mental and physical conditioning for war. The Americans were the only ones who defeated us at the Olympic games."

Tojo's words were proved by the American Marine fighter pilot who attacked a Jap Mitsubishi OB-01 and found that his gun jammed.

"I had always been thinking about ramming the enemy without losing one's own plane," he said. "I went after him and approached from the left of its stern. I was aiming at the tail. I figured it would be best to clip its rudders and stabilizer with the tips of my propellers. All I felt was a slight jolt. I throttled back and came out of it. The Jap was going down in a crazy spiral but the pilot managed to straighten the plane out and came up again. I went after the Jap again and banked sharply, trying to get my plane head on against his. I guess it was foolish but by that time I had to have him. Somehow he managed to heel over his plane. I'd been waiting for that. I banked in the opposite direction and went into the Jap's cockpit. The Jap spun down and my own plane went into spirals. I bailed out and got down all right. When I came down, the Jap was still burning on the ground."

And this is the answer to why Jap pilots take a beating and now lose seven planes for every American plane downed. It is because they can't take the American brand of courage, split-second timing and skill; because they have no co-ordination, mechanical ability nor, most important of all, common sense.

Maybe they aren't bad pilots, Tojo's little brothers, and it's just their bad luck that they are not up to our big league standard.

So sorry, brothers, but if that's the case, you should have thought of it before you started this war. ##

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

What do you do on the tennis court?
You swing and miss the ball,
And wish that you'd never ever
Tried to play the game a'tall—
Your legs get stiff, your arms get tired,
But Mister, your feet feel SWELL
'Cause you knew that on the
tennis court
Westminster Socks excel!

What do you do on vacation trips?
You fish, and fish, and fish.
And if you'll fish in comfort, sir,
Westminsters are your "dish."
They fit so well, they look so smart
For business, home or sports
That's why you'll see
Westminster Socks
At all the best resorts.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

The Faith That Failed

Continued from page 55

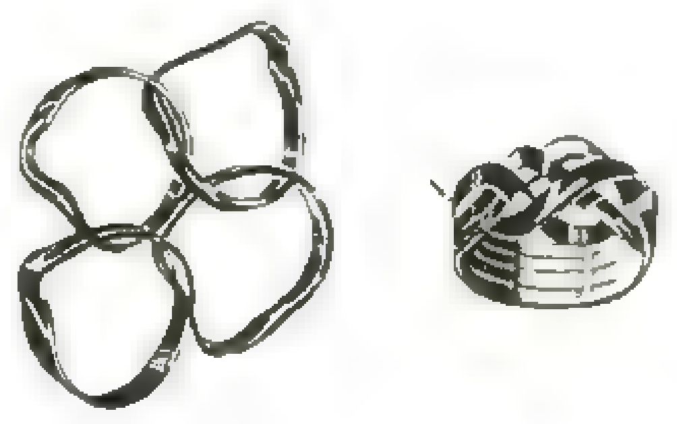
frank with me I could count my votes before election. You let him go this time and I'll catch him myself, four years hence."

"You're farm raised," my mother challenged.

"Yes, Ma'am—that isn't the first critter I've seen choking on a spud. That wooden gag and the whipstock was my father's idea. Well, it's nice to have met you." He reached into the buggy for his coat. "I must be on my way. Lots of uncommitted voters to visit in this precinct."

"It's half past eleven," my mother said. "Ours is a large family and I always put enough in the pot to provide for a few unexpected guests. We've slain three old hens and I claim to make the best apple pie in this county. Stay for dinner—please."

Mr. Binney needed no urging for, indeed, unless some other farmer invited him to lunch he would have to go without it. He proved to be a wholly charming and very entertaining man and the longer he stayed the more my poor father suffered. Father's friend, the Democratic candidate, had vegetated in the office for twenty years and was now too old for the job, but would not retire because he considered he had a proprietary interest in the office. He was a political dud and father knew it, but—he was a Democrat.



Puzzle ring is made of four separate handwrought rings, which form interlocking design.

At parting mother said to Mr. Binney: "Don't worry about the vote of this political diehard. I'm on your side and he had better be, too, if he knows what's good for him. There are some things I cannot tolerate—and one of them is ingratitude."

"Loyalty to a friend is a quality I admire," quoth Mr. Binney. "It's as rare as gratitude. Anyhow, I have him hog-tied. If he has to mention me to his constituents he'll say something nice about me . . . he doesn't know anything bad about me."

Now my father was well known to be the political boss of his precinct, not because he aspired to be a boss but because he was well liked and most of our neighbors

Continued on page 150

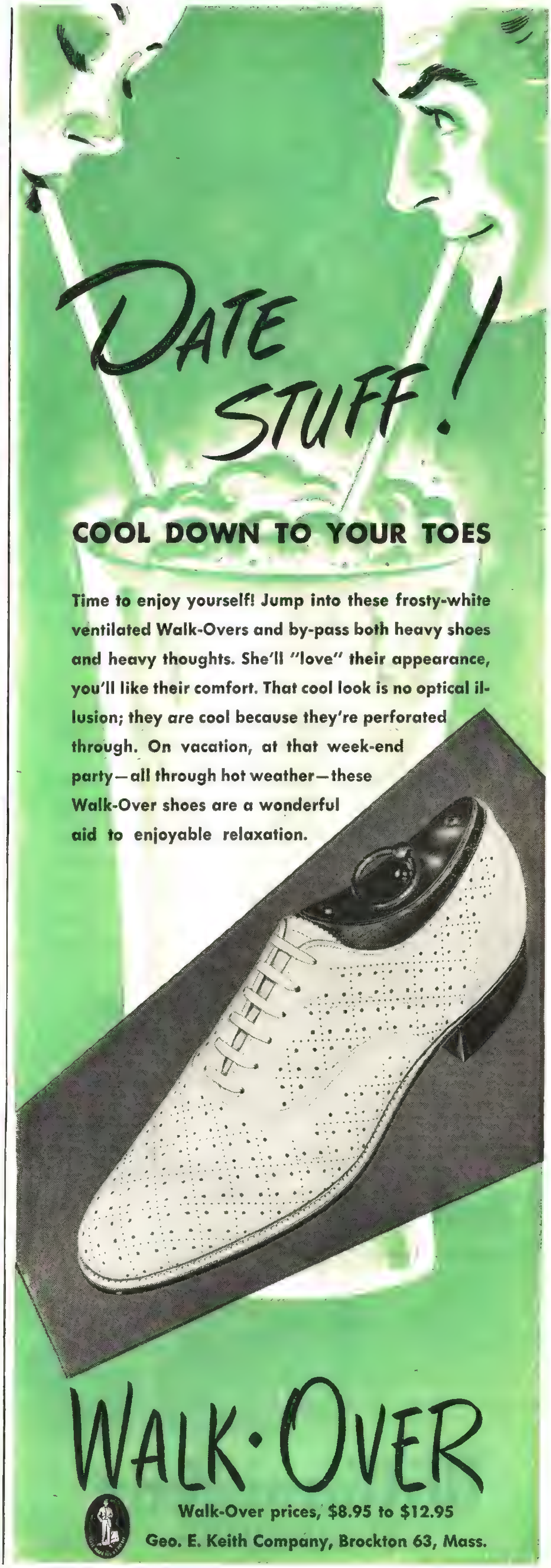
A Great Name
GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
NEW JERSEY
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

YESTERDAY...TODAY...TOMORROW

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

94.4 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY



COOL DOWN TO YOUR TOES

Time to enjoy yourself! Jump into these frosty-white ventilated Walk-Overs and by-pass both heavy shoes and heavy thoughts. She'll "love" their appearance, you'll like their comfort. That cool look is no optical illusion; they *are* cool because they're perforated through. On vacation, at that week-end party—all through hot weather—these Walk-Over shoes are a wonderful aid to enjoyable relaxation.

WALK·OVER

Walk-Over prices, $8.95 to $12.95

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

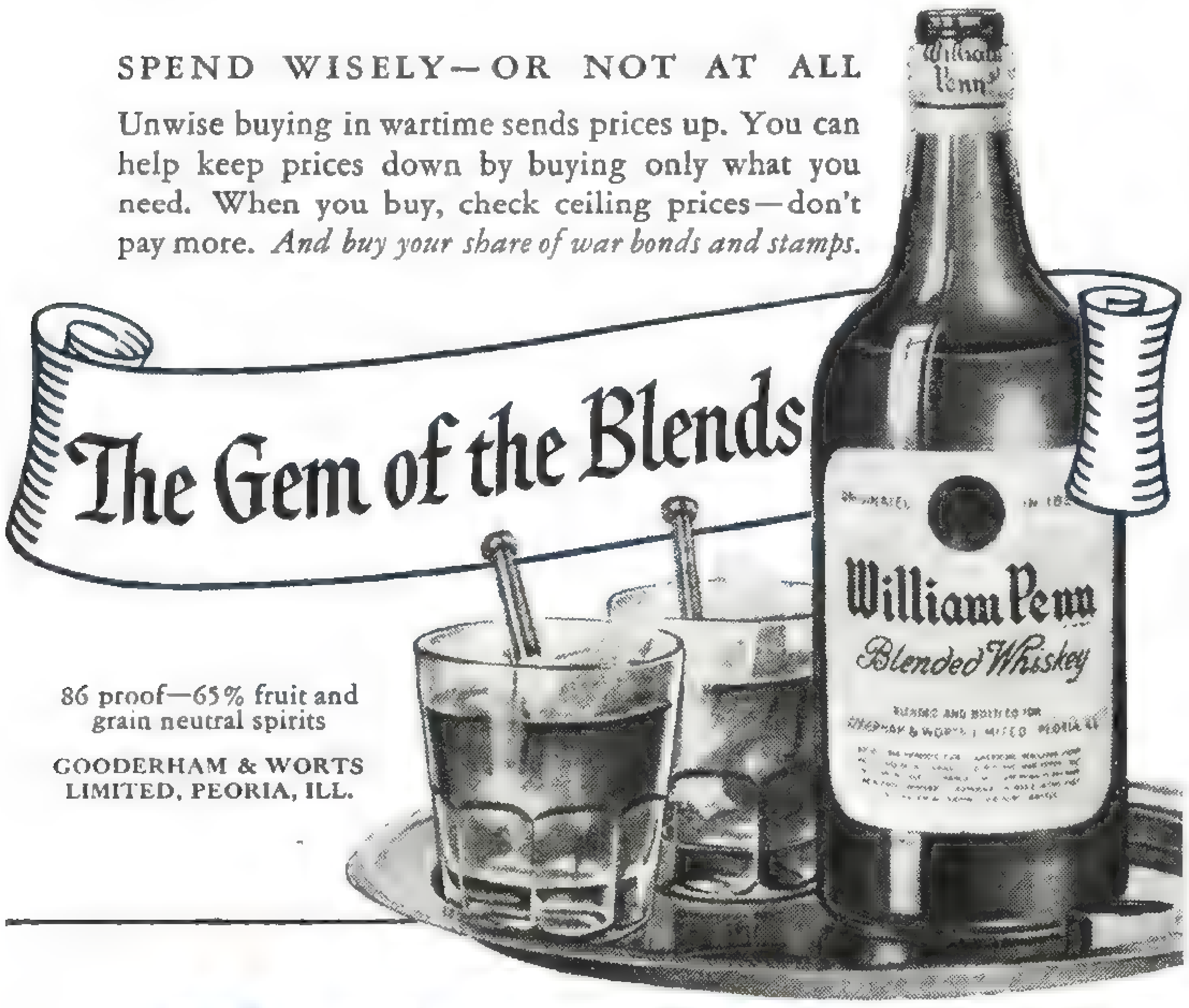
THE HOPE DIAMOND—Once worn by King Louis XIV, it disappeared during the French Revolution, and was finally brought to America . . . a diamond of many adventures.

THE GEM FROM THE OCEAN

In its wide travels, the famous 44½ carat Hope Diamond has even visited the bottom of the sea. There it was recovered from its drowned owner's wallet by a daring deep-sea diver. Just as the Hope Diamond is unique because of its rare blue color, so William Penn "outshines" other blends because of its exceptionally delicious flavor. If you appreciate premium quality at a non-premium price, William Penn is your whiskey. *Millions say when with William Penn!*

SPEND WISELY—OR NOT AT ALL

Unwise buying in wartime sends prices up. You can help keep prices down by buying only what you need. When you buy, check ceiling prices—don't pay more. *And buy your share of war bonds and stamps.*



86 proof—65% fruit and grain neutral spirits

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILL.

William Penn
Blended Whiskey

The Faith That Failed

Continued from pages 55-149

were under a perennial debt of obligation to him. He had good farm equipment and our neighbors saw no necessity for investing in equipment while my father's remained in working order. So they borrowed our cultivators, buck rake, tools, pitchforks, mowing machines. Also, on rare occasions, they borrowed a team and wagon. They always brought the team and wagon back as soon as they had finished with them, because they preferred that father should feed his own horses, but the other stuff we always had to go after. Also he enjoyed the reputation for possessing a finely balanced sense of equity and whenever two neighbors got in a ruckus they saved court costs by coming to my father with their case and he would examine both men, render his decision and close the incident. Small wonder then that men voted as he suggested, particularly when they didn't care who got elected.

For years father hadn't missed delivering his precinct to the Democratic candidates. But, amazingly, when the votes were counted on election night that year my father almost fainted. For he had missed with one candidate—the candidate for sheriff. Binney had carried the precinct with the exception of one vote—and my father didn't have to wonder who had cast that one. My mother laughed until she cried and by degrees the reason leaked out. To begin with, the sheer force of Binney's charming and winning personality had prejudiced the voters in his favor. He had been a good salesman and had had nothing but praise for his Democratic opponent. But, incidentally, he told our neighbors how he had arrived at our ranch in time to save our fine fat Shorthorn steer, of having dined with us. He rhapsodized over my mother's cuisine and rather created the impression, without saying so, that he was a warm personal friend of my father's. So, while they knew they were supposed to support the Democratic candidate because father had told them all he was supporting him, they suspected he was merely throwing dust in the air and that, secretly, he was for Bob Binney. If a man saved your steer, you voted for him. No argument about that. So, upon finding themselves alone in the voting booth with the Lord and a red rubber stamp, they voted the way they believed father wanted them to vote—if he'd had the courage to tell them the way.

About a week after the election three letters arrived in our mail box. Two were from Binney and one from the man he had defeated. One of Binney's letters was for mother. He thanked her for her aid, without which he knew he never would have carried our pre-

Good Hunting

...WITH

CALOBAR

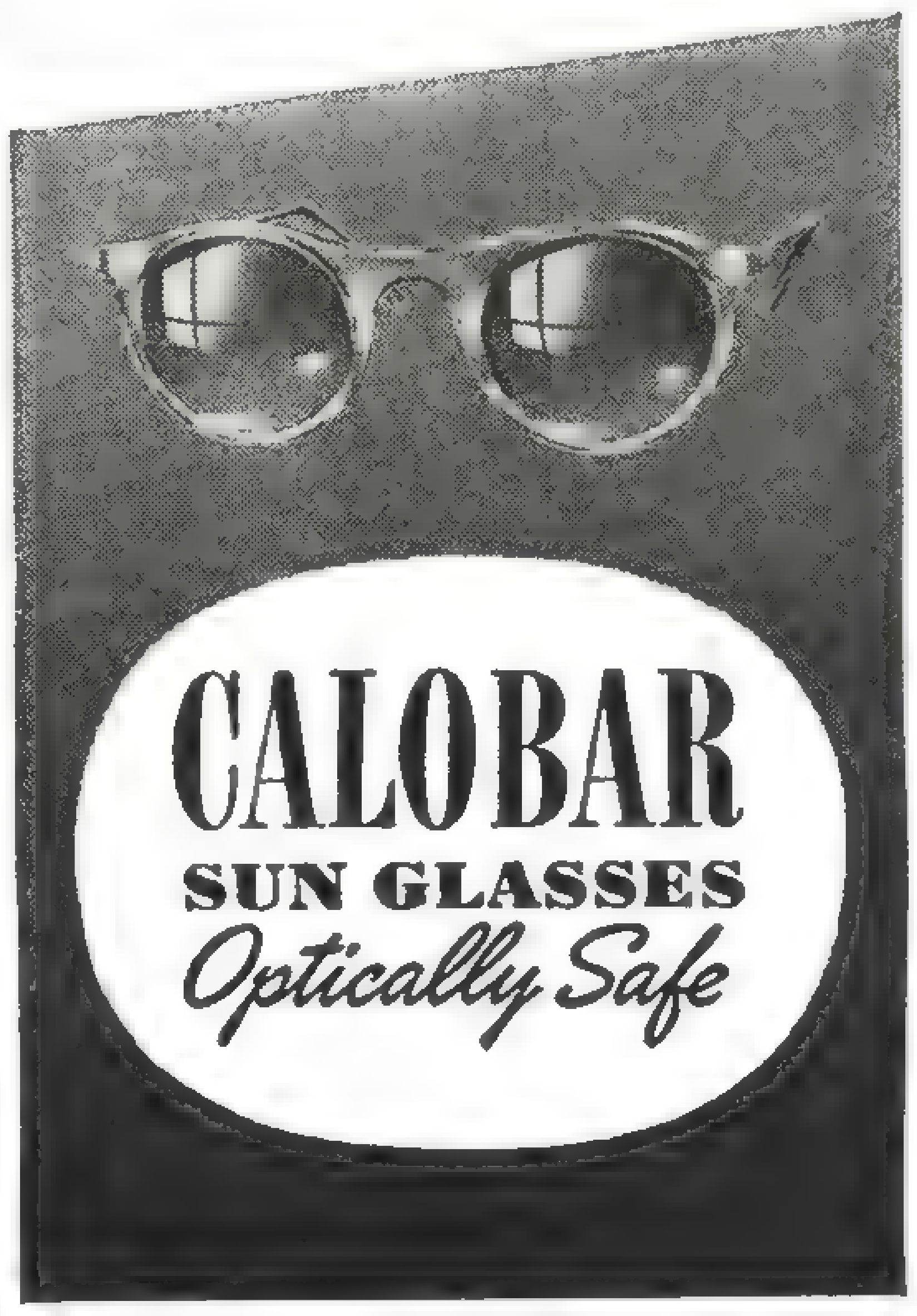
SUN GLASSES

Many thousands of pairs of Calobar Sun Glasses, made by American Optical Company, are helping U. S. fighting airmen to blast the enemy.

For Calobar Sun Glasses have lenses made of especially formulated glass that eliminates glare, absorbs hot infra-red rays, ultraviolet "sunburn" rays, and lets you see clearly and sharply.

Today all the Calobar Sun Glasses we can make are going to those who hunt Uncle Sam's enemies. The day is coming when they will be available through those who render professional eye care.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

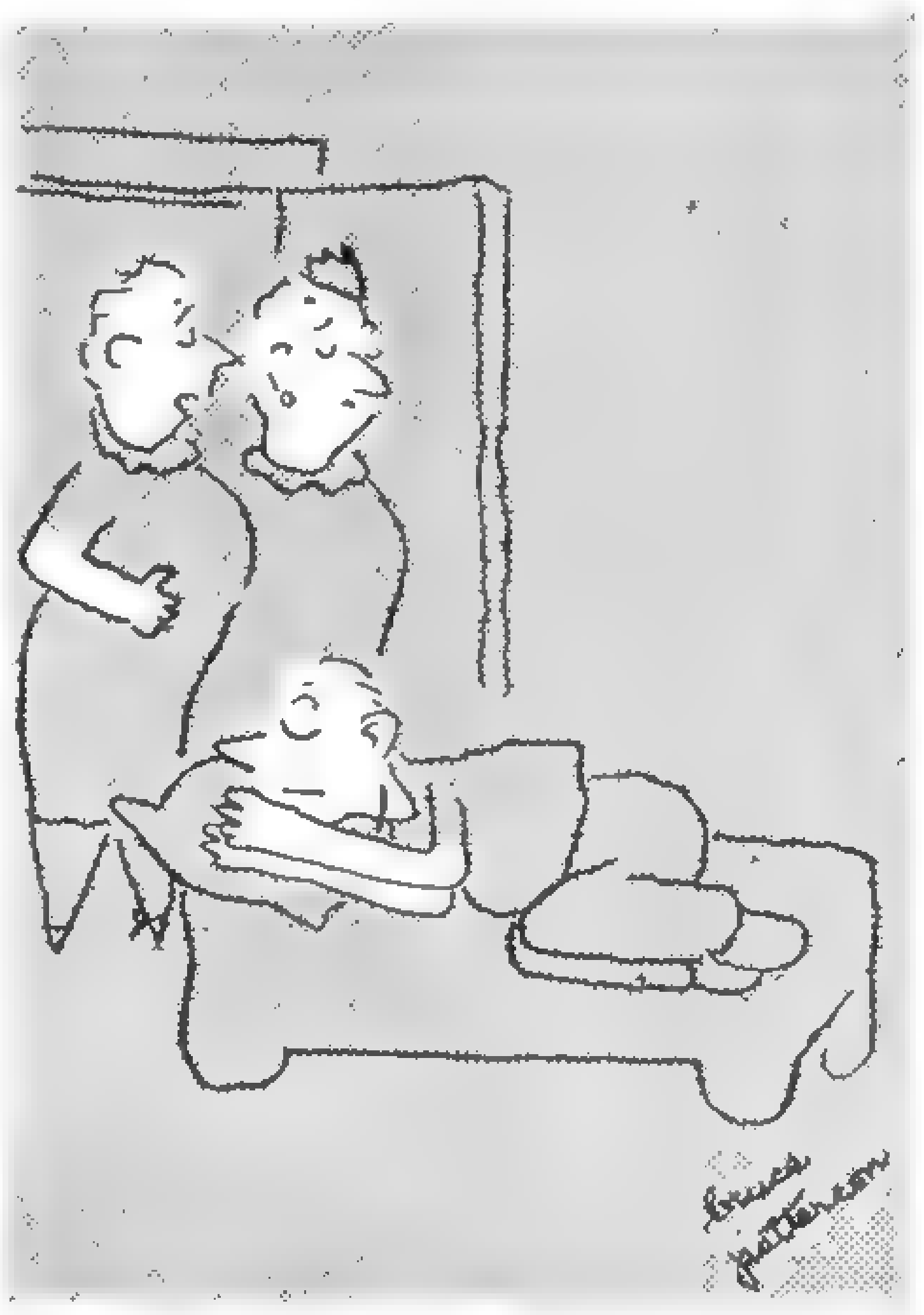


American Optical
COMPANY
World's Largest Makers of Ophthalmic Products

cinct, and again for the dinner.

To my father he wrote: "After leaving your ranch I disabused my mind of worry regarding your precinct, because your wife was on my side and I knew you would not permit a matter of party loyalty to come between you and your wife. Thanks for the vote of confidence. If I should ever have to serve a warrant on you, it will break my heart; if you should ever be a guest in my jail, be assured the best will not be good enough for you."

Of course, that was equivalent to thrusting a poniard deep into my sire's weasand and then pouring vinegar into the wound. And the hurt was all the more severe because he knew Bob Binney was wholly sincere about it. Mother laughed until she almost cried.



"He says he's demonstrating his post-war plan"

The letter from the defeated candidate ran: "I see you took a tip from Judas Iscariot. And I believed you were my friend."

Father was so infuriated he forgot to be cautious and showed that letter to my mother. After she had revived, she said: "That's what you get for loyalty to a political party that has a jackass for its insignia. Well, let this be a lesson to you, Judas. You know now that a politician is only your friend while you continue to deliver, while you help to keep his feet in the trough."

"Will you please be good enough to mind your own business," my wretched father howled.

"I will," my mother replied, "provided you mind yours for the next four years and devote your entire time to the problem of squeezing a living out of this farm for your family. You've had your free coinage of silver spree . . . now sober up and get on with your winter plowing."

My father was so thoroughly whipped he fled, as usual in such circumstances, to the horse barn. I followed. I knew there are times when a fellow needs a friend. I arrived in time to see father give our old Dan horse, who was mean and balky, a half-hearted kick in the belly! ⧺

Mido WINDS AS YOU GO*

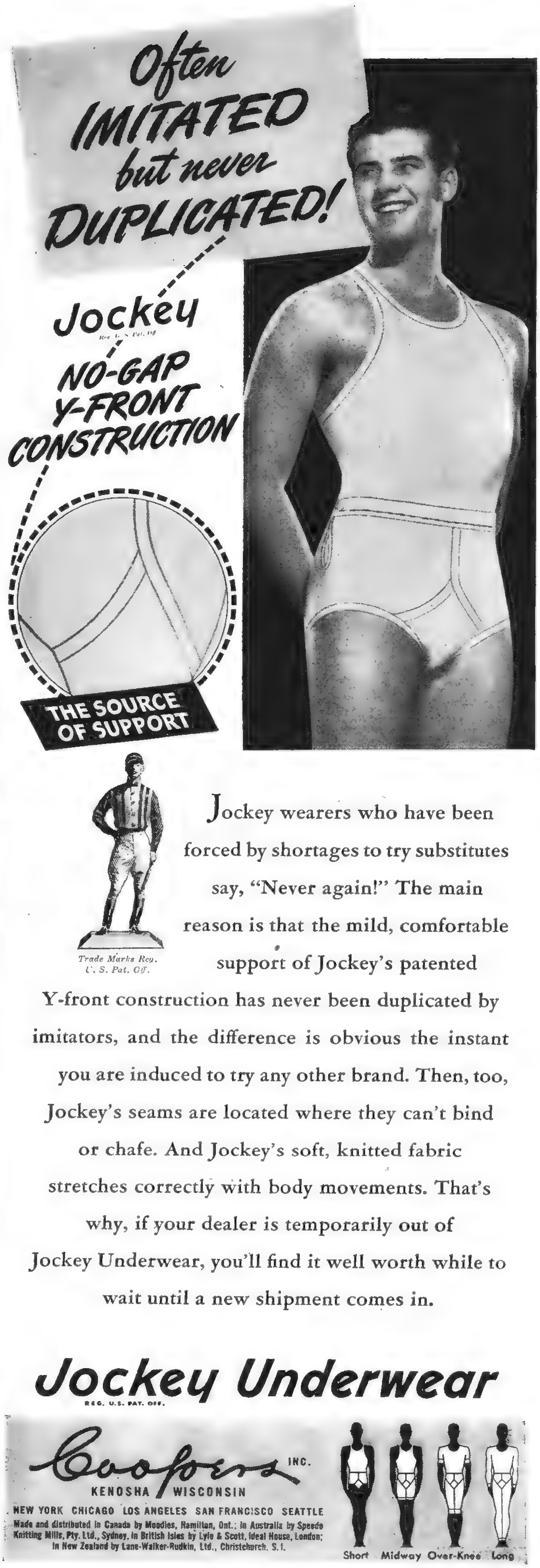
*When skeet-shooting, wear your Mido . . . your arm's natural motion will keep it fully wound. It's the 100% waterproof watch that winds itself. Shock-resistant, anti-magnetic . . . 17-jewels, it is sold and serviced in 65 countries. Supply limited.

★

Write for illustrated booklet, A-64, Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc., 665 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y. . . . In Canada, 410 St. Peter St., Montreal.

Mido MULTIFORT—SUPER AUTOMATIC

© 1944, MIDO WATCH COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC.


Often IMITATED but never DUPLICATED!

Jockey Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NO-GAP Y-FRONT CONSTRUCTION

THE SOURCE OF SUPPORT

Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Jockey wearers who have been forced by shortages to try substitutes say, "Never again!" The main reason is that the mild, comfortable support of Jockey's patented Y-front construction has never been duplicated by imitators, and the difference is obvious the instant you are induced to try any other brand. Then, too, Jockey's seams are located where they can't bind or chafe. And Jockey's soft, knitted fabric stretches correctly with body movements. That's why, if your dealer is temporarily out of Jockey Underwear, you'll find it well worth while to wait until a new shipment comes in.

Jockey Underwear REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC. KENOSHA WISCONSIN

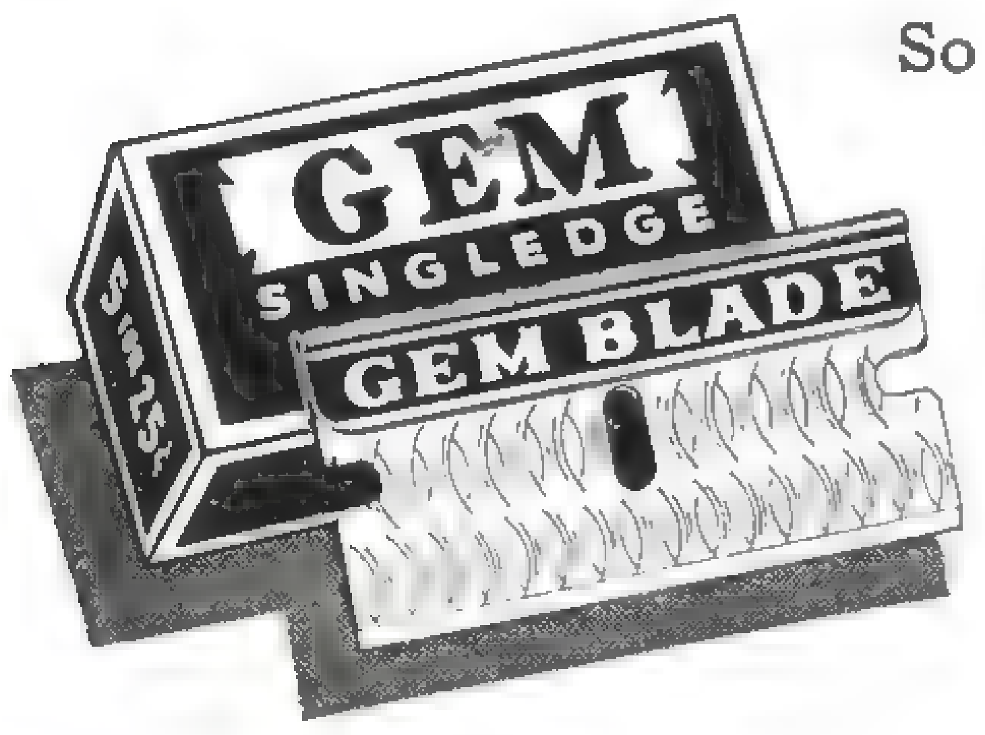
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney, in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.

Short Midway Over-Knee Long

"I told you nothing could keep us apart, Wilbur, if you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

"It's wonderful, Honey . . . Hey, you're not sitting on my Gem Blades, are you?"



So *you* wouldn't worry about Gem Blades at a time like that! Well — brother — she's probably in the bag because Gems kept his face free from "5 o'clock Shadow".

Try genuine Gems. Thick, tough, super-keen — they keep you face-neat *longer!*

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

GEM

RAZORS and BLADES

© 1944, American Safety Razor Corp.

Party Line at Portland

Continued from page 45

saw it before, but it looks like it's two jumps ahead of a B-17."

He went to the interphone, pressed Boston's buzzer and the controller answered.

"Portland," Steve announced. "Army 301 is on the ground 2013."

"Here's clearance for Northeast Ten," the controller said. "He is cleared from his present position to the Boston tower, to cruise six thousand."

Steve dialed on his transmitter. "Northeast Ten, this is Portland Radio. Boston A.T.C. clears you from your present position to the Boston tower, to cruise six thousand. Over."

"Roger, Northeast Ten," the pilot came back.

Hurried feet pounded on the stairs and two officers, sweating in their bulky flying suits, came up to the station door.

"Can I use your telephone?" the first man talked fast.

"Sure, Colonel," Steve said. "Got any identification?"

The major and the colonel swore together. "I'm in a damned hurry!" the colonel yelled. "Isn't stepping out of an Army plane enough identification?"

"If you stepped out of a little white cart drawn by golden angels," Steve told him, "you'd still need identification to get in here."

The colonel dug furiously inside his suit and pulled out papers. Steve looked them over quickly and waved the officers in.

The colonel grabbed the telephone and hollered for long distance.

"That will have to be collect," Steve told him. The officer nodded.

"Get me Brookley Field, Mobile, Alabama, quick—please!" the colonel snapped. His face alternated red and white as he listened to the operator. "What do you mean—'priority calls on the lines'?" he shouted. "This is a matter of life and death—I've got to have Mobile in eight minutes—what!"

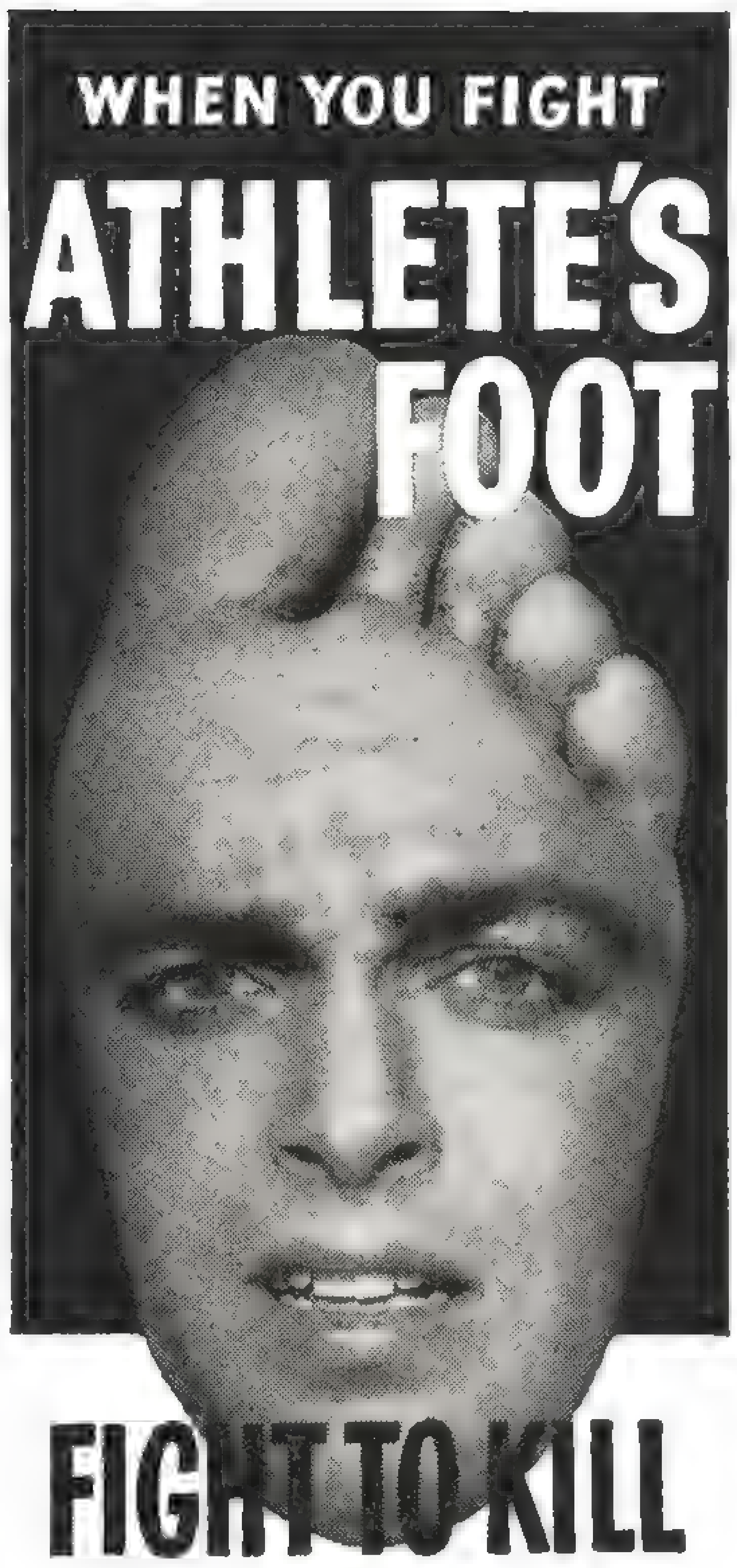
He slammed the phone back on its cradle. "Says it would take ten minutes to connect the call—even if there were no other calls on the wires," he said bitterly.

"What's the hurry?" Steve asked.

"Confidential," the colonel was brusque.

"Okay," Steve said, "send a telegram if that's the way you want it, but I am the only one who can get Mobile for you within eight minutes and I can't do it unless I know it is important enough to go through our channels."

The colonel motioned at the window. "You saw the plane—newest thing we have. This one is the first in service. Flies so damn high we tested it up to seventy below zero. We ran into eighty here—and there was something wrong. Another five minutes in the air and she would have cut



FIGHT TO KILL

ALL 5 FUNGI

OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED

Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone—or all of them.

Fungi are hardy and persistent.

SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.

Contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol —*not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.*

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

• This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Soretone helps promote healing of broken tissues. Try it tonight.

McKesson & Robbins,
Bridgeport, Conn.

MONEY BACK —if Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

POWERFUL HELP —TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big bottle for $1—so use liberally. (Also 50¢ size.)

If not relieved promptly, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

out on me. There's a flight of ten of these ships leaving Brookley in eight—six minutes now. They have to be stopped. Means lives and planes. Is that important enough for you?"

"That's our job," Steve said quietly. He pressed the interphone button. "Boston—" the voice of the controller broke from the speaker.

"Portland," Steve said. "Request long line connection to Brookley Field, Mobile."

"Is that necessary, Portland?" the controller asked.

"My responsibility," Steve told him. "This is an emergency."

"Okay, Portland. Stand by."

Steve went to the weather bureau door. "Turn up your 'phone speaker, Joe," he suggested. "You won't hear this every day."

The officers were pulling themselves out of the heavy, fleece-lined suits.

"How far does your line extend?" the major gestured at the interphone.

"Hooks up all Maine stations, and then runs direct to Boston," Steve told him. "It will take quite a tie-up to reach Mobile—"

"Hartford Radio, from Boston." The controller's voice spilled over the loud-speaker.

"Hartford Radio," the Connecticut station acknowledged.

"Connect the New York line," the controller directed.

There was silence for a brief moment, then—"New York A.T.C."

"Presque Isle line calling Mobile," Boston said. "How do you read us, New York?"

"Read you loud and clear," the New York controller said.

"Okay, New York, connect Newark, please."

The colonel looked at his watch, compared it with the spinning second hand of the station clock, and shook his head.

"Newark Airway Traffic Control—"

"This is Boston, connect Philadelphia."

"Four minutes!" the colonel muttered. "They'll be leaving the ramp now, taxiing past the tower . . ."

"Relax," Steve told him. "You can't do anything until the line is tied."

"Philadelphia Radio, from Boston."

"Philadelphia Radio," the voice of the operator at the Pennsylvania station rang strongly across the wire.

"How do you read us?" Boston wanted to know.

"We read you R5, S5," Philadelphia answered.

"Connect Washington."

"The Washington line is busy," Philadelphia said.

The colonel was biting his lips.

"Emergency," Boston said. "Connect anyway."

"—C-47, pilot is Howard," the voice was loud on the wire, "Balti-

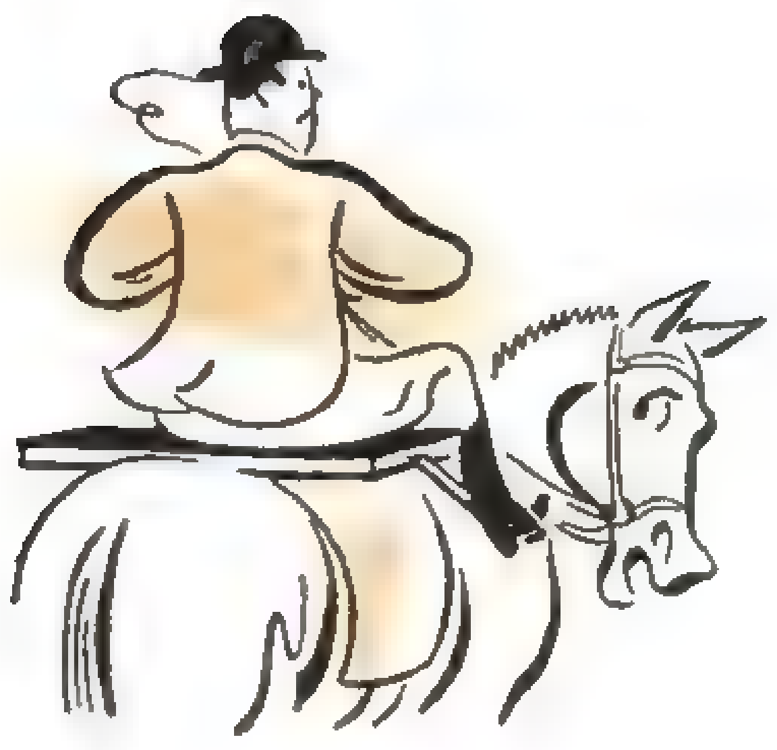
Continued on page 154

I'M A TOUGH TANK DRIVER FROM TEXAS

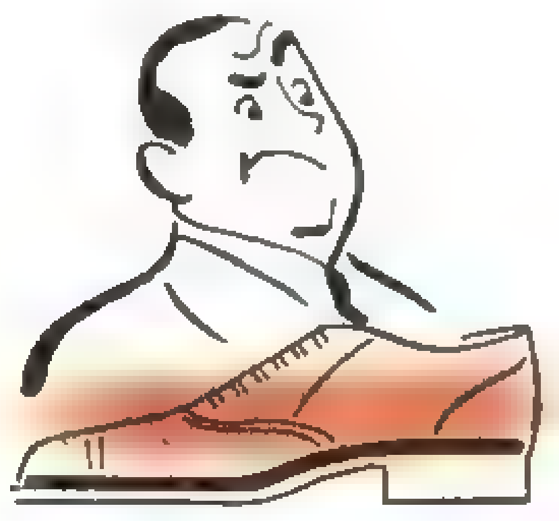
—but my tender face can't take these cold water shaves

I CAN'T TAKE IT, I TELL YA! WITH THESE WIRY WHISKERS, SHAVING IN COLD WATER RUINS MY SENSITIVE SKIN!
LISTEN, PAL, TRY MY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. EVEN WITH COLD WATER, ITS "STAY-MOIST" LATHER SOFTENS TOUGH BEARDS LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS
LIFEBUOY'S HEAVY, LONG-LASTING LATHER IS SURE KIND TO TENDER SKIN. EVEN WITH A USED BLADE YOU GET SMOOTHER, EASIER SHAVES THAN WITH FAST-DRYING LATHERS
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST" LATHER
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
DOESN'T DRY OUT —HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL

NO USED TUBE NEEDED—THIS TUBE MADE OF NON-CRITICAL MATERIAL



1. WOULD YOU ride a horse with a board for a saddle? No! You'd get tired in a hurry . . . because it's *flat* where you aren't.



2. MOST SHOES have the same drawback. And feet get tired in a hurry because the insoles of *ordinary* shoes are *flat* where you aren't.

3. BOOTMAKER GUILD shoes are built with molded insoles, *cupped* to cradle your rounded heels and give *natural support* to your arches.

4. THE RESULT of this *exclusive cradle-heel tred* construction brings sole-satisfying comfort. Bootmaker Guild shoes are styled right. The leathers are topnotch, and the quality of the shoemaking is pretty close to perfection! For a better fit in a better shoe, see our dealer. Write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin, for his name.

Bootmaker Guild Shoes
CRADLE HEEL TRED
T.M. REG.

ASK FOR A Bootmaker Guild $11.50 (MOST STYLES)

it's a FREEMAN shoe

"Shipshape," say Navy Flyers

To keep Navy flyers' personal gear "shipshape" in all climates, "Seapack"* luggage was created by the Navy. Flyers say it does the job perfectly. "Seapack" is available now only to Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Aviation personnel through supply officers at Naval Aviation Activities.

HARTMANN
Luggage

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

*Trade Mark 402,791 Registered U. S. Patent Office by U. S. Navy

Party Line at Portland

Continued from pages 45-153

more 3,000 to Washington—"

"Baltimore, this is Boston," the controller broke in on the line. "Priority call. Do you read us okay, Washington?"

"We read you okay, Boston," the Washington controller responded.

"Portland Radio calling Brookley Field. Connect Pulaski, please."

"They're at the end of the runway," the colonel stated, "waiting for the tower light . . ."

"Pulaski Radio," the Virginia station came onto the line.

"This is Boston, connect Atlanta."

Steve beckoned the colonel over to the phone.

"Atlanta A.T.C."

"This is Boston. Portland calling Brookley. Connect Mobile," the controller said, adding, "take it away, Portland."

Steve picked up the interphone.

"Brookley tower, this is Portland Radio," he called.

"Brookley tower," the Alabama Army base answered. Steve handed the phone to the colonel.

"Colonel Sheller," the officer said, "are those planes off yet?"

"Lead ship clearing the runway now, Colonel—"

"Get him down—fast!" the colonel said. "Hold the others—"

They heard the click of the phone and then another voice.

"This is Captain Bryan, Colonel. What is the trouble?"

"You'll have to hold that flight, Captain," the colonel told him. "I ran into a temperature of eighty minus and the water valves began to freeze over. They'll need more protection—did they get that plane down?"

"He's contacting the tower now, Sir," the captain said.

"Good! I'll file a written report through Boston Intercepter Command—and, Captain, please give my love to Gloria—"

The quiet line came to life with a long, drugstore whistle. "Hey, Wolf!" someone shouted. "What's her phone number?" from another.

"She's my wife!" the colonel howled.

Steve took the phone away.

"Boston, this is Portland," he said. "Call completed."

"All switching stations, from Boston A.T.C.," the controller directed, "disconnect lines." And the long line was quiet.

"How many stations were listening?" the colonel asked.

"Thirty-seven," Steve told him.

"Oh—well, thanks," the colonel said, "thanks a lot."

Steve went to the windows. The cars were back on the runway. At each flare they stopped and the light went out. Slowly the lights disappeared down the length of the field, leaving it sprawling out silently into the darkness. Like a landline, those lights, he was thinking. Add them together, and you have a path. ##

For More Walking Comfort—
PHOENIX
Ev-R-Ups

Preferred for their supreme comfort, for their month-on-month wear, for their smarter patterns and colors! Try wearing them a while yourself and you'll see why *more* men are insisting on PHOENIX Socks.

Makers of Quality Hosiery for Men, Women and Children.

PHOENIX HOSE

PHOENIX
Socks
FAMOUS HOSIERY AT ITS BEST!

The Champeen of the World

Continued from page 69

Sysonby? One time, people could have told you, not now, not any more. One time you're the best in the world, and it's not for long.

Eddie went to Joe's house; it was a routine with them, a ceremonial. Louis had to get his tip from Eddie and Ida had to exclaim over her bottle of perfume. Eddie wasn't broke yet.

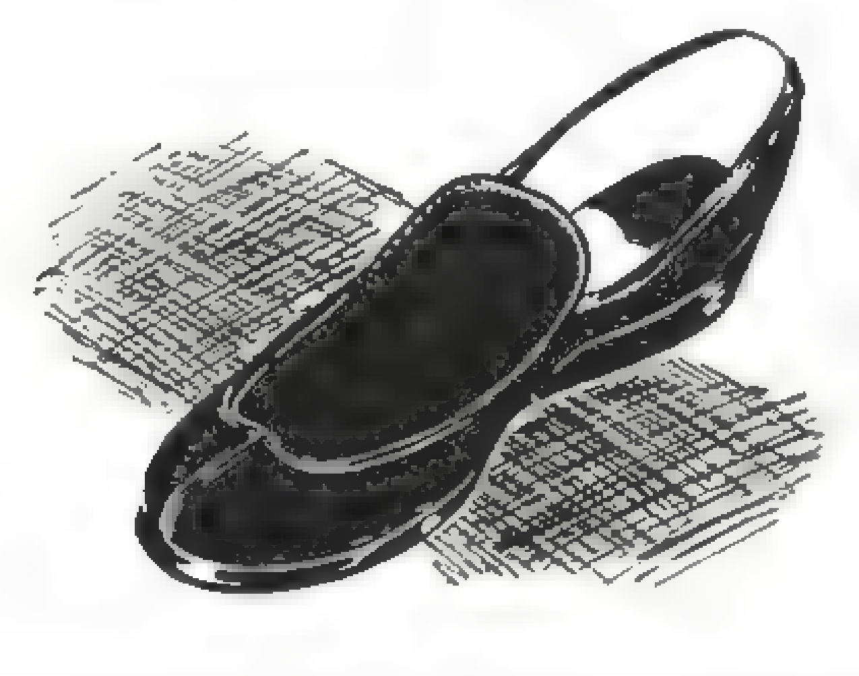
"Where's Junior?" he said.

"Well. Well, Junior, he'll be here," said Joe, looking at the three-dollar neckties Eddie had brought for his eldest son.

"Well! Why, sure," said Eddie. "Now, look, Henry—This is a model airplane I got. Alex, I brought you something I always wanted myself. A Punch and Judy show, see? You put your hands in, see, and you make Punch and Judy dance or fight or fall over, anything you want, see? A darb, huh? You bet you. Little Ida, you're getting so big, I brought you a bottle of perfume, too, like your mother—Listen! When do we eat around here? Not like the old days, hey, Joe, a lamb chop and a piece of lettuce and hop on the scales. And hearing those leapfrogs, all the time, haaghr, haaghr! Boy, I'd rather train on the Sandy Hook Light-Ship . . ."

Dinner over, the kids were dismissed and sent to bed. Ida was bustling about; Joe and Eddie were staring ahead of them, looking at nothing, just as they used to before the clanging of a bell.

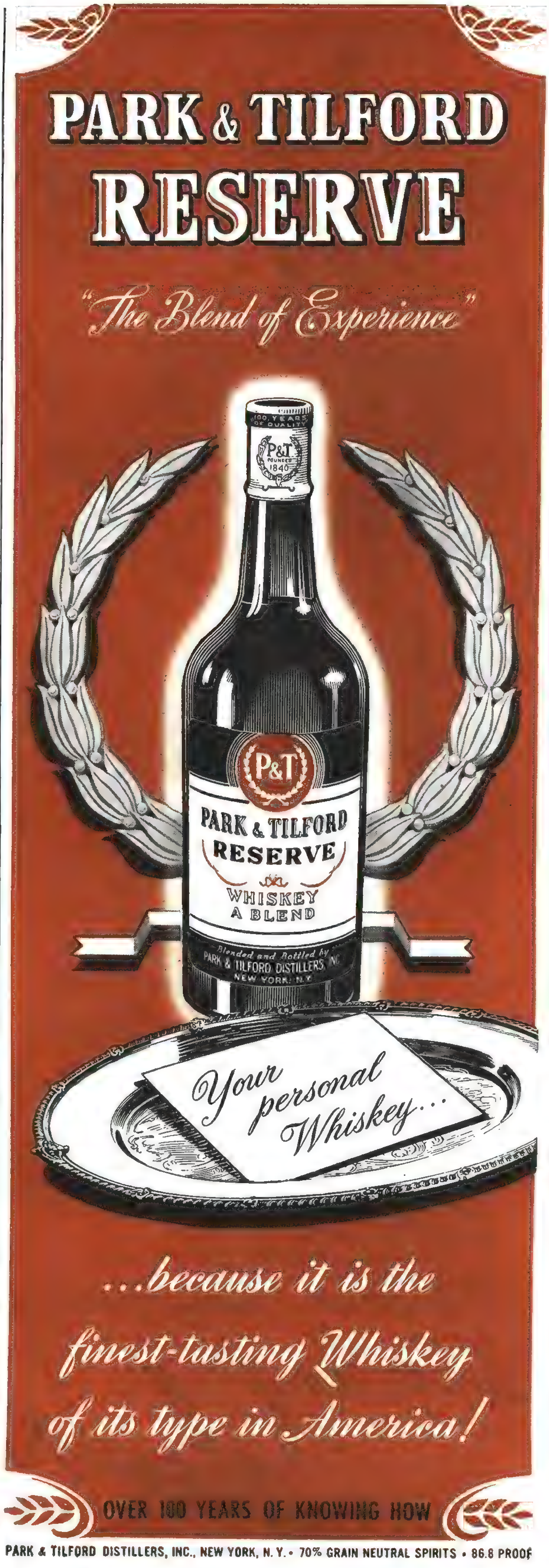
They had little to say to each other. They knew each other too well. They had been contenders, they had been the two best men of their size in the United States. Their small talk went like this. "'Jever hear anything about Johnny McCloskey? A good boy. They brought him along too fast." "Eddie, you remember Johnny Meally? Always asks to be remembered to you . . ." "Joe, remember Irish Patsy Cline? Remember the time I boxed him?" "I saw him one time. I saw him box Eddie McAndrews. T'ch! Was that something! You remember

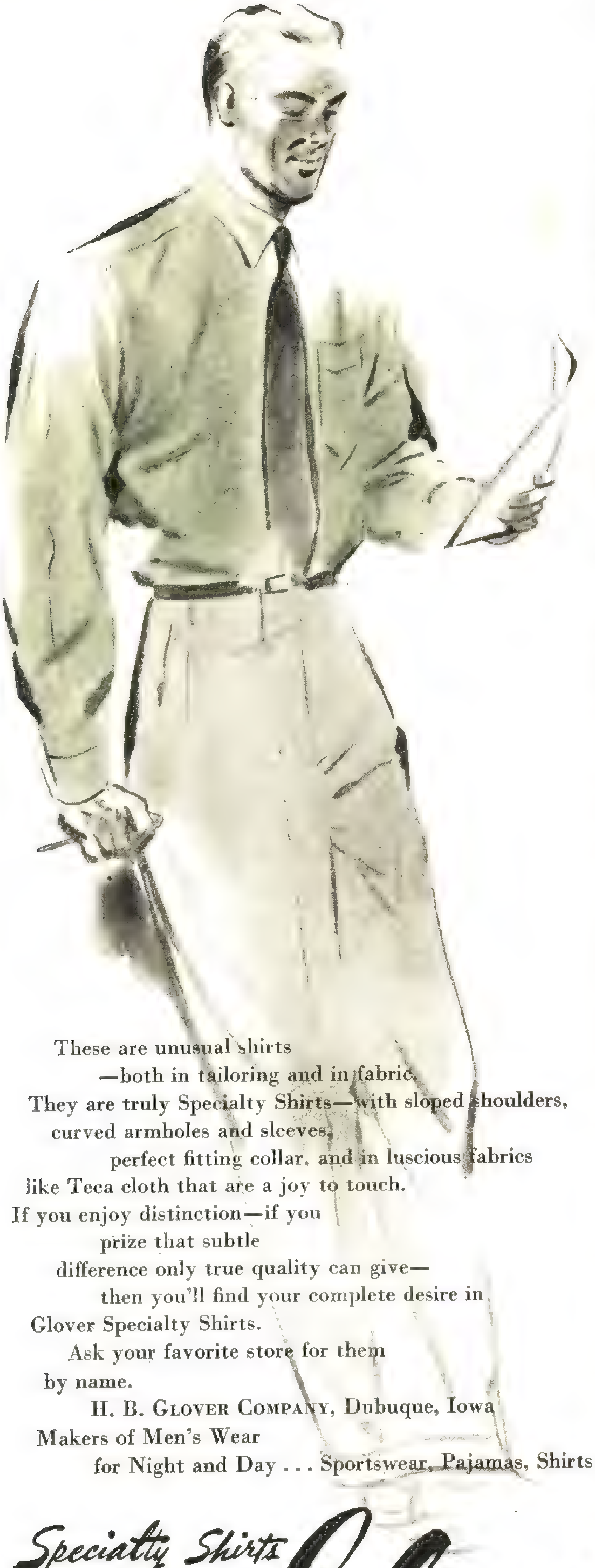


Brown reverse calf moccasin with wedge heel has cross piece of elastic under the tongue to hold sides closely against foot.

Continued on page 156

"I know I didn't have to strip for a sore finger
Doc—but I'm very proud of my REIS Scandals"
CHANGE TO
REIS
Scandals
REIS
REG. U. S. PAT OFF
UNDERWEAR
PAJAMAS
SPORTSWEAR
HOSIERY
ROBERT REIS & COMPANY 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.


PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T FOUNDED 1840
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.
Your personal Whiskey...
...because it is the
finest-tasting Whiskey
of its type in America!
OVER 100 YEARS OF KNOWING HOW
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF



These are unusual shirts
—both in tailoring and in fabric.
They are truly Specialty Shirts—with sloped shoulders,
curved armholes and sleeves,
perfect fitting collar, and in luscious fabrics
like Teca cloth that are a joy to touch.
If you enjoy distinction—if you
prize that subtle
difference only true quality can give—
then you'll find your complete desire in
Glover Specialty Shirts.
Ask your favorite store for them
by name.
H. B. Glover Company, Dubuque, Iowa
Makers of Men's Wear
for Night and Day . . . Sportswear, Pajamas, Shirts

Specialty Shirts by Glover

The Champeen of the World

Continued from pages 69-155

the way he go, with his head? He was a good boy, that boy." "Little Schugroe! That Schugroe! Listen! Listen, Joe. One time I box K. O. George Chayney. I shade him; all right, so I shade him. All that night, after I take him, my stomach's like in a cast. He was a good boy, Joe." "Bennie Valger, Eddie. You remember Bennie Valger? The French Flash, they called him. He got the decision over K. O. George Chayney. I boxed him one time. Hey, Eddie. You remember Joe Tiplitz? . . ."

They had fought, the two of them, two hundred men. Many they scarcely remembered. There it is, on their records. "K. O. Two rounds." "K.O. Five rounds." "No Decision." "No Decision." They weren't just great boxers. They were fighters. Small fellows, gamecocks, who scrapped in the smoke-filled clubs in Boston, in Baltimore, at the old Claremont Rink in Brooklyn, at the Pioneer, up at the Velodrome, in the National and the Arena.

"Don't sit up too late, you boys," Ida would say. Sit up late? They weren't used to doing that. Eddie, well, Eddie wasn't much of a family man in his day, that's true, but he'd never been inclined to stay up late unless there was a woman to listen to him. They used to go on, to fight, at ten o'clock at night, and they'd eat a little something after it was over. They weren't intellectual fellows. Perhaps that is clear.

"You going to Chicago, Eddie?" "Yes." "You got a Pullman?" "Yes. 11:40 out of the station." "O. K., I go down with you, Eddie." "O. K., Joe."

That was about the last time they ever saw each other. Eddie went out to Chi, and did about as he always did, except when they were saying, "In this cor-nah—Eddie Ken-ne-dy, of Bridgeport, the Cham-peen of the World. Weighing—weighing—a hundred and thirty-two and a half pounds." He was wonderful, then, wonderful, the way he would come out and be introduced, keeping his eyes downcast, his face composed, his hair sleek and shining under the lights. Nobody who saw him will ever forget him. Joe the Butcher, yes, of course, a very fine fighter, good style, lots of class, plenty of heart, one of the best. But there was only one Eddie Kennedy ever.

Joe heard from him after Pearl Harbor. He was a boxing instructor, up at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station: Lieutenant Edward Joseph Kennedy.

Three months later he got it, just the way he'd have chosen. Not a strep throat, not pneumonia, not T.B. nor the broken heart that comes to a proud man after five or six years of courtesy jobs or cadging for small loans. They knocked Eddie Kennedy out of the sky when they were

"NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO BE STEAMED UP ABOUT...

SCHICK INJECTOR BLADES ARE BACK!"

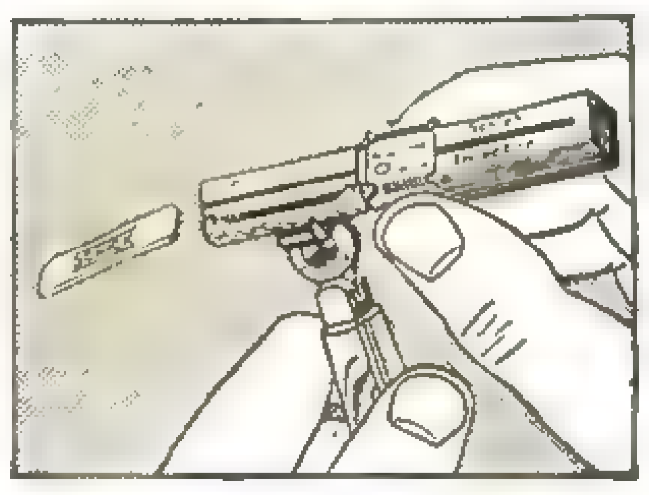
Keen-edged Schick Blades are getting a warm reception all over the land. Now that they're back . . . now that we're able to meet civilian as well as military demands . . . it means smoother, more comfortable shaves for millions. Those who had to lay their Schick Injector Razors aside for lack of blades can now go back to real shaving luxury.

NOW I CAN COME DOWN OFF THE SHELF!

It's back to work for the razor that made shaving history. Discover again these revolutionary Schick Injector features—the only basic improvements in safety razor design in over 40 years!

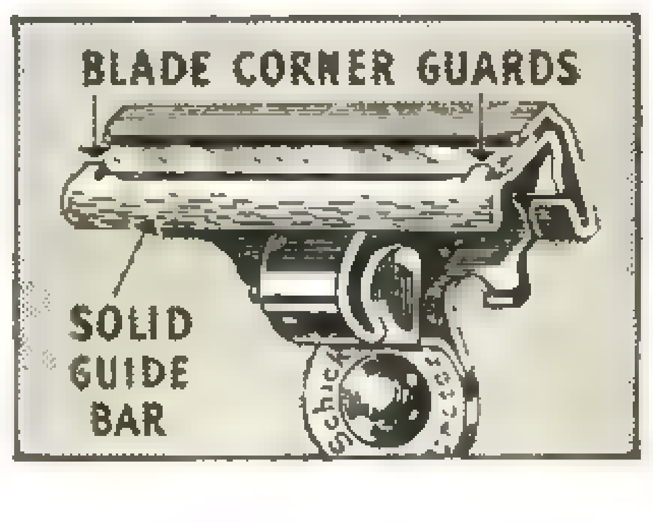
AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature that shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or paper wrappers.



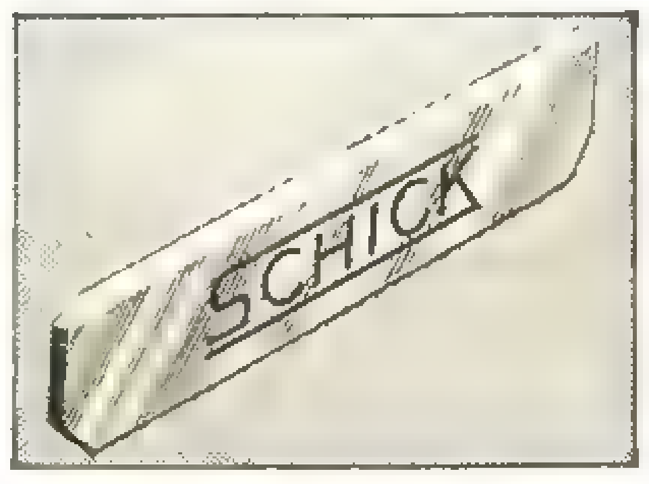
SOLID GUIDE BAR

. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



P.S. If you own a spare Schick Injector Razor, pass it along to a friend . . . so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For—although Schick Blades are back—we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.

flying him and seven other officers to the coast.

It developed that he had left a will which was drawn in 1937 by Counselor Louis F. McCabe and deposited with him. He must have had plenty of money then: the bequests were substantial. Several were to women: his latest wife was the beneficiary of his war-risk insurance though he had not lived with her for years.

There was a donation of 5,000 dollars to the Veteran Boxers Association. The rest of his estate was left to Joseph, otherwise, Joe the Butcher Schultz.

When they came to count up what he had, they found it was about two or three thousand dollars—not nearly enough to pay the heirs who were named.

Joe the Butcher, learning this sad news, had a private conference with Counselor McCabe. "Listen, Counselor," he said. "I don't care anything about those babes. They were no good, none of them was any good. But this here five grand to the Veteran Boxers. That's different. I'll pay that, for Eddie. Like it would come from Eddie, see?"

"You want this to be paid, as if it came from his estate?"

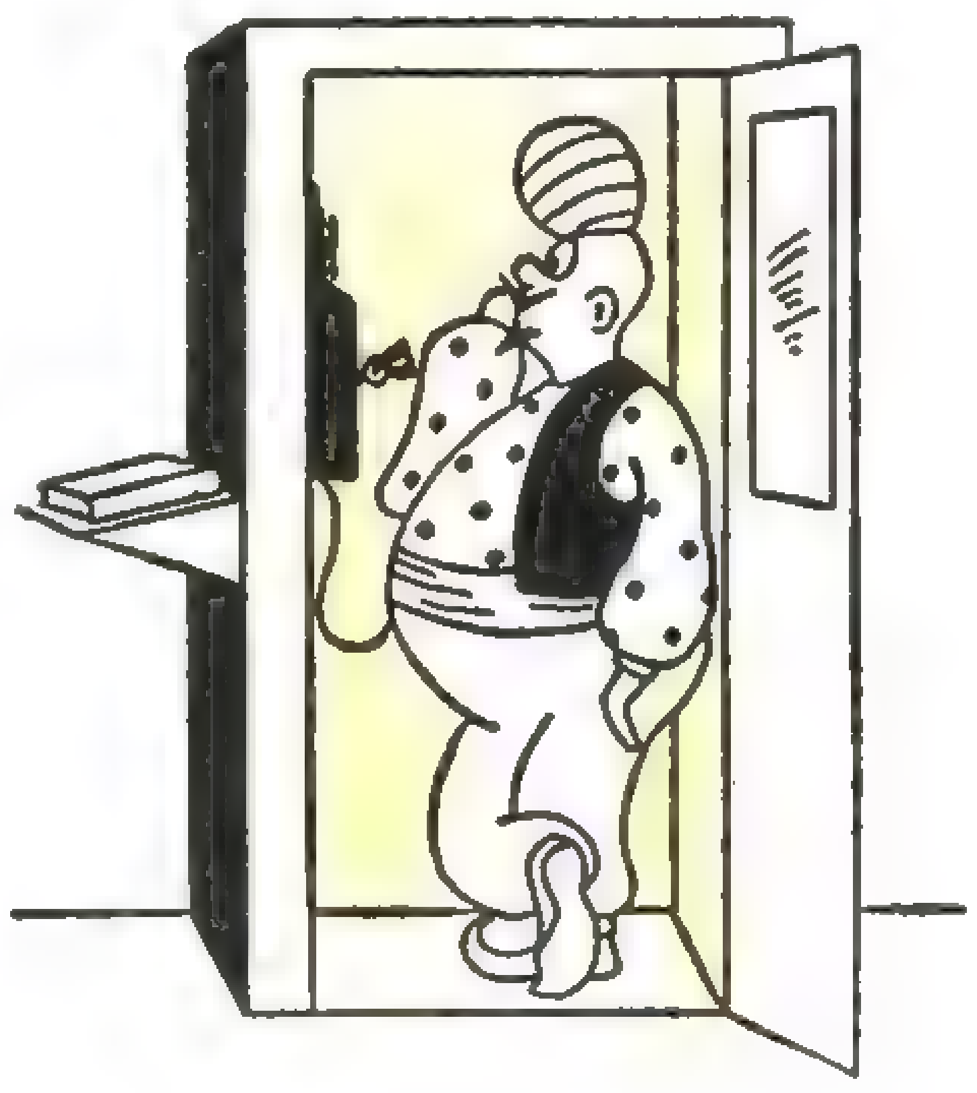
"Yeah. That's the idea. It's a good outfit. They help old fighters when they're down and out. Not much; they give them something, try to get them a job, all like that. They send some flowers, when you die, if they hear about it. I and Eddie always belonged to it. Eddie would hate to look cheap. There was not anything cheap about him."

"All right, Joe. I'll see what I can do."

Joe did get something out of Eddie's estate. The counselor brought them around to Joe in an envelope. "These were on one of Eddie's uniforms," he said. "I thought you'd like to have them."

Joe put them in his pocket. "I'll save them," he said. "Maybe my kid will wear them. He can tell everybody, 'Them bars belonged to the Champeen of the World.'"

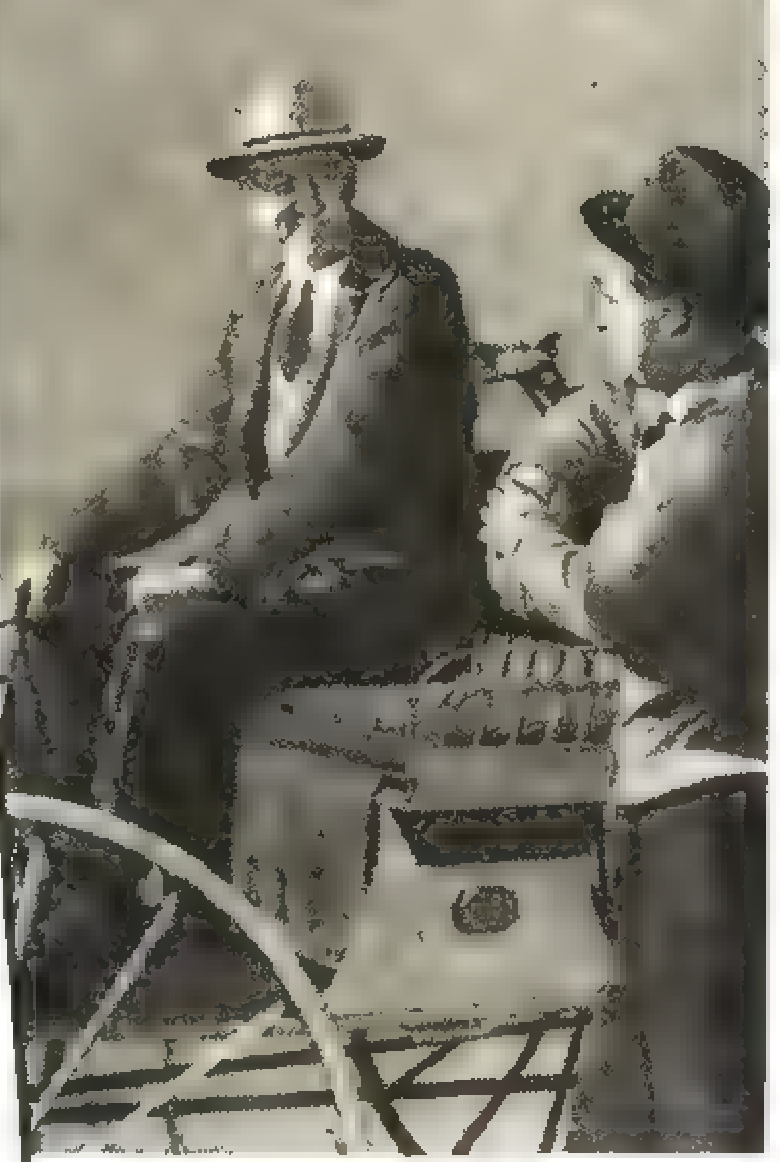
"He can say that, all right," the counselor said. ⧻



". . . yes, dears—all right, dears—good-bye, dears"

Swank Newport Rhode Island

offers Tomato Rarebit at The Viking



RECIPE

for eight servings of tomato rarebit as prepared by The Viking Hotel

1½ pints milk
2 egg yolks
10½ oz. can condensed tomato soup
½ cup American cheese, grated
6 tablespoons flour
salt and pepper to taste
2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute
2 teaspoons dry mustard

Mix flour and mustard to smooth paste with small amount of milk added. Heat milk to boiling point in double boiler, thicken with above mixture. Beat egg yolks until lemon color. Combine with tomato soup, add to milk mixture. Add grated cheese, salt, pepper and butter—beat until smooth. Just before serving, add one-half bottle of Goebel Beer. Serve very hot on toast points.

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

GOEBEL BEER

If you would like to try the good taste that won America, call for Goebel Beer

GOEBEL BEER

Available in 7 oz., 12 oz. and 32 oz. bottles • Goebel Brewing Co., Detroit 7, Mich.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR THE *real thing*

When you consider buying a pair of shoes, you like to feel that back of their appearance is the substance of really fine quality. Surface appearances alone are no positive guide to true value or future service.

There is a simple way to determine whether or not shoes are really well made. That is, the pencil test. A pencil held across the sole shows instantly whether it's flat or rounded. If it's flat, that's a fine shoe. Only fine shoemaking creates flat bottoms.

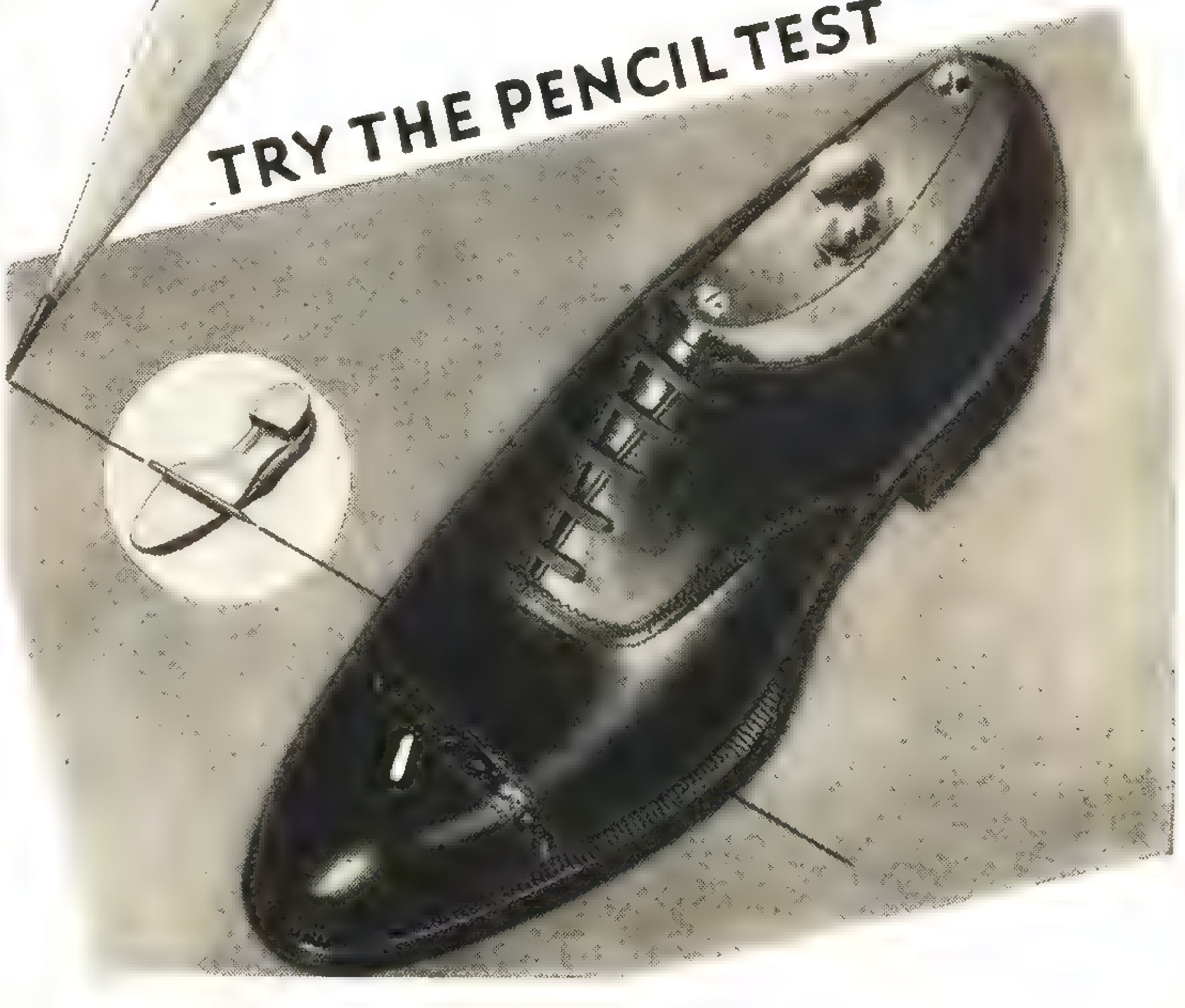
If you are looking for really fine quality in shoes, try the pencil test on Nettletons.

A. E. Nettleton Company • Syracuse, New York
Fine Shoemaking since 1879

Nettleton Shoes

$9.95 to $20

TRY THE PENCIL TEST



treat yourself to...

CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

...and soda

THEY also serve...

who BUY and HOLD War Bonds

California Grape Brandy 84 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, N.Y.
Tune in "Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival of Music" starring
Morton Gould's Orchestra and Alec Templeton over C. B. S. each Wednesday evening.

CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
CORONET

God Bless You, My Children

(If folks in real life got married and divorced and remarried and redivorced and re-remarried etc., etc. as often as they do in the current crop of Hollywood light comedies, we wonder what a father's advice to his son would be.)

"Well, good luck to you, boy, and I sure hope you'll find marriage and divorce as successful as your mother and I have. We've been married seven times and divorced six now and—how's that Martha? It's eight and seven? Oh, yes, I plumb forgot the time we split up because I decided I wasn't concentrating properly on my law work because your mother ordered the wrong kind of coffee for breakfast. That didn't last long. We remarried when she found she missed the buzzing of my electric razor in the morning—Nope, I'm wrong! That's what brought us together after our *fourth* divorce. *I* was the one who proposed after our seventh divorce. I couldn't get a bow tie tied without her.

"Well, son. Avoid the mistake we made. Don't get divorced too soon the first time. We split up after two months because I was late for dinner one night. You've got to give marriage a chance, son. You should wait at least half a year before you decide you can't make a go of it. And don't pfft over a triviality like being late to dinner. You should only split up if there's something serious that's come between you—like her preferring a different type of night club than you, or you both not rooting for the same football team.

"The first time you get divorced, I wouldn't stay apart more than three months at the most, and make sure you have each other's address and telephone number. Later on, when you're temperamentally ready for it, your divorces can last longer. Now let's see what else? Oh, yes. Always be polite to the divorce judge, wear conservative clothes in court and don't expect your friends to give you wedding presents every time you remarry.

"Well, my boy, I'd tell you a lot more, but I haven't the time. Your ma and I are due at court right now. We're breaking up on account of she insists on listening to the wrong news commentators, but drop in on us after you get back from your honeymoon. I expect we'll be remarried by then—soon as she finds out how much she misses criticizing my driving."

—Parke Cummings

ON JUNE 18
Remember Dad
WITH HOLEPROOF SOCKS

KNIT TO FULL SIZE—TO AVOID STRAIN AND INCREASE WEAR

New Seersucker Tones

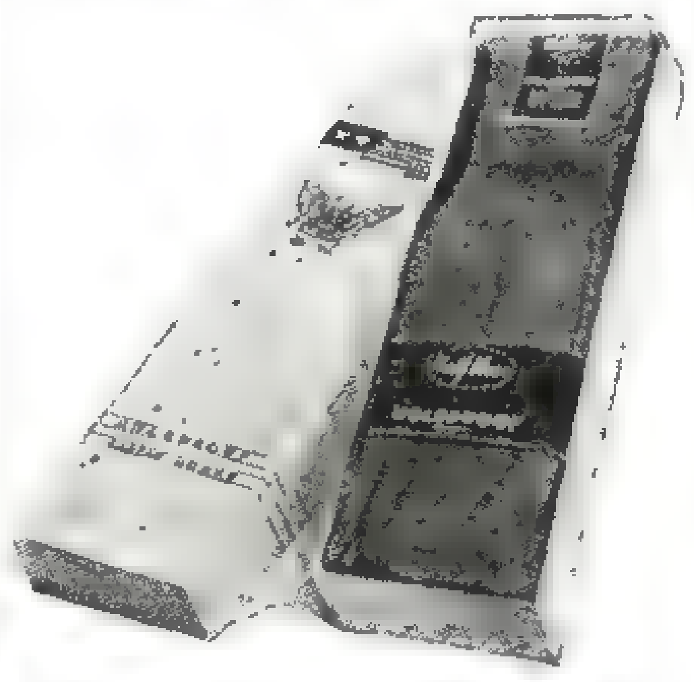
• New socks will give Dad a lift. Holeproof styles harmonize perfectly with those light suits Dads will wear this summer. And there's longer wear in Holeproof Socks because they're knit full size in the feet. More comfortable, too. Pick Dad's favorite pattern and color at the nearest Holeproof counter.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.
(*In Canada, London, Ontario*)

TESTED HOLEPROOF SOCKS
KNITTING 71 YEARS

Pacer (the sock with garter attached) will be back

FOR DADS IN SERVICE

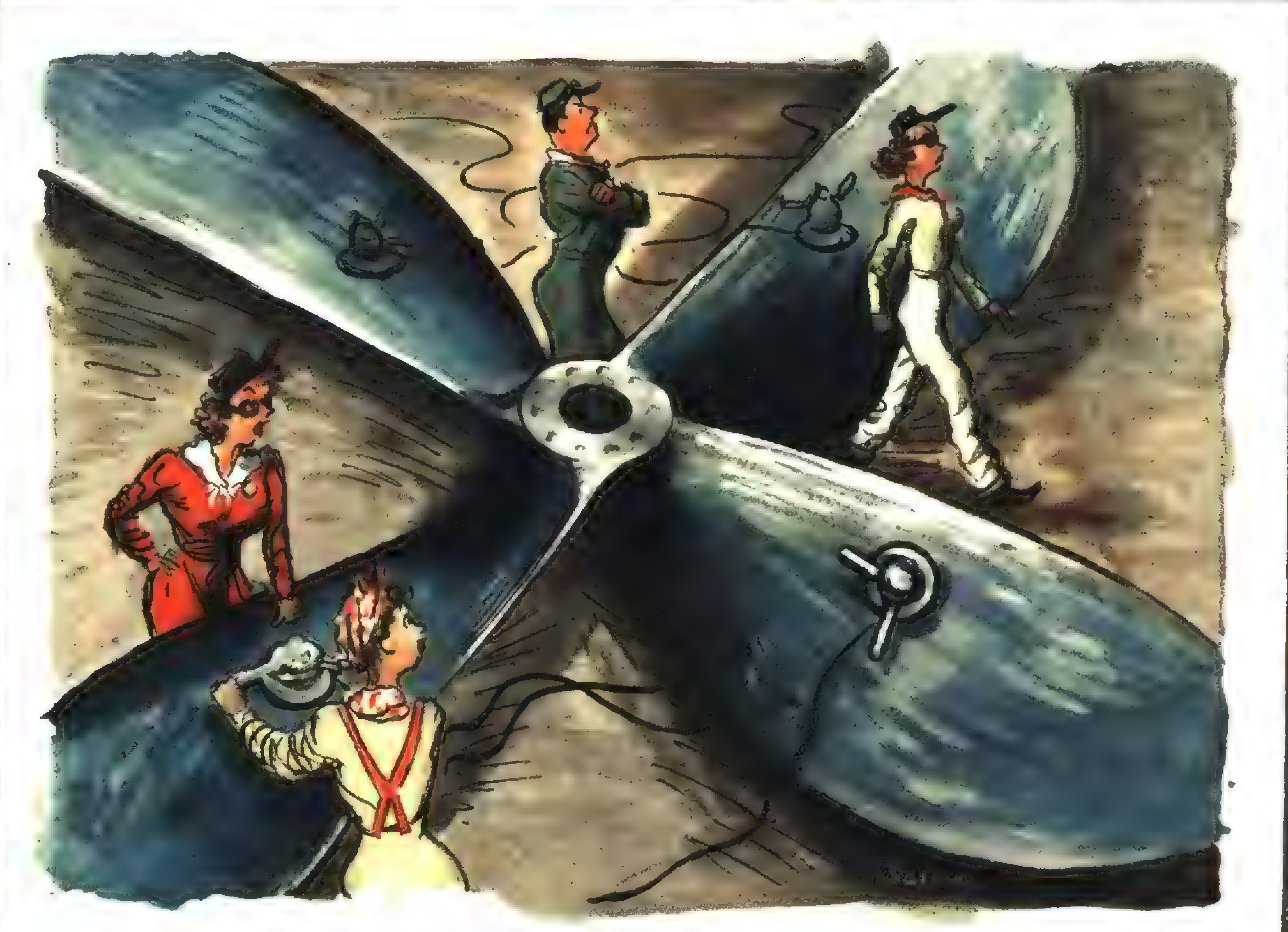


Select a gift box of six pairs of socks in service colors. Approved for Army, Navy and Marines in regular or short lengths. Per box $2.75

Memorial Day in Town

First civilian at left, in foreground, viewing the parade, is wearing a natural tan gabardine suit, pale blue open weave cotton shirt, printed check pattern foulard tie, brown shoes and is holding a brown lightweight felt hat. Next man wears a pin striped tropical worsted suit, white broadcloth shirt, red ground rayon foulard tie. He holds a mesh panama hat. Last man combines grey lightweight flannel suit, repp tie, sennit hat with club striped band.

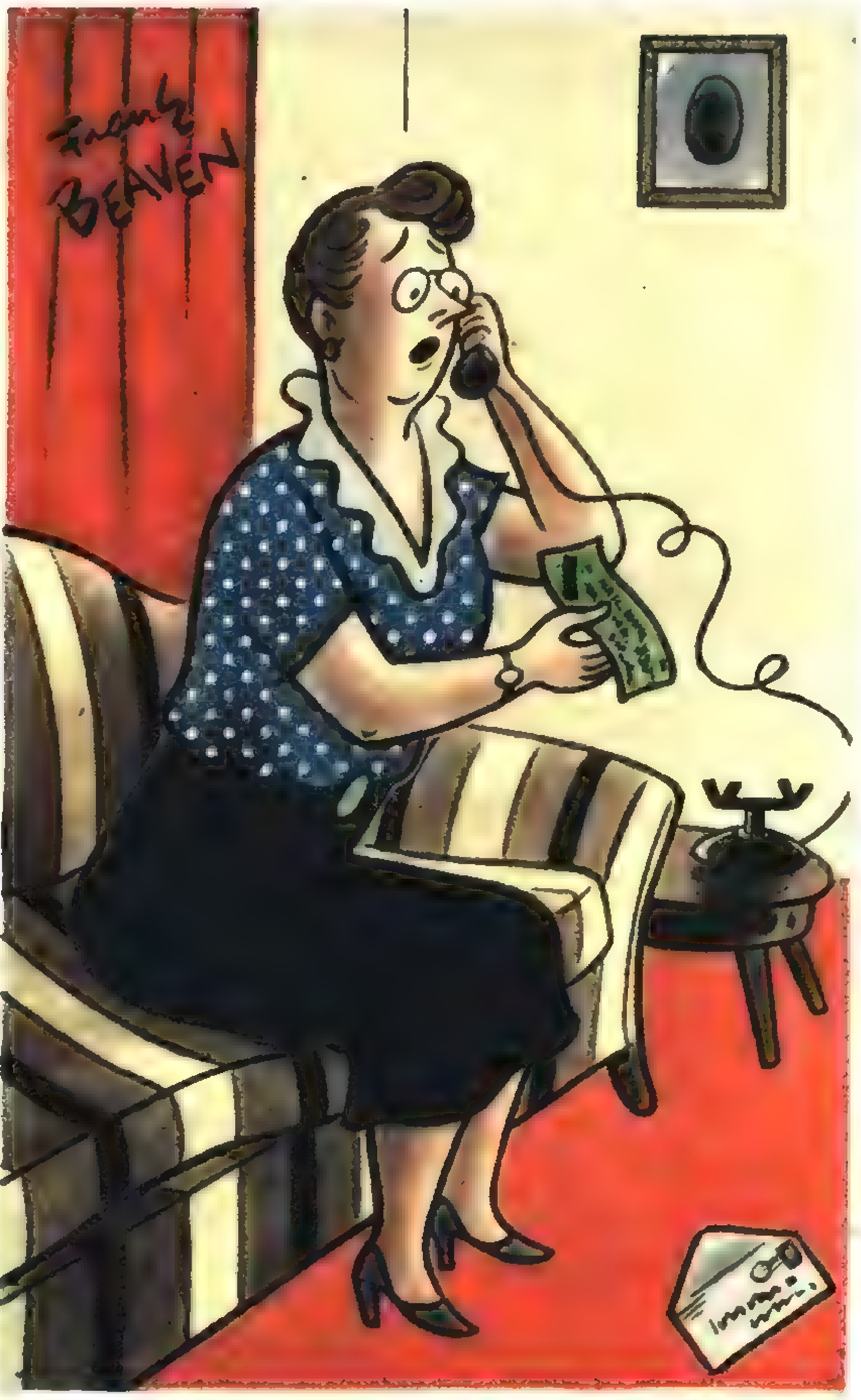
A. Leydenfrost



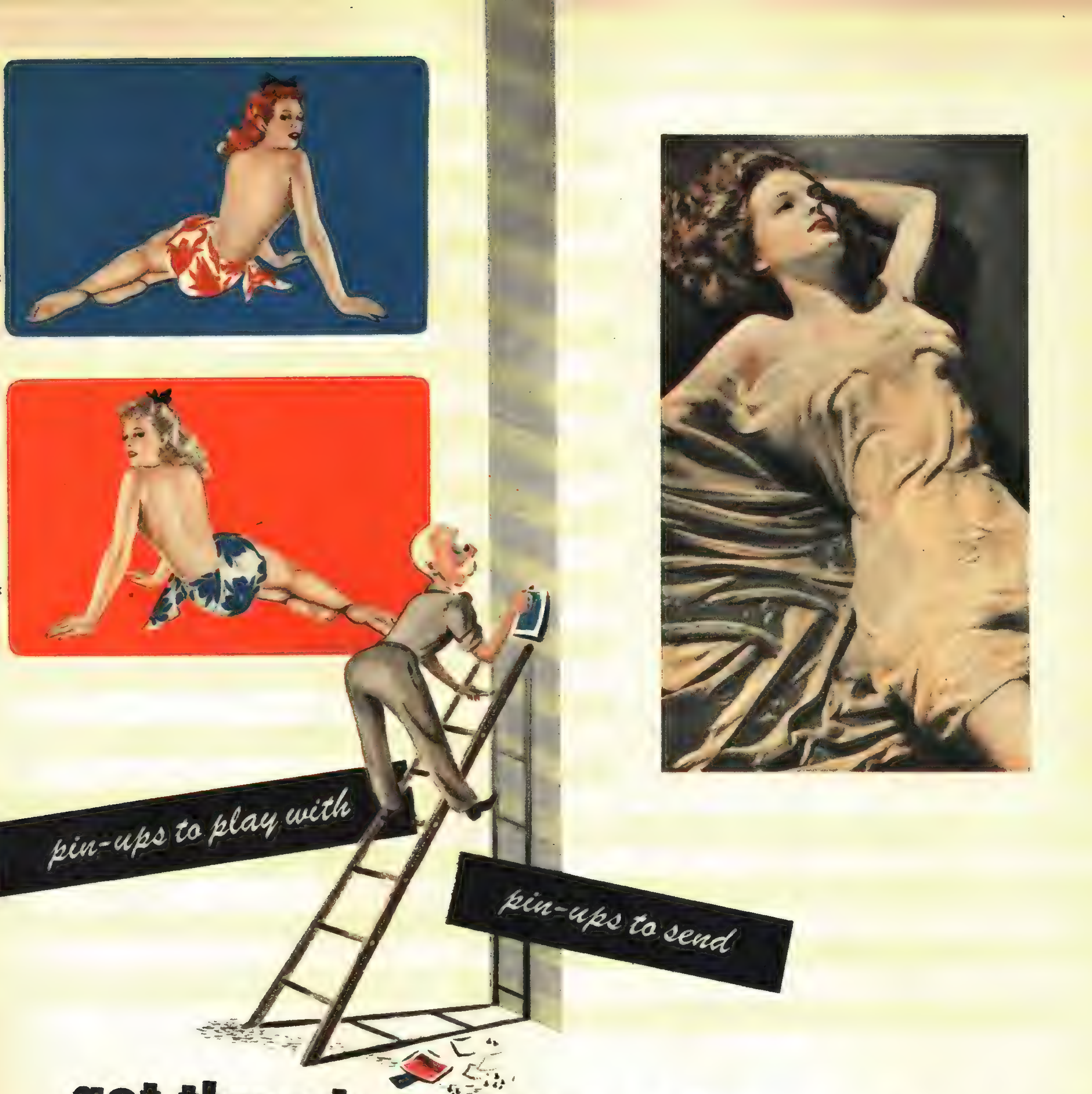
"They quarreled and she's going back to her mother on the day shift"

STEPSONS OF HEAVEN
GOOD HUNTING FOR HELLCATS

Just what the Navy ordered to outclimb, outmaneuver, outgun and outsmart Jap Zeros is the Grumman Hellcat. Built from specifications furnished by ace flyers who have tangled with Zero planes, these racy, carrier-based, single-seated fighters have been doing their dramatic stuff in the Pacific zone ever since our raid on Marcus Island last September, where they met no opposition from the Bushido boys. The Hellcat tops its little brother, the Wildcat, in size, armament and agility, carrying .50 caliber machine guns as does the Wildcat but having plenty of additional space for the extra ammunition required for prolonged air battles and a more powerful engine. The F6F's ruggedness and maneuverability were proved in October when U. S. Navy planes mauled the three coral islands that constitute the atoll of Wake. During this assault, Hellcat pilot Mayo Hadden shot down a Zero, sustained 150 bullet holes in his plane and one in his left leg but landed the plane safely aboard its carrier. Lt. (j.g.) C. K. Hildebrandt dove on one of six Zeros closing in on a member of his formation, gave one enemy ship a burst and saw it roll over smoking. He said: "Tracers went by me then so I pulled up sharply and collected some 7.7 slugs through the cockpit enclosure. The Zero turned away. Firing from 100 yards, I continued through his pull-out and roll. He 'went in' when his port wing was shot off. Then I was jumped at 100 feet by a Zero. Using the hand lever to dump my flaps, I saw the Jap go by and pull up in a turn. I just held my trigger down until he blew up. Suddenly the sky was empty." A Zero dove at Ensign Fruin and put a cannon shot through his tail. The Jap overshot him and they exchanged fire. Another long burst from Fruin's guns and one of the Jap's wings flew off. Pieces of fuselage sailed into space and the Zero plunged into the sea. Of the second mission Ensign Paul C. Durup relates: "I saw a Zero at 400 feet going after a Hellcat only 100 yards behind it. I shot a short burst, pulled within 50 yards, opened fire again and saw tracers pouring into him. He rolled over and I expected him to come up underneath me, but he dropped his nose, belly up, and sailed slowly into the drink. I was ten miles behind the bombers then and catching up fast when a 7.7 slug entered the cockpit. I skidded away, went into a steep dive at 500 feet, barely managing to mush out at 50 feet over the water. The Zero had less luck, I guess. At least he wasn't there when I looked around—just a big splash." No Hellcats were lost in the two-day raid upon Wake. They shot 30 Zeros out of the air and destroyed another 31 on the ground by low-level strafing. On October 30, two Hellcats encountered a big four-engined Jap flying boat east of the Gilbert Islands. They sent the enemy craft plunging into the sea and brought back a series of pictures to tell the story. In another engagement in the Solomons, 21 Jap fighters were destroyed while only two Hellcats were lost. Navy flyers swear by these fighters which ask no quarter from land-based planes, outperform Jap Zeros and hold their own with the best the enemy can offer.



"This insufficient funds—you mean the bank is low on money?"



get these!....BRAND NEW ESQUIRE CARDS

● HERE ARE two lissome, eyesome Varga Girls to add their pin-up appeal to two new decks of Playing Cards. Give 'em to Service friends or keep 'em on deck—they'll pep up card games anywhere. Printed on sturdy two-ply stock with cellulose coating, these knockout cards are durable and cleanable as well. They cost no more than ordinary playing cards: a dollar a deck . . . and we'll include Esquire's new "Joker Book" absolutely free with every pair of decks. This attractive new book contains a complete scorepad for any game . . . rules for Gin Rummy, and directions for thirty-two amusing bar and parlor tricks.

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILL.

please send me the new Varga Girl Playing Cards, and free with every pair of decks the new 68-page Esquire Joker Book

I want:

____pairs of Varga Girl Playing Cards at $2.00 per pair

____"A" decks of Varga Playing Cards at $1.00 a deck

____"B" decks of Varga Playing Cards at $1.00 a deck

I enclose $________, payment in full. *U. S. orders only.*

MY NAME________________________________
please print

ADDRESS________________________________

CITY____________________STATE____________

● PUT GLAMOR into your letters—send Esky-cards, those giant-size post cards of the favorite Esquire pin-up pictures. Here are six gorgeous new Varga Girl drawings, six glamor girl shots by Henry Waxman, and six slick new Hurrell girl photographs in addition to the original Esky-card sets of Varga drawings, Hurrell photographs, Waxman dog photographs, Bohl nature watercolors, Szyk caricatures, and Esquire cartoons. Packaged in sets of six, and printed in full color on deluxe chromecoat stock, Esky-cards cost just a quarter a set, or a dollar for your choice of any five sets, a total of thirty cards.

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILL.

please send me the sets of Esky-cards checked below, at 25c per set, or $1 for any five sets:

☐ set of 6 new Varga Girl drawings (set #7)
☐ set of 6 new Hurrell girl photos (set #8)
☐ set of 6 new Waxman girl photos (set #9)
☐ set of 6 1943 Varga Girl drawings (set #1)
☐ set of 6 Bohl watercolors (set #2)
☐ set of 6 1943 Hurrell girl photos (set #3)
☐ set of 6 Esquire cartoons (set #4)
☐ set of 6 Waxman dog photos (set #5)
☐ set of 6 Szyk caricatures (set #6)

(sold in sets only)

I enclose $________, payment in full. *U. S. orders only.*

MY NAME________________________________
please print

ADDRESS________________________________

CITY____________________STATE____________

1,600 Miles of Opportunity

Continued from page 70

scenery. Actually none rises as high as 6,000 feet above sea level. The chief natural feature athwart the route, the Grand Canyon of the Liard, was by-passed.

Even at the speed of air travel, hours pass with little change in the wilderness beneath. Eventually a level hilltop within a bend of the Lewes River, one of the forks of the Yukon, takes shape as an airport, and there is Whitehorse, the only town in the long and desolate stretch across Yukon Territory.

Until the United States Army moved in, this colorful old gateway to the Klondike gold fields had a population of only 754. Whitehorse has a railroad connection with the sea. This link is the White Pass & Yukon, built between 1898 and 1900 to connect the Alaskan port of Skagway with the headwaters of the Yukon River and the interior gold mines. Now the railroad has been stepped up to meet military needs and promises to have an important supply role in the North's peacetime development. It is estimated that Whitehorse will have a population of about 3,000 after the war.

Some 300 miles northwest of Whitehorse the terrain becomes American. You are in Alaska. The journey terminates at Fairbanks, the only town of size or importance in the territory's vast interior. Although its 1939 population was only 3,455, Fairbanks with its daily paper, radio station, modern utilities, university and wide tributary country has always been somewhat metropolitan in its ideas. Military aviation and the new road have made it a crowded and bustling place.

Here the Alaska Highway ends. From Fairbanks on there are four forms of transport—airplane, steamer, train and automobile. The all-year Alaska Railroad skirts Mount McKinley to connect the interior with Anchorage and Seward on the Pacific. The Richardson Highway, except when blocked by winter snows, gives access to the port of Valdez. Summer riverboats sail down the Tanana to the mighty Yukon, and for years both scheduled and chartered airplanes have done a thriving business with Fairbanks as a hub.

A grandiose scheme of the future is to extend the Alaska Highway beyond Fairbanks to the distant western extremity of Alaska and the Bering Sea. There a short ocean ferry would take the traveler to Siberia, and a proposed Russian highway would take him on to Moscow in his own car from his home town.

As he thinks of the empty spaces

Continued on page 164

Seven Seas
SLACKS
AT BETTER STORES

TRIMLINES FOR MEN

Practical, long-wearing, all-occasion slacks . . . wear with casual coat, sweater or sports shirt.

FOR WORK

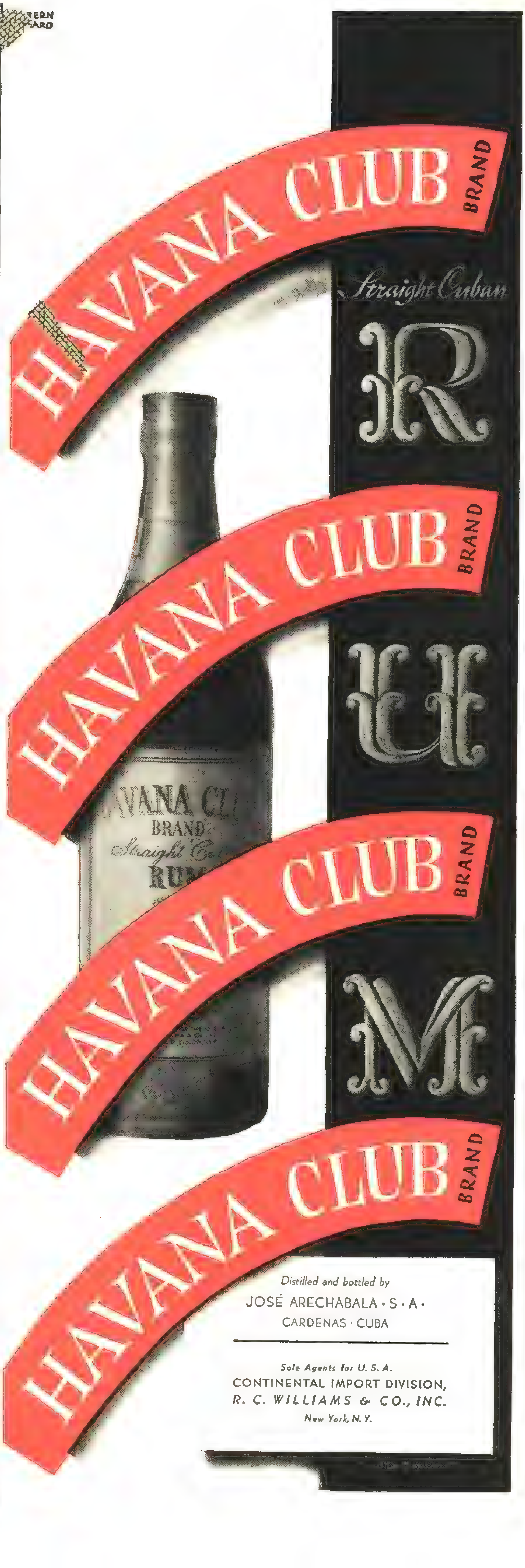
SLIMLINES FOR LADIES

Styling that slenderizes, fabrics that wear, tailoring that insures perfect fit . . . superb values!

FOR PLAY

SLACKS · ENSEMBLES

Moyer MFG. CO. • YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
ESTABLISHED



Distilled and bottled by
JOSÉ ARECHABALA · S · A ·
CARDENAS · CUBA

Sole Agents for U. S. A.
CONTINENTAL IMPORT DIVISION,
R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC.
New York, N. Y.

NEW MATCHING SETS

by Style King

Reg. Trade Mark

Supple and Thin

"Waldorf" Belt—Smart narrow width. Style King Levant grain saddle stitched, cowhide leather belt, with tongue buckle. Black, Brown or Sun Tan........................$1

Matching Style King Levant grain Ramskin Billfold—spacious currency compartment, roomy pass section with four double windows, snap fastener coin purse. Black, Brown or Sun Tan. No. X1081 ....$2

Thin and Pliant

"Shoreham" Belt—Full grain California luggage steer hide. Saddle stitched, with matching leather covered tongue buckle, in Golden Tan, Black or Brown.....$2

Matching Style King Billfold of soft, supple full grain genuine leather in California Saddle Finish. Has spacious currency compartment—secret bill pocket, roomy pass section with two double windows, and two card pockets. Secret pocket and transparent pass section can be removed for use as compact separate dress billfold. Golden Tan, Black or Brown. No. X1072............$3

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1889 · CHICAGO

Dealer's Note: Limited stocks on hand at our New York, Chicago and Los Angeles Offices

1,600 Miles of Opportunity

Continued from pages 70-163

he has just traversed, the prospective settler or business enterpriser will consider first the means of ordinary existence. He will see that two essentials, water and timber, exist in abundance. Besides water for domestic uses there is ample potential for hydroelectric development. The ever-present conifers are not ideal building material but they are adequate. They afford also an inexhaustible supply of fuel, though the dominant spruce burns fast.

The food problem, for a considerable time at least, will be a problem of transportation. Fish are to be had—though not in the profusion one would expect in a virgin country. Such delicacies as caribou and wildfowl are to be enjoyed within the limits fixed by game laws. Vegetables have been grown successfully in the northern summer, notably at the University of Alaska experimental station and in Matanuska colony. But the man wanting three normal meals a day for himself and family will have to buy supplies from "outside" at prices including heavy transportation cost.

When a possible settler figures the dollars-and-cents aspects, this matter of transporting supplies will probably be a governing factor. Near Edmonton on the south or Whitehorse on the north supplies will be cheaper, but the more remote the settlement the greater the income required for a successful business. If it is a mine, the ore must be richer. If it is a store, the prices must be higher. Early auto tourists will think they are being held up for the absolute necessities of gasoline, food and shelter, but prices along the road must necessarily be high for years to come.

Next to accessibility, the choice of any roadside site will probably be based largely on scenic attractions. Scenery in large quantities certainly exists but there are few scenes along the road to vie with the Banff and Jasper Park country to the south, and these latter are already developed with all modern conveniences. In pushing the road through in a national emergency, the rugged country that makes for picturesqueness was avoided as far as possible.

Settlers interested in the inherent resources of the North rather than the tourist prospects have a good deal to choose from. The possibilities include two of the great traditional sources of sudden wealth—gold and oil.

The land through which the highway passes is highly mineralized. Besides gold there are copper, silver, zinc, lead, nickel, chromium and lesser known metals. The gold deposits of the Yukon are by no means exhausted. Bullion continues to come out of them. Other less spectacular fields have been discovered. Men still are occasionally making strikes

any barman can tell you how to make a limited supply of liquor go farther

Now is a good time to learn how to mix drinks with professional care, for mixed drinks make precious liquor go farther.

Now is also a good time to learn how to use Angostura to add just the right touch to transform a drink into a symphony of flavor and aroma that satisfies and delights.

The Professional Mixing Guide tells you how! Widely used by professional barmen, it is authentic, accurate and complete—254 standard recipes.

We will be glad to send a free copy of the Professional Mixing Guide on request.

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

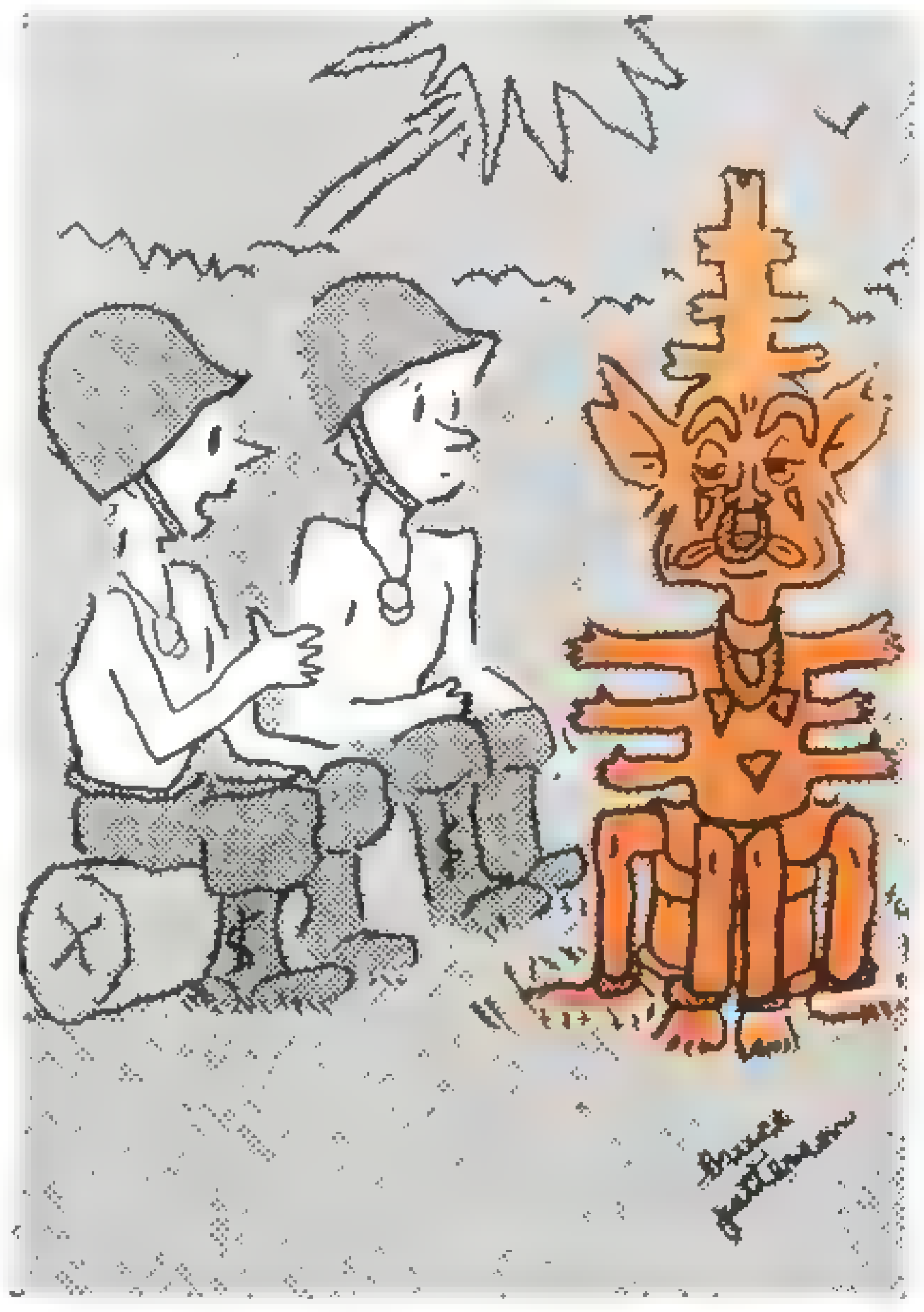
ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

Professional MIXING GUIDE

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.
304 East 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

and getting rich. Much of the land already has been prospected in rough-and-ready fashion in territory close to the rivers. The road strikes between water courses and opens new fields. A Canadian government geologist discovered in the new territory a cinnabar deposit estimated to be capable of supplying all the quicksilver needs of the British Empire.

A considerable part of the northwest corner of this continent is marked by geologists as likely oil country. The Fort Norman field, developed by shallow wells, jumped production from 131 barrels in the first four months of 1942 to 60,000 barrels in the same period in 1943. Data on later production has been withheld as a strategic secret. The immense cost of this enterprise would seem to rule out the little fellow, but the next oil development might well follow the pattern of Oklahoma and Texas booms where everybody had a chance.


"Gaze at this awhile—then the natives won't look so bad"

Fur trapping is traditionally the business of the Indian, or "native," as he prefers to be called, but some of the trappers and virtually all the traders have been white. It was furs and nothing else that first brought Caucasians into the northwest. In recent years the Canadian part of the area, with a population of only a few thousand, has had from furs an income ranging from one to three million dollars. Storekeepers and waitresses had their trap lines. In Alaska the government has encouraged fox farming.

Timber is of inferior quality though it might afford a long-term speculation as a source of pulp. The considerable coal deposits probably will not be money-makers until mines in populated areas are exhausted.

Agriculture is the great unknown possibility. Crops grow fast in the long daylight but, except on the extreme southern reaches of the highway, farming has been tried only as a supplementary food supply for mining communities. In all the Yukon, which is as large as four or five of

Continued on page 166

CROTON is the only
AQUAMATIC,
self-winding waterproof watch*

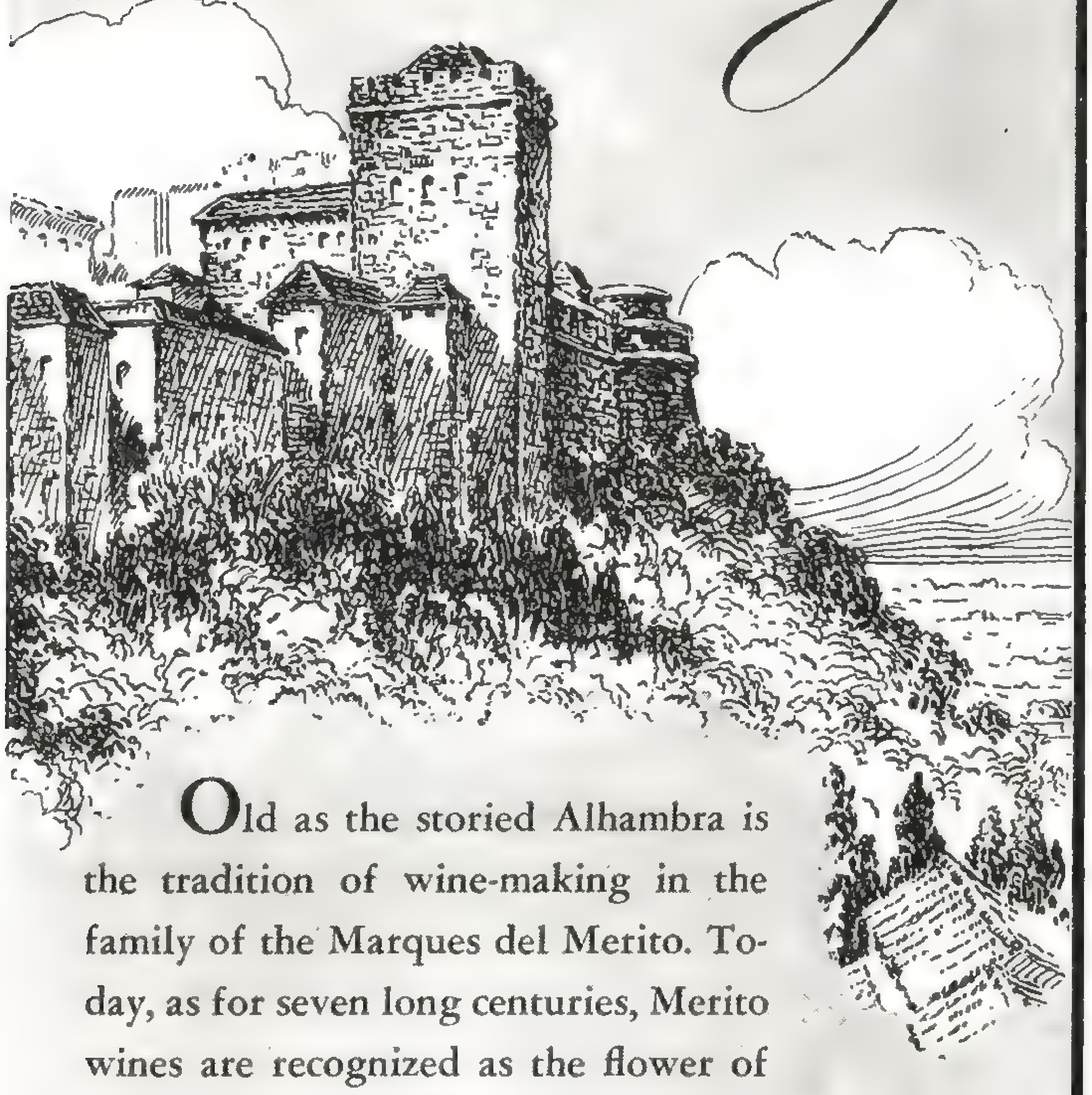
Demanded by, and now available only to, America's fighting men. AQUAMATIC is waterproof, shockproof, antimagnetic; has stainless steel case, radium dial, unbreakable glass, waterproof strap. 17 jewels, same pre-war price, $39.95. Write for free booklet. Croton Watch Co., 48 W. 48th St., New York 19, N. Y.

*No winding necessary—wrist action keeps it running.

Croton
FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

It had to be better
to enjoy such universal preference for 317 years! Nothing takes the place of satisfaction!
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Blended Scots Whisky
HAIG & HAIG
Haig & Haig
The OLDEST name in Scotch

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK



Like the Alhambra, *these wines date back to the 13th Century*

Old as the storied Alhambra is the tradition of wine-making in the family of the Marques del Merito. Today, as for seven long centuries, Merito wines are recognized as the flower of the vintner's art. More than 30 gold medals from International Expositions furnish striking proof of their superb qualities. Favored abroad by princes and peers, they are now equally respected here in America by those who love truly fine wines. Ask for Merito Sherry, from Spain, or Merito Port, from Portugal, next time you buy wine.

Each Merito label carries helpful information on taste, color and use. Look for the Merito label when you buy wine.

MERITO
Imported
SHERRY *and* PORT WINES

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION NEW YORK

1,600 Miles of Opportunity

Continued from pages 70-163-165

our grain belt states, there are only fifty farms. The only large-scale stock raising has been the introduction of reindeer from Lapland to feed the Eskimos.

Alaska has a history of American occupancy covering nearly three generations. Residents develop a fierce loyalty and sometimes defend the climate as vigorously as Californians and profess a complete indifference to going "outside"—that is, to the States—to avoid the winters. However, the bulk of the population is along the southwest coast where the climate is greatly moderated by the Japanese current.

Inland from the coastal ridge of the Rockies the winters are longer and colder. In much of the interior the subsoil is permanently frozen, and for six to eight months of the year temperatures may never rise above freezing. During the first winter of Alaska Highway operation the thermometer at Whitehorse dropped to 70 degrees below zero. At Fort Norman the average 24-hour temperature in midwinter runs about 30 below. Fortunately, in the interior, wind almost never accompanies these very low temperatures.

The clothing necessary in such a winter has been pretty well standardized. One or two suits of long wool underwear, a heavy wool shirt, a sweater or coat or both and one or two pairs of substantial trousers are the foundation. Over this goes a hooded parka. It may be wool-lined with a zipper front, or the traditional native model that slips over the head and has a convenient, kangaroo-like pouch in its solid front. Hood and wrists are usually trimmed with wolf or wolverine fur, on which ice will not collect. Besides the hood, the head is protected by a knitted toque or a cap with ear flaps. Leather mittens are the practical hand covering and they are made large to be stuffed with heavy wool "liners."

The feet are the main problem in the North. Freezing, atrophy and amputation of the little toes are the most common damage. Recommended footwear starts with two pairs of wool socks, covered by so-called German socks of heavy pressed felt and extending six inches or so above the ankles. Over this bulky ensemble go knee-length stockings of heavy knitted wool, and then feet, coverings and trouser legs are stuffed into huge rubber galoshes or the native, boot-like, hide mukluks.

Summer brings warm temperatures and also a perennial plague of mosquitoes and gnats so vicious that many persons declare they prefer the winter. Mosquito veils and gloves are widely worn outdoors but they do not protect against the *nosee-um*, a mite whose sting is painful.

These pests are a consideration that gives pause to enthusiasts

In any event wire Flowers
Happy Anniversary-Tom
Willard Downes

Nothing could say it quite so well—if it's your anniversary, a birthday, or just because you're thoughtful—wire flowers. Flowers say things for you in a way people never forget. Flowers boost morale too, so—

In Any Event Wire Flowers.

Through pooling delivery facilities, FTD Florists are conserving manpower, gasoline and rubber. Because of this, flowers can still be delivered.

In any event wire Flowers

THIS SEAL is your Guarantee of Quality and Dependability

This FTD Seal is your assurance that when you send flowers by wire you'll get full value because all FTD members are bonded for your protection. All florists are not FTD Florists, so always look for the FTD Seal on the window. Write Direct to Headquarters.

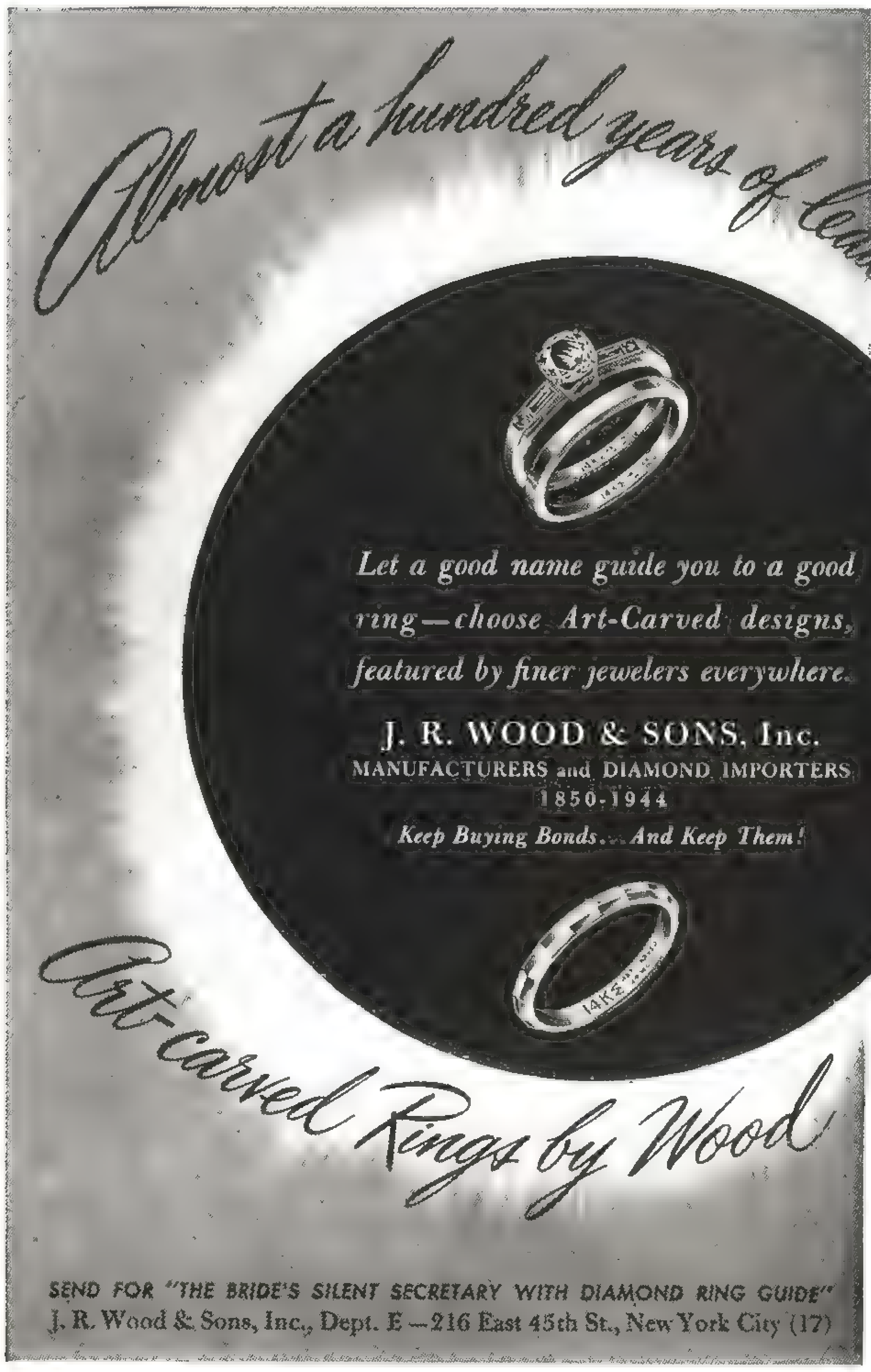
FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 E. Grand Blvd. . Detroit, Michigan
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

for the North. That insects should hold back the development of an empire may seem fantastic, but it is a possibility recognized by men who know the country. Can these nuisances destroy the recreational value of the Northland? If so, the asset that holds the most immediate promise of paying off in profits—and that is the tourist potential—is destroyed.

Use of the road after the war will require the maintenance of facilities enroute. If private capital does not care to buck the winter temperatures and the summer mosquitoes, Uncle Sam and Canada will have to fill the gas tanks, run the hotels and fry the hamburgers. There are precedents for both governments going directly into such business or granting large-scale, subsidized concessions. This would be a letdown after all the optimism over individual roadside enterprises, but it would keep open the opportunities for long-term settlement and exploitation of natural resources.

Ample evidence has been given that the United States and Canadian governments intend to keep the road open and fit for travel. The highway is being straightened, widened and surfaced. Steel girders are replacing wooden bridge beams where advisable. Stretches of road through the muskeg are being firmly ballasted. Guaranties have been given that Americans will have rent and tariff-free use of the Canadian section for shipments and travel to Alaska.

During the war the Alcan is exclusively the domain of the United States Army. When peace comes the road will be opened to civilians. The giant Canol layout will be sold. Presumably many of the Army's camps, shops, sawmills, water systems, light plants and other installations will go on the block. Business prospects will beckon. A population that has greatly widened its horizons, that has learned to take new jobs in new places and that has many billion dollars to spend, will not overlook the Alaska Highway. There may be a rush. #



Let a good name guide you to a good ring—choose Art-Carved designs, featured by finer jewelers everywhere.

J. R. WOOD & SONS, Inc.
MANUFACTURERS and DIAMOND IMPORTERS
1850-1944
Keep Buying Bonds... And Keep Them!

SEND FOR "THE BRIDE'S SILENT SECRETARY WITH DIAMOND RING GUIDE"
J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. E—216 East 45th St., New York City (17)

A cool, porous straw by Disney

THE "BURLAP WEAVE"

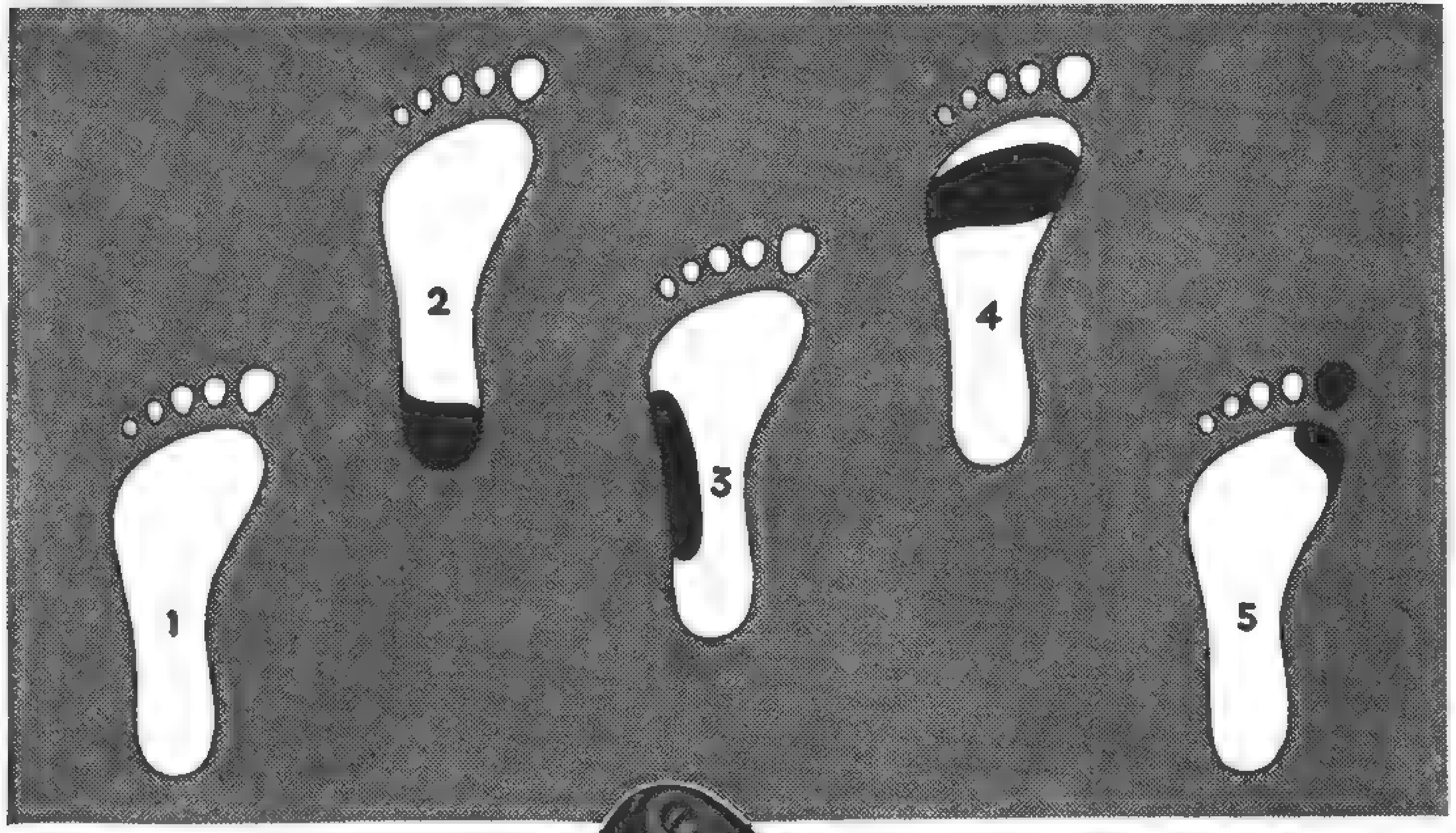
You'll like the way Disney handles this cool, porous straw and makes of it one of the smartest hats of the summer with a sweeping flair to the brim.

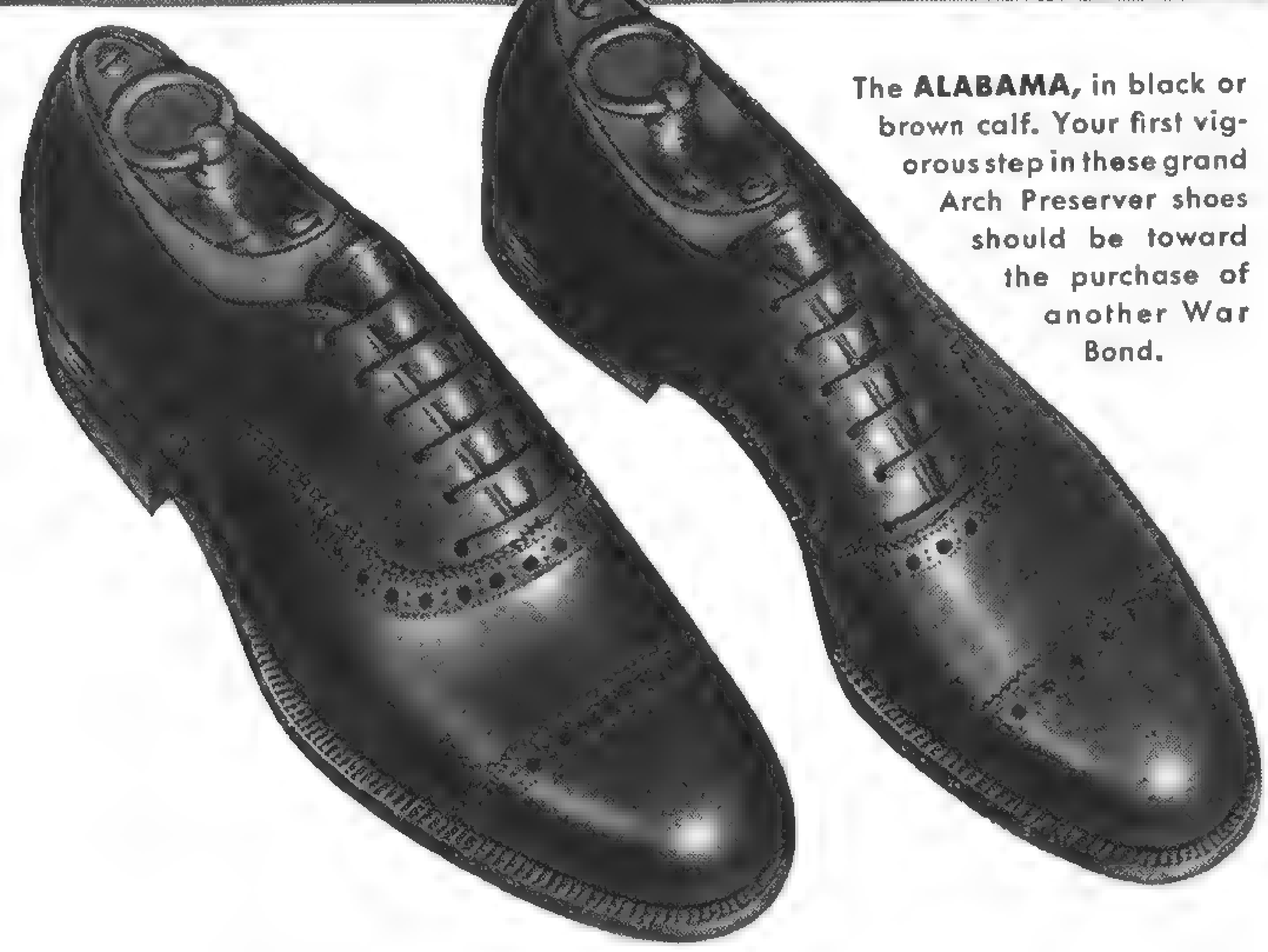
The pleated band adds just the casual note you want.

See the Disney "Burlap Weave" and other fine straws at your local Disney agent.

DISNEY
HATMAKERS
358 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

BUY WAR BONDS





DID YOU KNOW
your foot changes shape five times with every step?

The **ALABAMA,** in black or brown calf. Your first vigorous step in these grand Arch Preserver shoes should be toward the purchase of another War Bond.

ORDINARY SHOES are the right shape and size at just one point in your step. The rest of the way your feet and your shoes are fighting each other to have *their own way.* That's called "breaking in" a new pair of shoes. Feet get tired and discouraged even though they are perfectly normal, healthy feet. Shoes take a licking, too.

In Wright Arch Preserver shoes your feet walk the way they want to . . . an easy swing from heel-to-toe, with the weight of the body on the outside of the foot. They're made to accommodate every change of your foot in walking. They keep your feet in shape and because of that, keep their own shape and "brand-new" good looks, too. There's ONLY ONE SHOE with a story like this . . . the Arch Preserver, styled for active men. Find it at your nearest Wright Arch Preserver shoe store. If you don't know the address, write us for it, and for your copy of our new illustrated booklet. E. T. Wright & Co., Inc, Dept. No. E-6, Rockland, Massachusetts.

WRIGHT
Arch Preserver
SHOES

For Women, Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. *For Boys,* Gerberich-Payne, Mt. Joy, Pa.
In Canada, For Men, Scott-McHale, London, Ont.

Now I Stash Me Down to Nod

Continued from page 53

scholastic mile run. But education was unattractive. Burley quit school to work in the post office as a clerk and carrier. Later he got a job at twenty-five dollars a week on the Chicago *Defender.*

That job evaporated in an editorial upheaval in which the entire staff of the *Defender* was fired. Burley hit the road, occasionally working in the lumber mills of Wisconsin. When his meals came too far apart, Burley turned to the piano. He had taken five lessons as a boy but refused to continue because his teacher emphasized all her instructions by rapping him across the knuckles with a ruler. It is probably just as well that Burley gave up such a tedious and formalized approach to music, for he is a typical Negro virtuoso for whom music is a natural and spontaneous expression.

Burley was always a fine pianist and he always received due recognition for it. Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis were his contemporaries in Chicago in the early twenties and were held in no greater esteem than he. In the early days Burley was content to make a living playing in honky-tonks, Mississippi flatboats and other places where his musical skill was hardly the chief attraction.

He had always wanted to make the piano his career, but in 1932 he was diverted by the extensive popularity of the jive column he was writing at the time for the Chicago *Bee.* There was such a demand for the column that the *Defender* was forced to buy it, but when an impasse was reached on financial matters, Burley struck out for new territory. He had offers from Negro papers in Pittsburgh, Kansas City and Baltimore, but in 1937 decided to go to New York with the *Amsterdam Star-News* as a reporter and poet laureate of jive. After three months, Burley was city editor.

Two qualities have raised Dan Burley to Poobahism: his inventiveness and his rich imagery in coining phrases. These are the *sine qua non* of the jive world. Some of Burley's best-known compositions are his jive parodies of standard classics. Whittier's *The Barefoot Boy* follows in part:

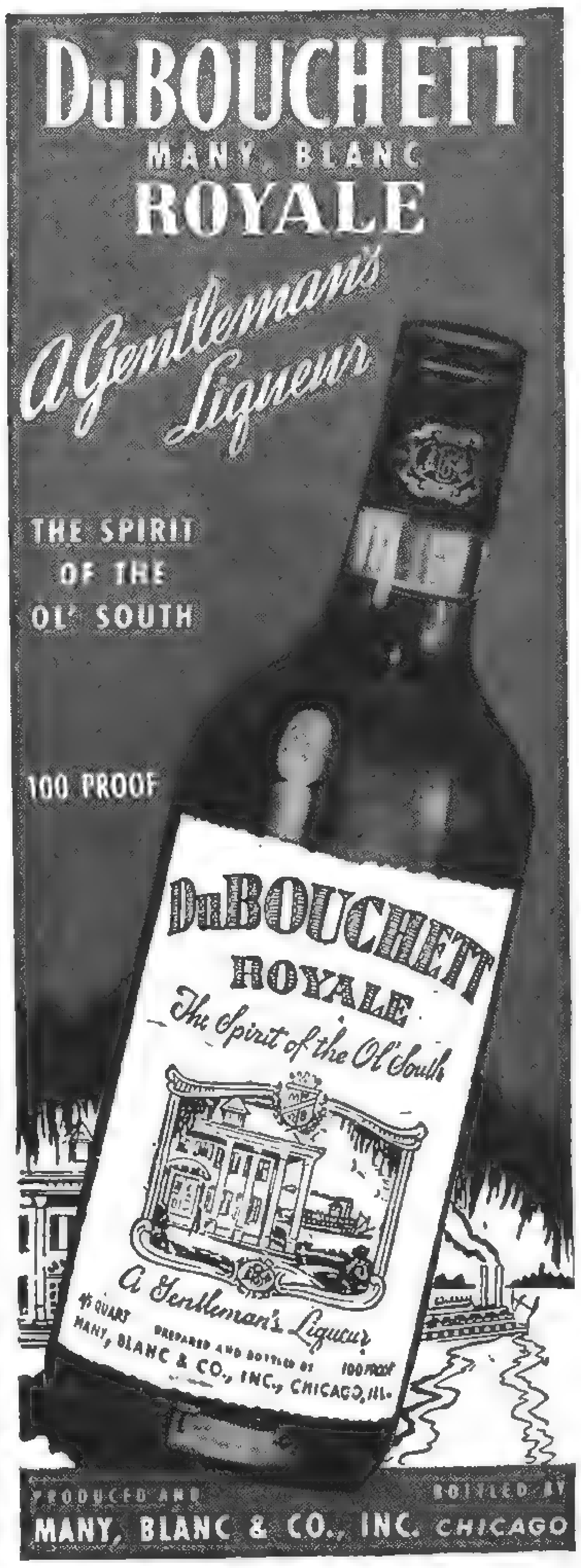
Blessings on thee, little square,
Barefoot cat with unconked hair;
With thy righteous peg-top pants
And thy solid hepcat's stance,
With thy chops so red and mellow
Kissed by chicks so fine and yellow;
With thy bean beaming on thy crown,
That sky of thine such a bringdown;
My own tick-tock to thee I bare,
I was once an unhipped square.

A Visit from St. Nicholas:

'Twas the dim before Nicktide
and all through the crib,

PRESS, IT'S LIT
RELEASE, IT'S OUT

RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
ONE FRIEND HE'LL NEVER FORGET!
Made today for our armed forces only
. . but no lighters can be supplied direct
Ronson, Newark 2, N. J.
BUY WAR BONDS


DuBOUCHETT
ROYALE
The Spirit of the Ol' South
A Gentleman's Liqueur
4/5 QUART PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY 100 PROOF
MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO, ILL.

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
ROYALE
A Gentleman's Liqueur
THE SPIRIT OF THE OL' SOUTH
100 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
MANY, BLANC & CO., INC. CHICAGO

You could hear Joe Hipp spieling that righteous ad lib.
Them leg-sacks were stashed by the smoke-hole, in fact,
They were a Lamb's unhipped bag on Santa's fine sack;
The cats and the chippies were all knocking a nod,
While the most anxious ideas through their think boxes trod.
And the Head Chick was snorting, but I tossed and rolled,
Trying to collar a wink as Hawkins blew cold.

The Soliloquy from *Hamlet:*

To dig, or not to dig, Jack, that's the question,
Whether 'tis the proper play to eat onions
And wipe the eyes, while laying down one's deepest jive;
Or to snap open one's fine switch, turn out the joint,
Making cats take low, by much head cutting:
To nix out for good, or to cop a nod no more,
Is solid chow for heartache and a solid grand.

"To eat onions and wipe the eyes" surely is a pretty literal translation of the original's "to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

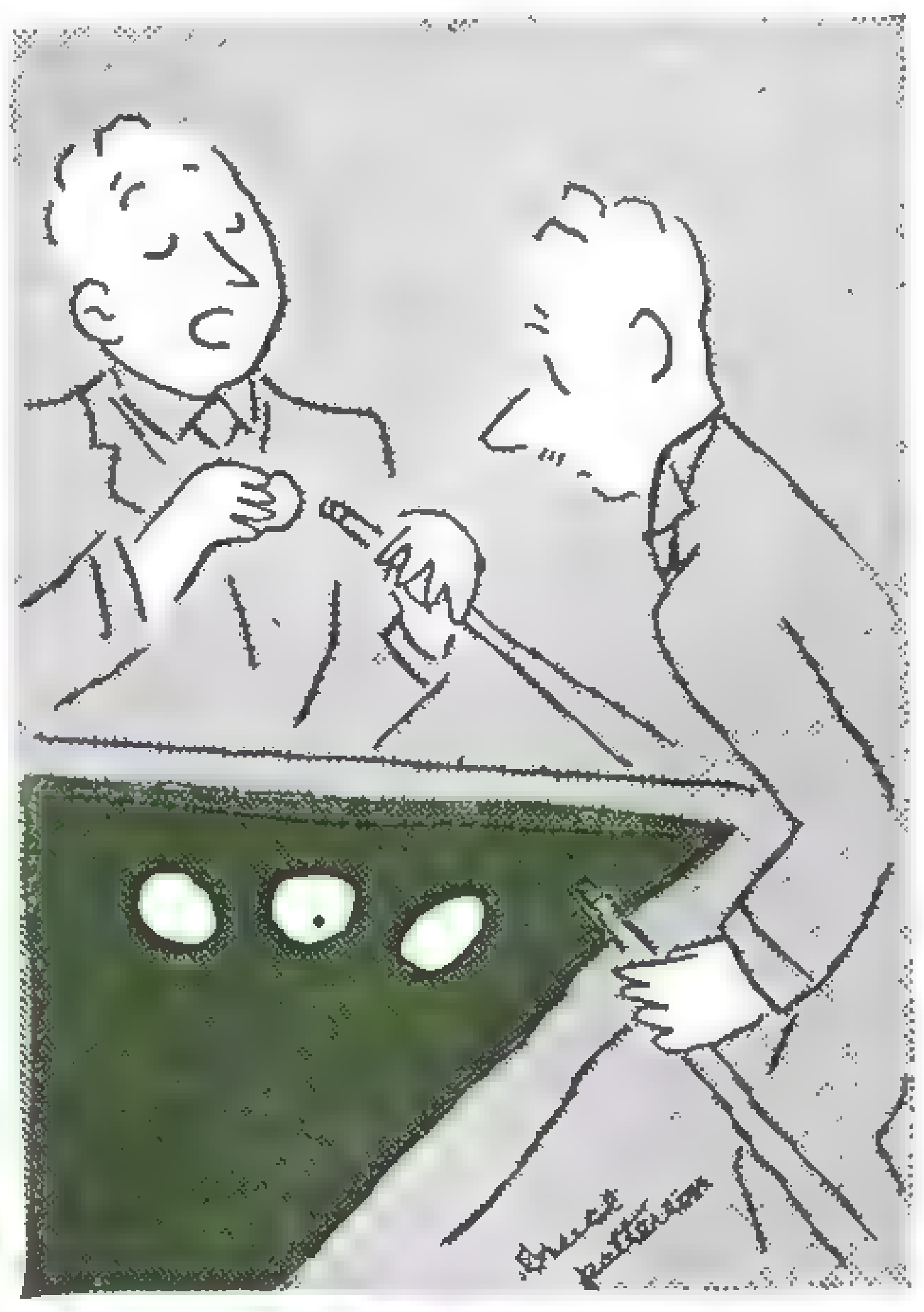
The charm of "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ." is retained in Burley's transcription:

Now I stash me down to nod
My mellow frame upon this sod.
If I should cop a drill before the early toot,
I'll spiel to the Head Knock to make things all root.

Like all slang, jive is racy and impudent, but it is singularly free of the coarseness and profanity that make gutter-talk offensive. Most Burley-isms are effective because they exploit the rich vein of humor indigenous to the Negro and follow the word picture pattern of describing one thing in terms of another.

A short glossary of jive may make this clear:

Suffering with the shorts—broke, financially embarrassed. Knock and nod—go to sleep;

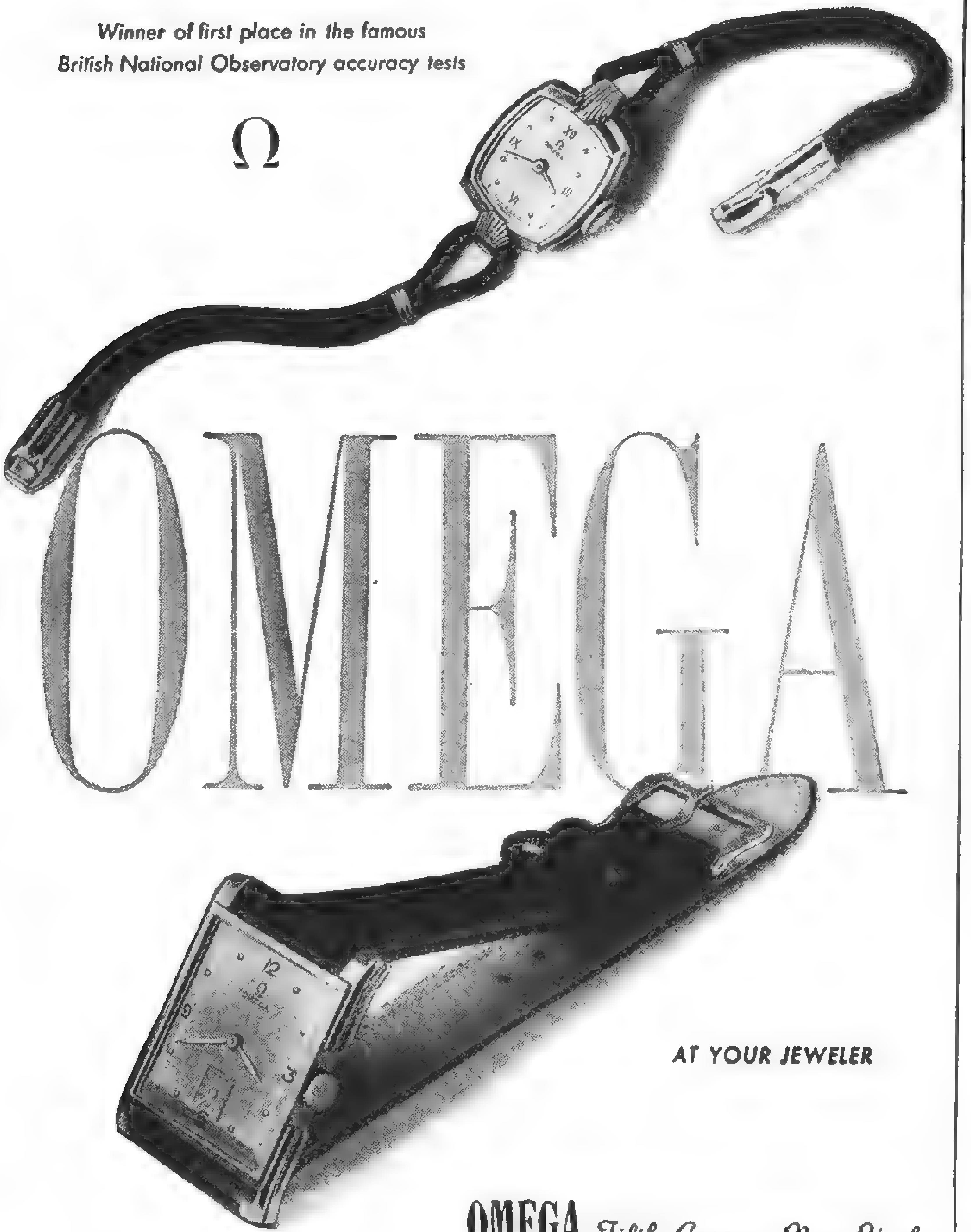


"Anybody can play with round balls"

Continued on page 170

Winner of first place in the famous British National Observatory accuracy tests

Ω



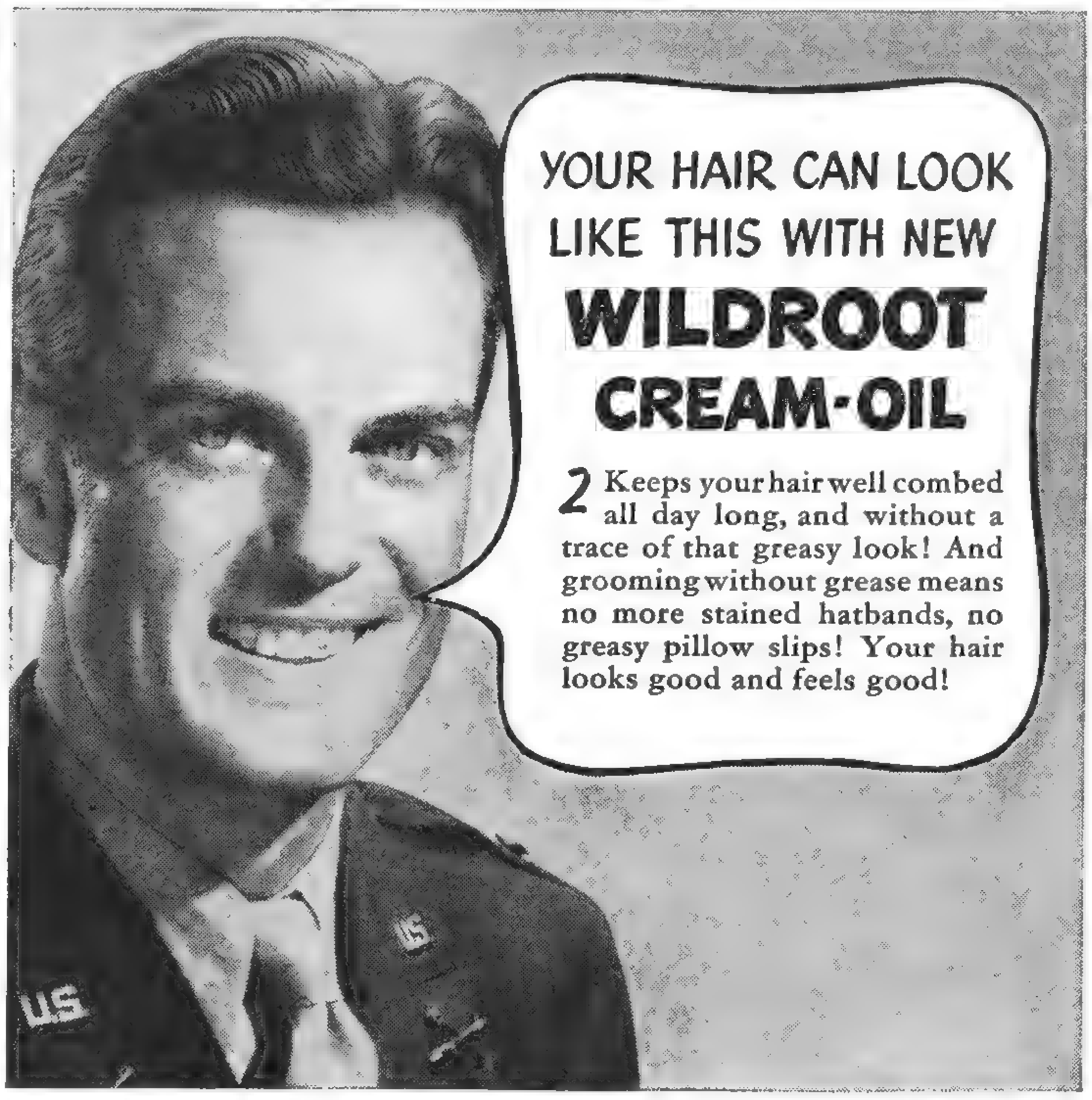
AT YOUR JEWELER

OMEGA Fifth Avenue, New York

THE MOST ACCURATE WATCH IN THE WORLD

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

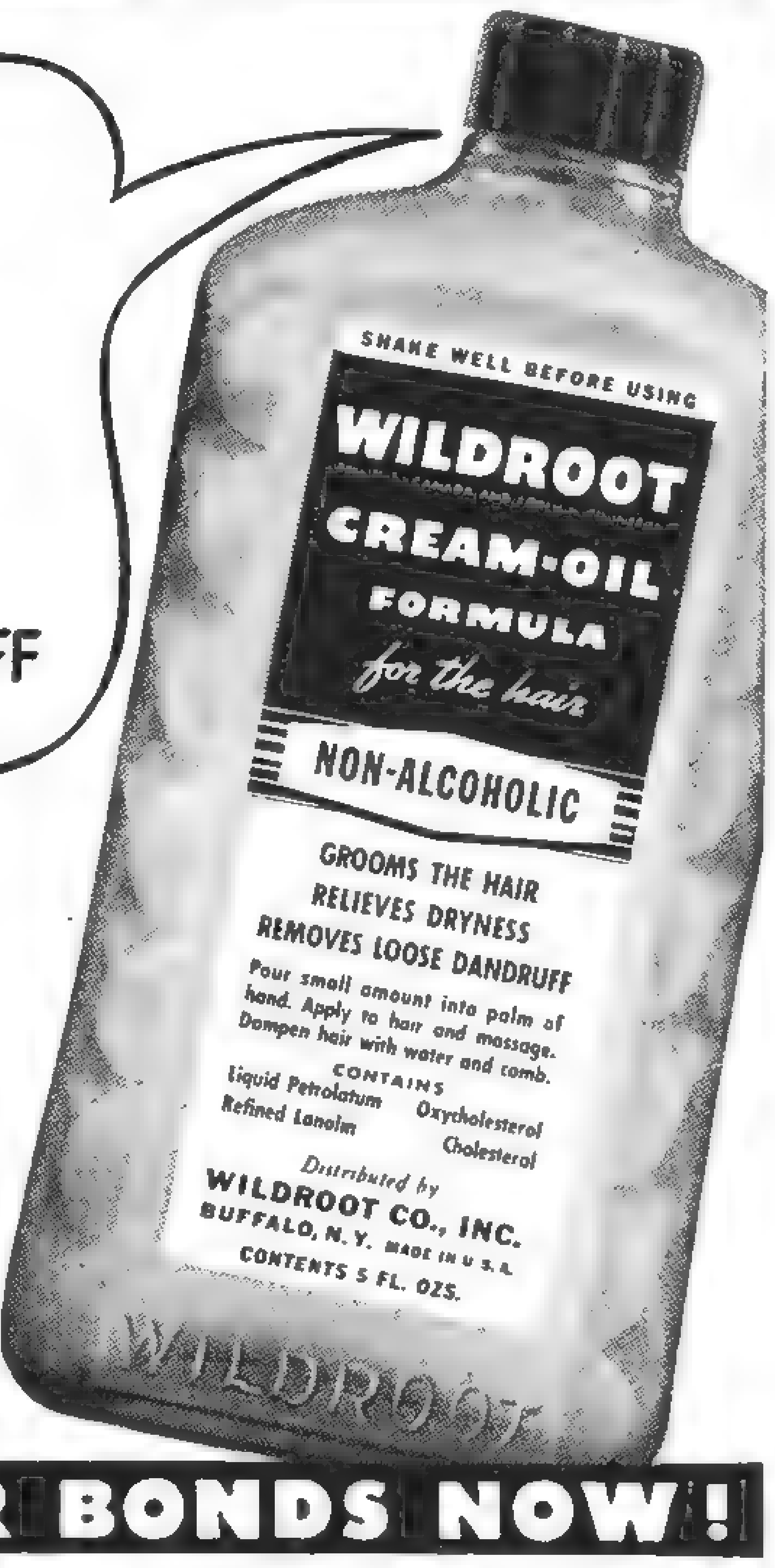
1 Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy large size for greater economy.



YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS *LANOLIN!* GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF



Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the hair tonics they had been using. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

Over and above
the call of duty

You can receive no finer citation than this superb wrist watch by Rolex . . . for the Rolex Oyster, or the Rolex Oyster Perpetual, is truly a dependable guardian of today's split-second tempo. ☆ ☆ ☆ The simple stem-locking device, patented and used exclusively by Rolex, guarantees complete waterproofing of the precision mechanism within. ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ Today, almost every Rolex Watch is scheduled for the use of the Armed Forces and our Allies . . . but a limited number are still available for civilian purchase. See your local Rolex Dealer. ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ Priced from $80.00

ROLEX

The Masterpiece of Watch Craftsmanship

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY QUALITY JEWELERS

Now I Stash Me Down to Nod

Continued from pages 53-169

knock a slave—get a job. Dead president—a dollar bill. Fuzzy-wuzzy—a girl; derived from the Negro's kinky hair. Perfect rum—an impossible fellow. Like the bear, just ain't nowhere—out of place, as a bear obviously would be in a refined social gathering. Scoff ace-deuce around the chiming Ben—eat three square meals daily. Most of it like the tree, all root—universally okay, since the roots of a tree spread in all directions. Like the farmer and the 'tater, plant you now, dig you later—I must go, but I'll see you. I'm getting a brand new frail, 'cause the one I got can't go my bail—the need for a new girl is imperative since the one you've got is broke and can't help you in a pinch. I can't frolic, I got the colic—a hangover. Hawkins—the wind; refers to Coleman Hawkins, famous Negro saxophonist. Rommel—an about-face; after Schickelgruber's marshal, the master of the strategic withdrawal. Saw—a nagging woman with a rasping quality in her voice. Deuce of Haircuts—two weeks. Glory roll—purse. Paper Doll—a sudden exit, cutting out of a place. Scoffing fishheads and scrambling for the gills—having a tough time of it. Banter built on a coke frame—a young woman with a seductive figure on the order of a Coca-Cola bottle. Beat for the yolk—without gold, or money. Topside of the rockpile—top floor of an apartment house. Spinning at the track on fool's dim—dancing at the ballroom on maid's night out.

This is the sort of invention that has made Burley a national celebrity among Negroes and perhaps the most extensively quoted man in America. Months after he has written and forgotten one of his "Backdoor Stuff" columns, he will meet a fan who can quote him the entire piece verbatim. Because jive users constantly demand freshness, Burley is expected to come up with a new expression daily.

Jive is only one of Burley's "swindles," or activities. He is putting the finishing touches on a novel, tentatively titled *Children of the Exodus*, a serious work depicting the great Negro labor migration from the South to Chicago during the last war. He derives a steady income from such enduring swing numbers as *Munson Street Breakdown, Pig Foot Sonata, Chicken Shack Shuffle, On My Way from You* and *Three-Cornered Love Affair.* He recently signed a contract to write the lyrics and music for three tunes a month to be distributed through Soundies, a combination juke box and movie machine.

The fellow probably will wind up with a glory roll to fill a coal hole, and that's what's got him worried. He fears that as he gets old with gold he will become a Home from Rome. ⌗

KENTUCKY
OLD FITZGERALD

OLD FITZGERALD

Old Fashioned
BUT
STILL IN STYLE

BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

A copy of the beautifully colored, historical map of Kentucky, shown above will be sent you on request.

WRITE DEPT. E.

STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, Inc.
SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

Some things haven't changed!
THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE
LHS
STERNCREST
STERLING

It's reassuring to find the things that live on, because they are good. Imported Mediterranean briar is one of those things—the perfect pipe material.

GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR

Antique and Smooth Finish.. Many handsome models.

$5

Every pipe numbered, registered and guaranteed by LHS

NEW! LHS STERNCREST 14K

Only perfect grain specimens for these de luxe pipes—circled with 14K solid gold band. Truly, "Perfection in a pipe"—$7.50

SORRY—Many LHS pipes are going to the armed services. Your dealer may not always be able to supply just the model you want.

At all good dealers
L & H. STERN, Inc., Stern Bldg., 60 Pearl St., Bklyn 1, N.Y.

Makers of famous LHS Ultra-fine $10 Certified Purex $3.50

How to Talk Sense in Company

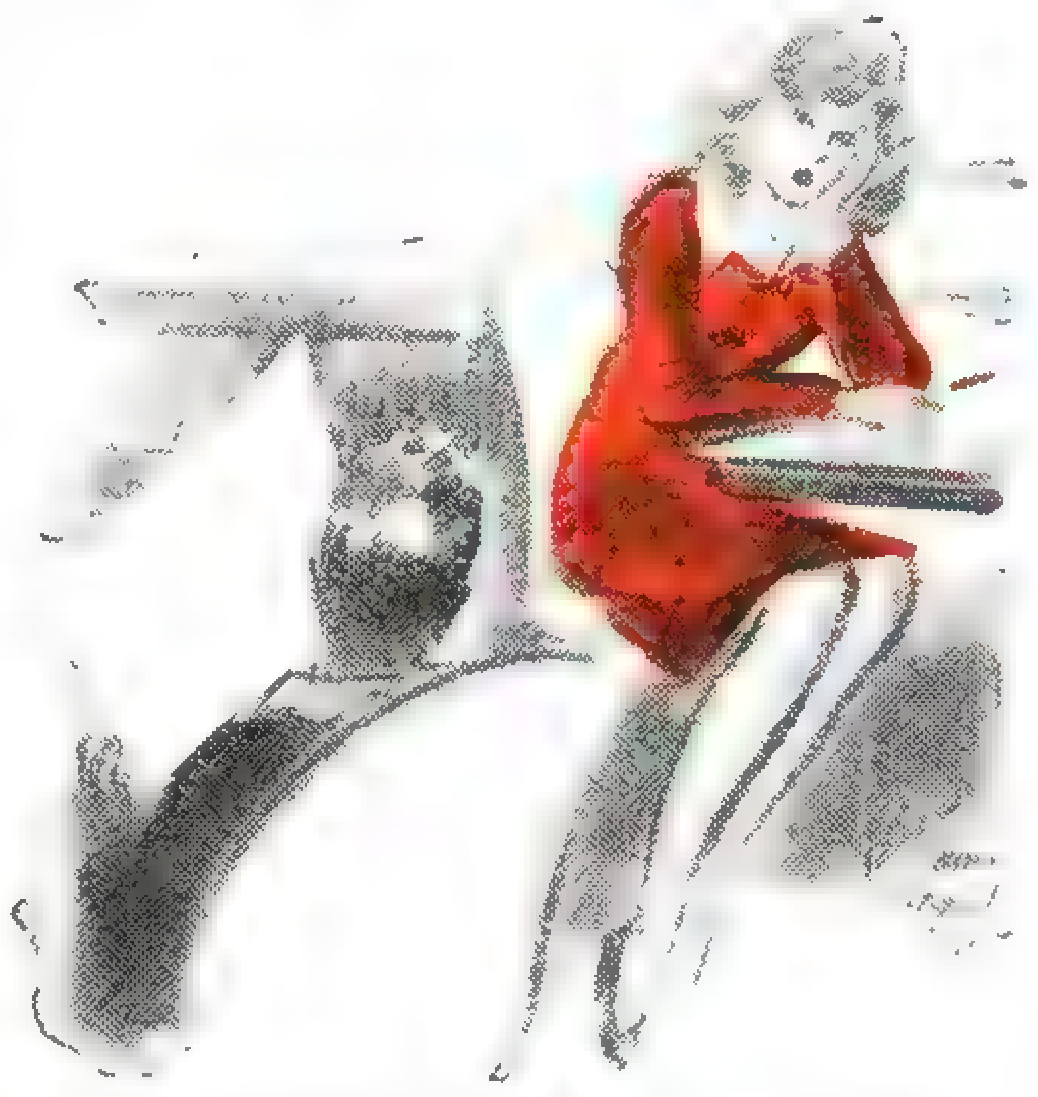
Continued from page 59

govern the mood and attitude with which you enter discussion.

II. Carrying on a Discussion

Find out what the issue is.

Until the issue is clear, it is impossible to tell what points are relevant and what are not. The best way to make the issue explicit is to state it. Either the New Deal is on the right track in regard to unemployment or the opposition is right that you cannot put men to work without encouraging private enterprise. And if it is the economics of the New Deal you are talking about, don't let the discussion drift into politics or personalities.



"Of course I'll love you when your hair has turned to silver—what's the matter, can't you get any more henna rinse?"

Take one thing at a time.

This is a good rule in talking, as it is in living. Every serious problem has many angles. Our first obligation is to separate a jumble of related questions into a number of distinct issues. Deal with one at a time. Let's say you are discussing religion. That's a complicated subject, involving many questions, each with an order of points. They can't be discussed all at once. If you try, you bog down in confusion. Cover, say, the historical question about church origins before you take up the theological question about church doctrine, and that before you consider the political question about church practices.

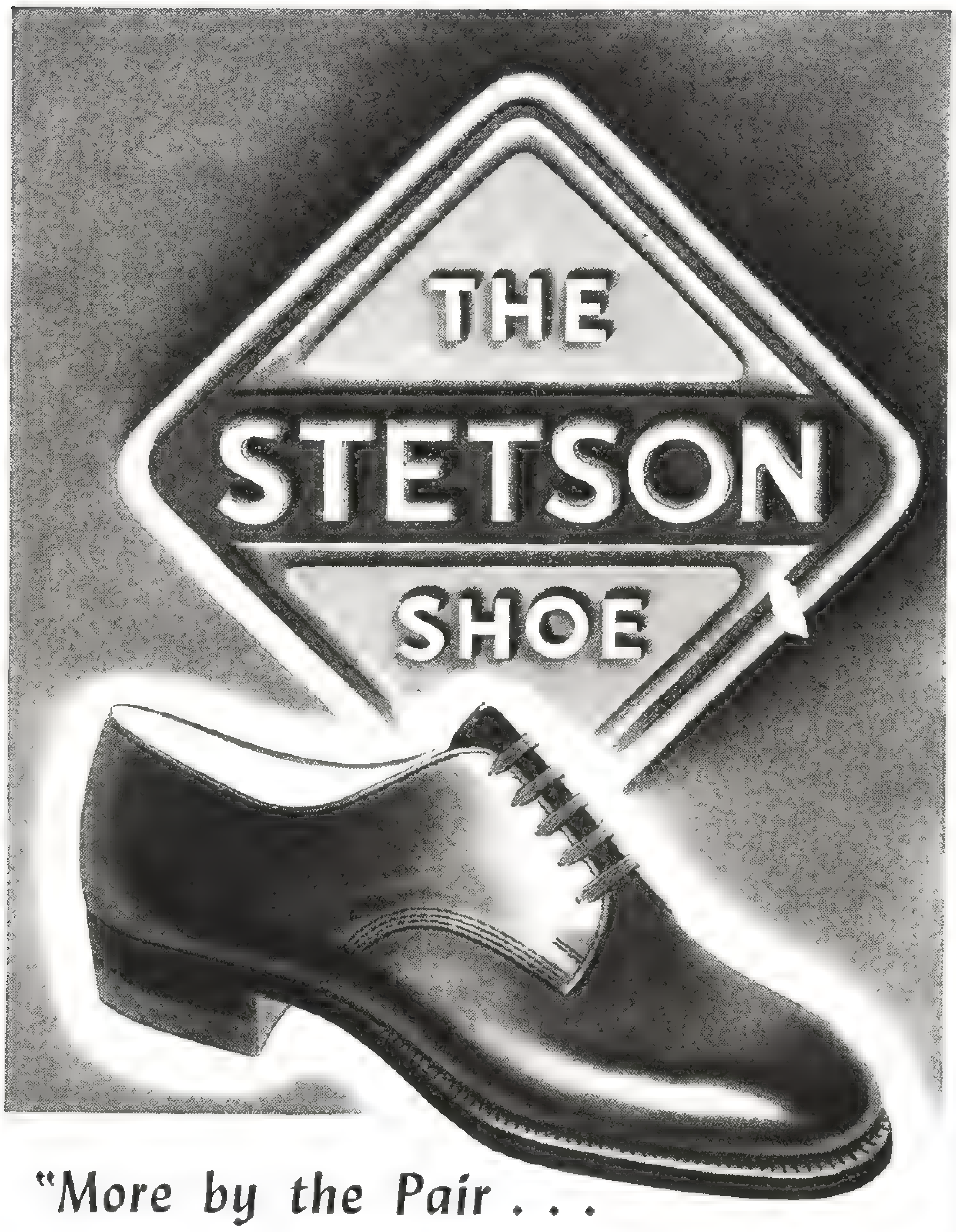
Stick to the issue.

Irrelevance is the rock on which most conversations are wrecked, and the worst of it is that, unless everyone is on the lookout for it, the victims don't realize before it's too late that they got off the course. A familiar enemy (though often an innocent one) of intelligent conversation is the man who is "reminded of a story" by something someone said. If the story is relevant—fine. But nine times out of ten it isn't.

Keep moving.

After a point has been settled push on to the next one. This doesn't mean you shouldn't come back to a point if it needs reopen-

Continued on page 172



The "WRIGHT" way to summer comfort

Well groomed heads choose Wright hats, like "The Flier," for style and smartness.

Comfort seeking heads recognize in the patented Air Flow feature of all Wright straws a sure way to beat the heat.

Patented Air Flow construction* permits air to enter *from beneath* (between head and inner band), rise, circulate and exit through the porous crown. In this way a constant, cooling draft of *fresh air* is maintained.

Yes, Wright Air Flow Straws assure style and summer comfort. Famous Wright quality assures longer wear and longer lasting good looks.

*U. S. Patent 2,218,590

"The Flier" shown above is made in Champagne Tan and Natural. See the many other styles, weaves and colors at your Wright dealer.

$6.50

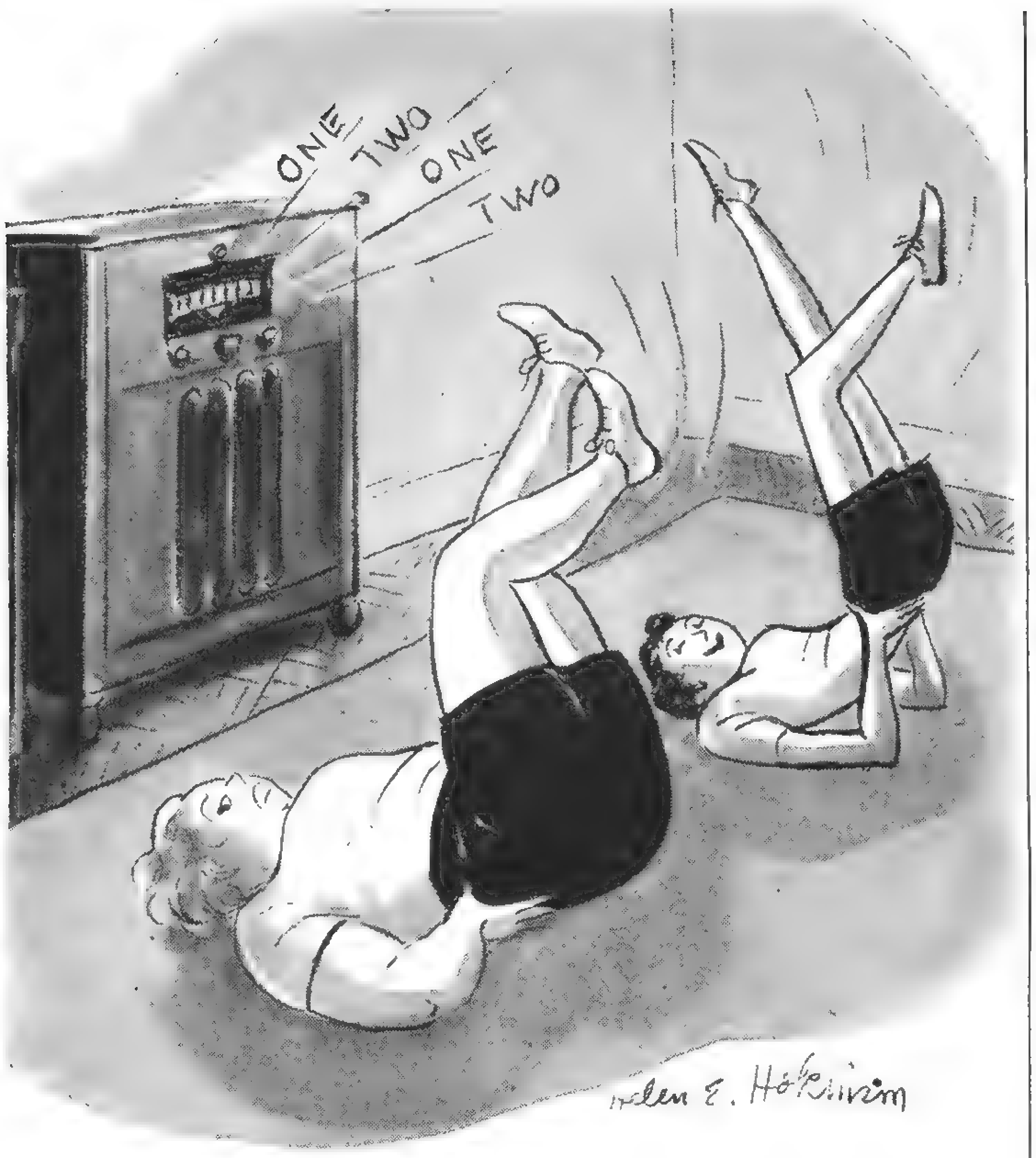
Other Styles $5.00 to $7.50

THE WRIGHT HAT

Works Wonders with Morale

ROTHSCHILD BROS. HAT COMPANY • Manufacturers
SAINT LOUIS • CHICAGO

★ BUY MORE WAR BONDS ★



"Who said food rationing would help my figure?"

Food rationing alone can't keep you slim
And exhausting exercises won't help very much
So when you're overweight and under-par
Better try the simple Ry-Krisp reducing plan

New Reducing Book Free!

Any normal person can lose excess weight
Following the plan in this new Ry-Krisp book
Included also are low-point menus and recipes
For delicious meals everyone can enjoy

For new book with complete reducing plan, write Ry-Krisp, 21 Checkerboard Sq., St. Louis 2, Mo.

LOW-POINT
LOW-CALORIE
MEAL PLANNER

TRY THIS!
Baked spareribs with onion slices and mixed vegetables served with toasted Ry-Krisp. What a meal! Other ideas and low-point recipes in the Ry-Krisp book. Send for it now and start to enjoy delicious Ry-Krisp at every meal. Helps tone you up, has the minerals and about all the vitamin B_1 of whole rye. Only 23 calories in a slice. At grocers everywhere.

Ry-Krisp
RY-KRISP
RY-KRISP

Ask for Ry-Krisp at hotels, restaurants, on trains and planes.

How to Talk Sense in Company

Continued from pages 59-171

ing. But it does mean a conversation should be a progress. The man who hasn't listened attentively usually raises from the dead some point that was settled. Backing and filling is one of the mortal diseases of conversation.

Don't take things for granted.

Since few conversations begin at the beginning, and something is usually taken for granted, the rules might be better stated as follows: ask your companions to grant the assumptions you are making. We frequently suspect that the other fellow is making assumptions, though precisely what they are we seldom know. We too infrequently recognize that we ourselves are also making assumptions. The best cure is for everyone to try making his own assumptions explicit and beg the others to accept them *pro tem.* Sometimes the assumption can itself be argued, but when that is not possible, because it would take you too far back, it has to be granted for the sake of argument. Otherwise, sooner or later, somebody says, "But wait a minute, Joe. What makes you think we all agree that men are equal?" And the preceding conversation is a total loss. If you see the point of this rule, you also see that all argument is either about the assumptions themselves or their consequences. I can grant your premises, and still think you have reached a wrong conclusion.

Don't disagree until you understand.

Unless you can state the other fellow's position just as well as he can, you have no right to oppose him. The man who says, "Now look here, you're saying . . ." usually misstates the other fellow's position. Begin, "Let me see if I can state your position," and unless he agrees that you've done it, you can't tell him he's wrong.

Don't agree until you understand.

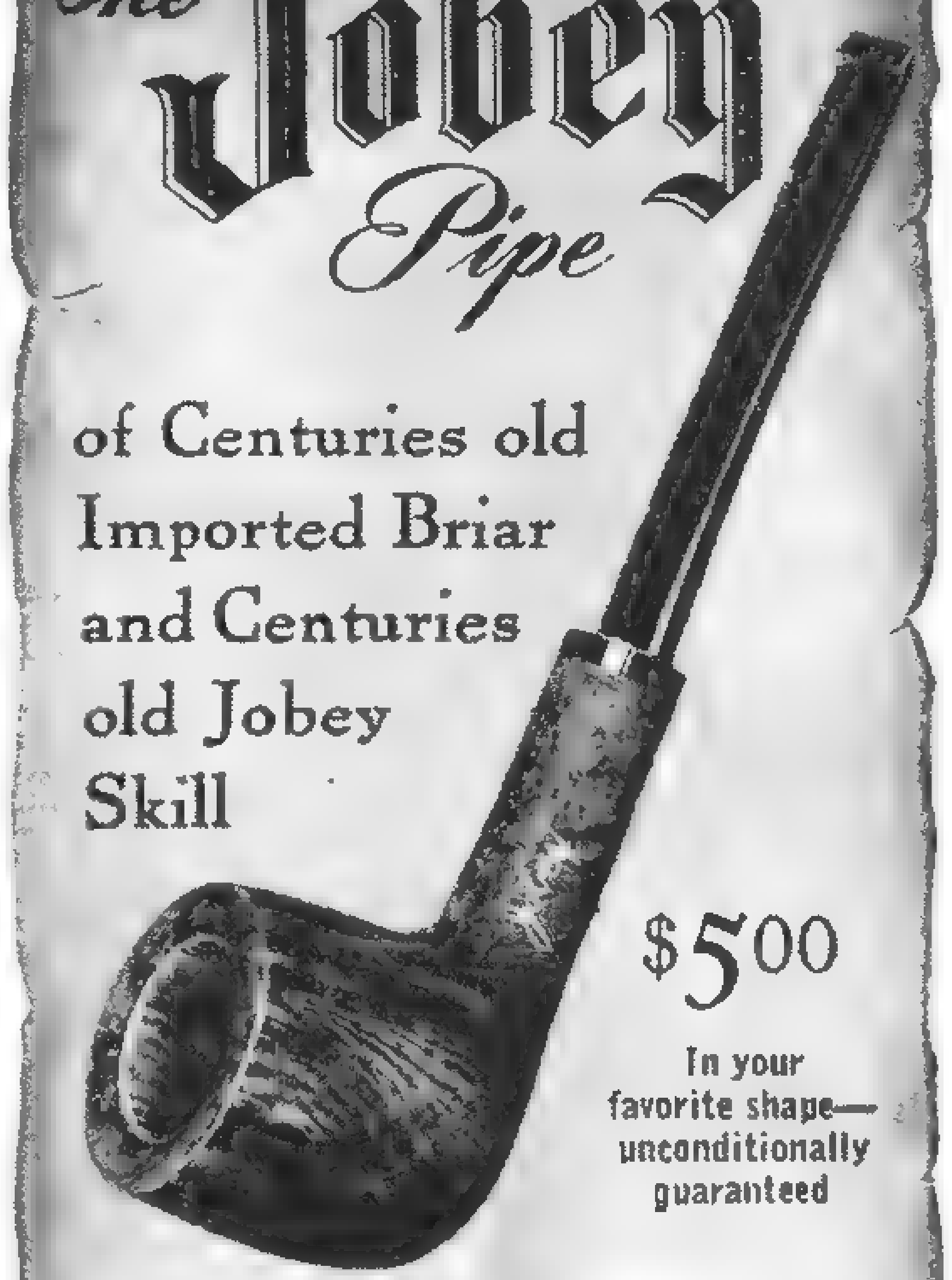
To agree with something you don't understand is inane. We all have the tendency, at times, to say, "Uh huh," when we should be saying, "Wait a minute—I'm not sure I get you straight," or "What's your proof of that?" Most of us are too prone to suppose we understand. Moving on to the next point is important, but we oughtn't to agree just for the sake of motion, or because we are too lazy to pursue the matter.

Use arguments, not authorities.

If George Washington was against entangling alliances or third terms, it may be worth mentioning. Great men have a right to our consideration. But great minds have made mistakes, and those that were right on a certain point a century ago may be wrong today. Authorities may support your position; but reason alone can make it tenable.

Don't take a vote.

Just as authorities may be



The **Jobey** *Pipe*

of Centuries old Imported Briar and Centuries old Jobey Skill

$5.00

In your favorite shape—unconditionally guaranteed

PEER of pipes, flawlessly crafted. Distinguished for the perfect grain of its matchless briar, the glowing depth of its superb plum finish, the unique comfort of its hand-cut Jobey bit. Exclusively processed to give you—with no break-in—your most satisfying smoke.

Ask to see the JOBEY VIRGIN BRIAR	$7.50
and the JOBEY NUT BRUYERE	$6.00

At fine pipe shops or write for Booklet C
Norwalk Pipe Co. 218 E. 26th St. N. Y. C.

you'll find me only on fine
Handkerchiefs

BLOCH FRERES

BLOCH FRÈRES

Look For The Red, White And Blue Designer Label
AT FINE STORES
11 East 38th Street, New York City

wrong, so a majority of your friends may, at any given moment, be wrong. Everyone in the party may disagree with you, and you may still be right. And you can be wrong even if the majority agree with you. Counting noses settles nothing except the number of Ayes and Nays. Voting may follow arguing, but it should never take the place of argument.

bruce patterson

Beware of examples.

"Why, I know a fellow who . . ." Everyone knows a fellow who. Examples may be helpful, but they may just as often be harmful. The fact that you saw a W.P.A. worker leaning on a shovel doesn't prove that the W.P.A. is shovel-leaning. And the discussion starts going in circles when, after you've cited an example, everybody else cites one to prove something else. An example is like an assumption. You ought to ask permission to use it. Unless everyone sees its direct relevance, it can do no good.

Never argue about facts.

You cannot settle by argument the precise size of the national debt or how far it is by air time from New York to the Azores. If you have doubts about a fact someone has cited, express them, but don't argue. Perhaps you can stop talking long enough to find the answer in the *Britannica* or the almanac. If that cannot be done, accept the dubious fact for the purposes of discussion, or put it on ice until you can ascertain the truth about it.

Explain your disagreement.

If, after you understand the other fellow's position, you still disagree, you do so for one or more of the following reasons: you think that he simply lacks knowledge of some relevant point; or that he mistakenly supposes he has knowledge when he doesn't; or that he drew the wrong conclusions from things you were willing to admit were so; or that he drew the right conclusions but didn't push them far enough. You ought to be able to tell your opponent precisely what you don't see eye to eye about. Disagreement never

Continued on page 174

World's Most Beautiful Cordial
RED HORSE
✲TWIG
peppermint
SCHNAPPS LIQUEUR
invitation to Romance
RED HORSE
PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS LIQUEUR
PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY
D. J. BIELZOFF PRODUCTS CO.
CHICAGO ILL.

For the epicure and bon vivant, this pleasant mildly-mannered peppermint liqueur, snow-white in appearance, and quite exciting to the taste. It enhances its service to your guests by the optic loveliness of the sugar crystals, permanently spreading branch-wise within the liqueur. Simple to serve "neat" in a liqueur glass, or with ice cubes and sparkling water in a highball glass.

✲ *Twig is a registered and copyrighted brand. D. J. Bielzoff Products Co., Chicago, U. S. A. 60 Proof.*

THE
Taylor-Made
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
SHOE

THE
TWO-EYE
TIE

BUILT WITH
FOUR STAR SOLES

PROOF THAT CUSTOM CHARACTER NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE

☆ FLEXIBLE — Pliant and springy as the foot.

☆ INSULATED — Heat and cold resisting — will not draw feet.

☆ WATERPROOF — Keep the feet dry and protect health.

☆ LONGER-WEARING — Outwear best leather soles made for civilians today.

E. E. TAYLOR CORP. Boston, Mass.
Makers of men's fine shoes for over a half century

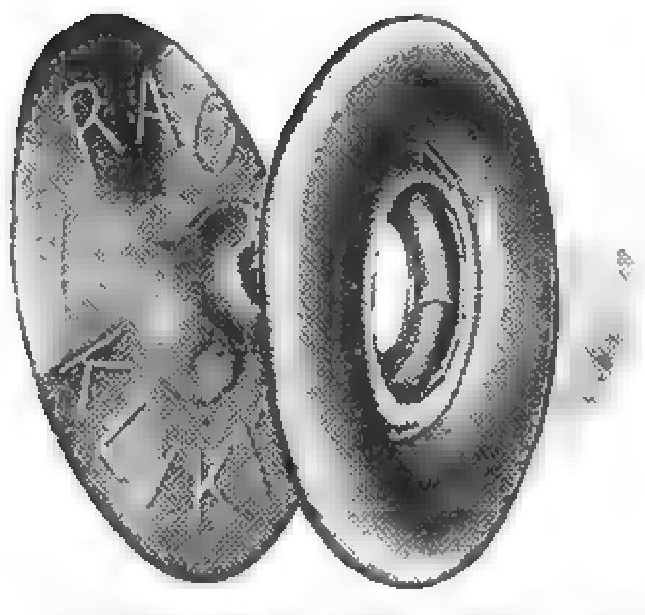
A FEW OF OUR TAYLOR-MADE DEALERS

Asbury Park, N. J.	Bob and Irving
Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.	M. S Hirshfield
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison-Paxon Co.
Atlantic City, N. J	Katzinger Brothers
Baltimore, Md	Goodman's
Beverly, Mass	Giles Shoe Store
Bluefield, W. Va	Bluefield Shoe Company
Boston, Mass	Stetson Shoe Shop
Buffalo, N Y	The Kleinhans Co.
Burlington, Vt	Gee's Shoe Shop
Cambridge, Ohio	Turnbaugh's Shoe Store
Canton, Ohio	The C. N. Vicary Co
Champaign, Ill	Overgard, Inc
Charleston, S C	M Dumas
Charlotte, N C	Tate-Brown Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	The Davidson Clothing Co
Chicago, Ill	Mandel Brothers, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio	The H & S Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros Co.
Columbia, S C.	Marshall-Tatum Co.
Danbury, Conn.	Lane's
Denver, Col	The Gano-Downs Co.
Des Moines, Iowa	Field Shoe Co.
Detroit, Mich.	R H Fyfe & Co.
Essex, Md.	Essex Department Store
Fayetteville, N C	Stein Brothers
Flushing, N. Y.	Mac Friedlander
Fresno, Cal.	Devlin Shoe Store
Galveston, Texas	E S Levy & Co
Grand Forks, N Dak	Wilson's Clothing
Greensboro, N C.	Younts-DeBoe Co
Hartford, Conn.	Packard Boot Shop
Hempstead, N Y	The New Shoe Store
High Point, N C.	Shackelford's Men's Wear
Houston, Texas	Mosk's
Hyannis, Mass.	Leen's Shoe Store
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co , Inc.
Ithaca, N. Y.	The Sport Shop
Kansas City, Mo.	J. J. "Jack" Schroeder
Kansas City, Mo.	Schoenhard's
Knoxville, Tenn.	The Park Co.
Lexington, Ky.	Phillips Shoe Co.
Lincoln, Neb	Magee's
Little Rock, Ark.	Farrior Brokerage Company
Long Branch, N. J.	Sol Tenser
Los Angeles, Cal.	Silverwoods
Louisville, Ky.	Martin's
Lynchburg, Va	Bell Shoe Stores, Inc
Memphis, Tenn	Beasley Bros -Jones-Ragland, Inc
Miami, Fla	Cowen's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Brown Clo. Co
Muskegon, Mich.	The Clark Boot Shop
Nashville, Tenn	Frank Scott's Shoe Store
New York, N Y. 17 West 33rd St , 5 West 50th St , 365 Madison Ave	The Nettleton Shops
New York, N. Y. 102 Fulton St 182 Montague St , Brooklyn, N. Y	Eggers & Silk
Orange, Va	Crafton & Sparks
Oswego, N Y	Vono's Shoe Shop
Paterson, N. J.	Lefkowitz
Peoria, Ill	Block and Kuhl Co.
Petersburg, Va.	Standard-James Shoe Co
Phoenix, Ariz	Bush Footwear Co
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Stetson Shoe Shop, Inc
Portland, Me.	Gordon's, Inc
Portland, Ore.	Armishaw's
Portsmouth, N H.	Shaines
Poughkeepsie, N Y	M W Friedman
Princeton, W Va.	Lynch Clothing Company
Providence, R I.	The Shepard Co.
Rochester, N. Y	McFarlin Clothing Co
Rutland, Vt	Wilson Clothing Co
Saginaw, Mich	Heavenrich's
San Antonio, Texas	Guarantee Shoe Co
Sandusky, Ohio	Rosino's
San Francisco, Cal	The Emporium
Savannah, Ga.	Morris Levy's
Seattle, Wash.	Turrells
Toledo, Ohio	The LaSalle & Koch Company
Tulsa, Okla.	Clarke's
Utica, N. Y.	C Sautter's Sons, Inc
Washington, D C.	Julius Garfinckel & Co., Inc
West Palm Beach, Fla.	J. C Harris Company
Wilson, N. C.	Wilson Shoe Store
Winchester, Va.	Huntsberry's
Youngstown, Ohio	Lustig's

WHERE, OH WHERE HAVE MY GOOD SHORTS GONE?
WHERE, OH WHERE CAN THEY BE?
THEY'RE THE ONES WITH THE KLIKITS ON-
-- THE ONLY ONES FOR ME!
COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

It doesn't matter whether for shorts or pajamas, play togs or scores of other garments . . . Klikit snap fasteners are best by test.* There is no button trouble with laundry-proof Klikit fasteners. Their famous patented floating spring construction makes them snap . . . not too tight . . . not too loose . . . but with just the *right* smooth tension.

After the war, there will again be plenty of Klikits for every use. For a smooth acting snap fastener, remember the name KLIKIT.



Nationally advertised in Life, Ladies' Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Collier's, Esquire and Parents'

*Test No. C8664-7-41

RAU FASTENER CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

BUY MORE BONDS

York Chicago Los Angeles Gloversville, N. Y. Montreal Toron

How to Talk Sense in Company

Continued from pages 59-171-173

gives way to agreement unless the difference is located. Trying to define it helps you find out when the disagreement is only apparent, due to your divergent use of words. This happens frequently. People who are of one mind are often separated by the babel of tongues.

III. Ending the Discussion

Don't expect too much from discussion.

If you engage in argument with no hope of reaching agreement, you expect too little. If you suppose agreement can always be reached, you expect too much. At one extreme, the hopeless folk suppose that everything is a matter of opinion and that one opinion is just as good as another. If everyone is entitled to his own, there's no profit in discussion, and ping-pong seems more enjoyable than conversation. At the other extreme, the overhopeful fail to distinguish between the realms of knowledge and opinion. Reasonable men can agree wherever knowledge is possible, but there are many matters about which even reasonable men can only entertain opinions.

Distinguish between theoretical and practical questions.

This helps you follow the preceding rule. Whether 2 plus 2 equals 4 is what is known as a theoretical question. When you discuss problems of this sort, you should expect agreement on the truth. But when you discuss practical problems, problems which concern *what should be done in this case*, you are in the realm of opinion. Here honest, intelligent men, trying to be reasonable, may disagree.

Distinguish between principles and cases.

Not all practical discussions are about what should be done *in this case*. Many times we discuss the general principles which underlie our moral, economic or political conduct. The general principles we must appeal to in arguing questions of policy are always true everywhere and for all men. Reasonable men can agree about the nature of justice; they can disagree indefinitely about whether a certain business deal was just or unjust. Arguments about *practical* principles are like theoretical disputes. We can hope to reach agreement. But in the application of those principles to particular cases, reasonable men may disagree because of different estimates of the probabilities and different judgments about the circumstances.

Don't stop with agreement.

Argument is not the only form of profitable conversation. Men who agree can often help each other clarify a point by discussing it. Conversation is a useful device for exploring a theme about which there is general agreement. You may all agree that Fascism is

One man tells Another

"Personna is the Blade to Buy"

The first time I ever shaved
with a Personna I said
'I must be dreaming'.
Such a fine shave, and I
hardly felt the razor.
Alice said 'George, how smooth
your face is!' and I said
'Personnas for me for the
rest of my life.' Try 'em yourself
and you'll see what I mean."

10 FOR $1.00 *and worth it!*
GIFT BOX OF 50, $5.00
PERSONNA Blade Mail: *10 blades on folder with space for your letter . . .* $1

PERSONNA
Precision Double Edge Blades
SWEDISH STEEL • HOLLOW GROUND

PERSONNA
Precision

If your dealer can't supply you send check direct to:
PERSONNA BLADE CO., Inc., 599 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 22

Flagg Bros
Platform
"MUSTANGS"
..FOR CASUAL WEAR
$3.65
NOT
RATIONED!

Brown uppers of heavy, woven fabric with durable soles . . . Sizes 6 to 11 medium widths

ORDER BY MAIL

FLAGG BROS.
920 EWING AVE., NASHVILLE, TENN.

SHOE SIZE	CHECK	CASH	C. O. D.
☐	☐	☐	☐

INCLUDE 25¢ EXTRA FOR POSTAGE.

NAME..
STREET..
CITY......................... STATE..............

a bad form of government and yet spend many evenings (many years, for that matter) helping each other discover the reasons why. People who stop talking when they agree seldom probe their beliefs very deeply.

Don't go on forever.

Even in matters where agreement is possible, discussion sometimes reaches an impasse. After all, man is an animal, even though rational, and there always is, as William James pointed out, a certain blindness in human beings. When you see it is fruitless to go on, change the subject. If the conversation is paralyzed by the obstinacy of the opponents, let it die naturally. And don't whip a dead horse.

These three sets of rules are what might be called the technical precepts for talking sense. They direct you in the use of your mind. But these technical rules will be useless unless you can also follow what I shall call the "emotional rules." Many of the technical rules, especially those which concern the preconditions [illegible] discussion, have emotional a[illegible] But throughout its course [illegible]*able* discussion is impos[illegible] if emotions run away with [illegible]

Of course, our emotions play an important role in everything we do and say. *But they don't help us talk sense.* When you find yourself getting excited or angry during a conversation, take a trip to the water cooler. If that does not help, stand up and say, "Friends, I'm sore as a boil. I'm hitting below the belt, but I can't help it. I'm mad." It will do you good, and the rest will admire you for admitting it.

If another member of the group gets fighting mad, you have only two alternatives. Soothe him in a friendly way. If that does not work, change the subject. He's probably just as nice a fellow as you are, but someone happened to hit him in a tender spot. Get off the spot. The barkeeper's advice, "If you want to fight, you've got to fight outside," is indispensable to good conversation.

And how do you know when

Continued on page 176

SPEAKING OF *Style*

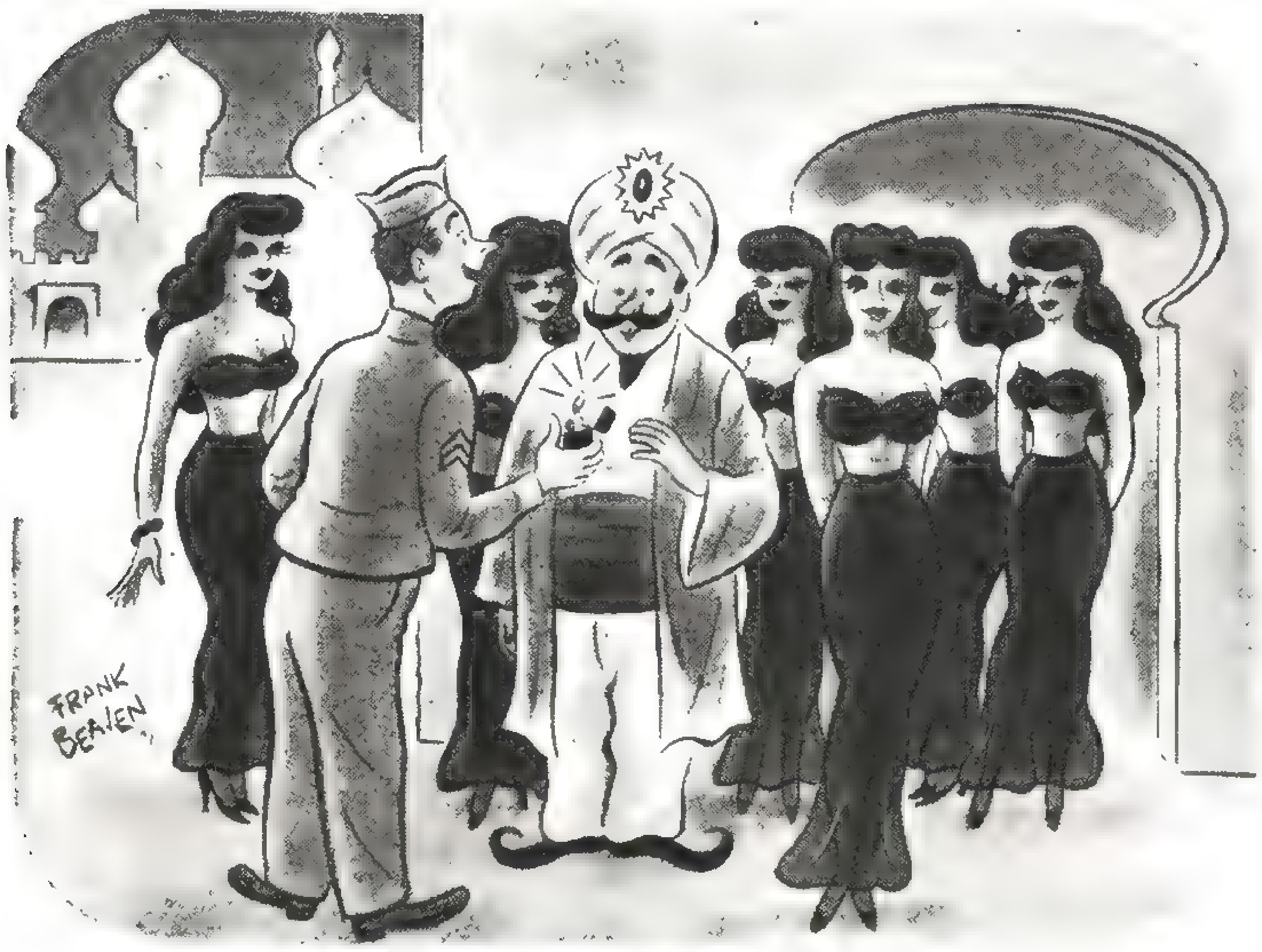
Let us hark to the words of a man
in the armed forces:

"The finest clothes are Eagle Clothes,
Their style and fit are splendid;
We'll wear them when this war is
won,
Buy bonds and help us end it."

Contributed by
Corporal Kenneth Young

EAGLE
Clothes
79 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

FREE–Print your name and address on the margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes, and receive a genuine leather Pocket Case to hold ration books, war stamps and other papers.



Lifetime Guarantee

"MAKE IT **SEVEN** AND YOU CAN HAVE MY **ZIPPO**"

A ZIPPO is better than gold for barter—ask any service man back on leave. There is nothing quite as popular as a *windproof* ZIPPO Lighter, and that's why, until the demands of our boys at the front and on the high seas are met, you will have to wait for *your* genuine ZIPPO—in the meantime beware of imitations.

Get ZIPPO long-lasting FLINTS and FLUID at your dealer.

No one ever paid one cent to repair a ZIPPO.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 7 Barbour St., Bradford, Pa.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION. *Look for this engraving* ZIPPO *on the bottom of every genuine* ZIPPO LIGHTER

ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports

A tradition of
excellence for
nearly 150 years

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

Blatz Beer

Fast Becoming AMERICA'S NEW FAVORITE

BUY WAR BONDS

Never sharp... Never bitter ...Always mellow

Good Taste

Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
In our 93rd year
SPECIAL PILSENER BREW
Blatz
PILSENER BEER

How to Talk Sense in Company

Continued from pages 59-171-173-175

your emotions are getting the better of you? First, you find yourself shouting the other fellow down. Or you stop thinking and merely repeat your claim over and over, each time with greater heat and less light.

Second, you find yourself making irrelevant references to his grandmother, his nationality, his occupation or his personal habits. All such tactics go by the name of *ad hominem* argument. It is an argument against the man, rather than against his ideas. The most exasperating form of *ad hominem* is the bedfellow argument. You say, "So you agree with Hitler," as if that necessarily made the other fellow wrong. All bad thinking and arguing is some kind of irrelevance, but the emotionally motivated type always gets personal in one way or another.

Third, you find yourself being sarcastic, or trying to get the laugh on your opponent, or baiting him by harping on unimportant mistakes he has made. All these devices are calculated to goad your opponent into losing his temper also. If he resists all your efforts, and keeps cool, he will probably enrage you further. When a discussion reaches this stage, it becomes a battle of wits in the worst sense of those words.

Fourth, you will find yourself suppressing points which you see, but which weaken your case.

Finally, you find yourself stubbornly refusing to admit what you see, namely, that you are in the wrong. By this time you have so completely lost your head you cannot remember the wise counsel that there is no point in winning an argument, or even in standing pat, when you know you're wrong. Unfortunately, you will remember it after the evening is over, when passions have cooled. If you let yourself get out of hand this way very often, you will eventually ruin your disposition.

By following these rules, and controlling your emotions in order to do so, you will find pleasure and profit in serious conversation. The better you follow them, the more pleasure and profit. But more than your personal gain is at stake.

Democracy, no matter how many wars we fight and win, rests ultimately on intelligent discussion. The right of the minority to be heard is void unless we know how to give our opponents a hearing. Unity freely arrived at by free men is the only unity that is worth achieving in political affairs. If we want to achieve that unity—and we must in the face of the unified forces against democracy—we shall have to revive the art of conversation. We shall have to talk sense, not only for the human pleasure and profit it gives us but, more importantly today, for the preservation of that human way of life which we in this country cherish. ⌗

THE VICTORY
A FOSTER JACKET

Whether it's on the golf links or the assembly line, you'll appreciate the greater freedom of the VICTORY. Made of fine Browdy gabardine, water repellent processed, fully lined with "Bando" rayon, action back, zipper front, adjustable cuff.

Men's approximately ... $8.95
Boy's approximately ... $7.95
AT LEADING MEN'S STORES

FOSTER BROS. Sportswear Co.
PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK

THE ARDLEIGH ALL-WEATHER COAT
DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE Ayrostar FASHION FAMILY

FOR Active Duty ALL THE YEAR ROUND

...very suave, very Fifth Avenue, very correct ... whatever the weather! The ARDLEIGH is precision-styled for members of the conservative party. The unbroken line of its fly-front, its full-cut drape, and trim double-duty collar which may be worn closed or open have the simplicity that is the very essence of good taste. Made of the new dull-lustre Tackle Twill by Skinner that's windproof and showerproof. You can see and feel its quality! It wears like iron, too. In Desert Tan only—all sizes. If none at your dealer, write direct.

AT BETTER STORES
about $20.00

TACKLE TWILL IS USED EXTENSIVELY BY OUR ARMED FORCES

Ayrostar ORIGINAL
by ARROW IMPORTING CO., INC. • CLEVELAND
MADE OF
Skinner's Tackle Twill

Experts said we couldn't do it!
...SO WE DID IT!
PAL PRODUCED A HOLLOW-GROUND BLADE!

Pal's hollow-grinding means Cooler Shaves and More Shaves per blade because you use only a "Feather Touch". Thanks to it's keen *flexible* edge, you shave clean, close and comfortable without "bearing down".

PAL hollow-ground RAZOR BLADES
4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

DOUBLE EDGE
SINGLE EDGE
Fit all regular razors perfectly
PAL HOLLOW-GROUND FITS IN RAZOR LIKE THIS...
FLEXIBLE AT THE EDGE
ORDINARY BLADE FITS IN RAZOR LIKE THIS...
RIGID AT THE EDGE
PAL
HOLLOW GROUND

In Motion Pictures It's Timing

Continued from page 90

Lassie Come Home, which had hazy morning light by a river and other fine effects. Not a bad picture in any way and it may get an Oscar for the color alone.)

And a new starter, *Phantom Lady*. The "associate producer" according to the titles, is Joan Harrison who has buffaloed the film people because she has learned all of Hitchcock's tricks, (legitimately, as she worked for him) and is pretty (see cut of legs in any magazine that stoops to such displays). The fact is that at first she got so mannered, in the manner of the master, that I expected to see him, or, better still, her, playing a minor part, just for a signature. Detectives were silent and struck attitudes and then struck matches; everything was a little too planned; when the verdict was given, someone coughed in the heroine's ear, so she could not hear it—all pretty smart and cute. But then the picture starts rolling (the original story had the roll, too) and Ella Raines, who had been directed to shout or declaim the simplest words, suddenly began to act; and there came a prize scene, a series of scenes in fact, with a hopped-up barrel house or boogie-woogie drummer, which had a queer distillation of sex and terror most uncommon. (The indications of sex came at first with the tiniest quivers, almost unconscious, like a "jump" in a dream.)

A woman behind me kept saying "cold shivers" or "goose flesh" every time the picture went pure Hitchcock with suspense; and in-between, and at the end, she said roundly, "This is the silliest picture I ever saw." That is the penalty mystery movies pay. But a good one can raise the hair on your head precisely because the movies can "show everything"—so that when they begin to select, when they *don't* show you the rescuing Marines or police squad coming, the effect is all the more menacing.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the subscription department one month before they are to take effect. Both *old* and *new* addresses *must* be given.

P.S. *Movies are made of movement.* The Oscar-winner this year was *Casablanca*. ⧺

WYLER INCAFLEX
SHOCKPROOF
Wyler
waterproof

The Only Watch with a Flexible Balance Wheel

Ruggedly constructed, 100% waterproof, WYLER watches conform to rigid technical standards . . . are designed in a number of attractive models. The Armed Services' demand leaves but a limited supply for civilian use.

- *Priced from $39.75 to $800.00 Including Federal Tax.*

Wyler Watch Agency, 630 Fifth Ave. New York 20, N. Y.

California MESH
PAT. PEND.
WITH CELTAGEL
A *Bailey of Hollywood* EXCLUSIVE

Keep cool THIS summer in a California Mesh hat. Made and originated in California . . . Now the national favorite. Celtagel—miraculous new reinforcing discovery—makes your California Mesh look better, feel better, last longer. See it at your dealer's. $3.50 to $5.00

Buy War Bonds Regularly.

GEORGE S. BAILEY HAT CO., INC.
716 S. LOS ANGELES ST., LOS ANGELES 14, CALIFORNIA

Keepsake 14K
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
To make her happiness complete be sure it's a genuine registered Keepsake . . . the eternal symbol of the love you share. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is your assurance of true quality and value. At your Keepsake Jeweler . . . $100 to $3500.

It's a
GENUINE REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

Your Tribute and Her Treasure

VENICE 250.00
Also at 350, 550 and 975.

HYANNIS Set 237.50
Engagement Ring 175.00

WESTBROOK Set 525.00
Engagement Ring 450.00

Rings enlarged to show details.

If it is a "Keepsake" the name is in the ring.

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name..............................
Street and No..............................
City..............................E 6-44

Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

Galey & Lord
Fieldclub
Takes Kindly to Harsh Treatment
Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
Fast vat colors • Sanforized
Product of Cramerton Mills
Cramerton Mills Inc.

Galey & Lord, inc.
57 Worth St. N.Y.

Clicking in the surf,
under the sun—on you!

Catalina
SWIM TRUNKS

Action-designed in California—to give you that sleek-as-a-seal look, a top slice of comfort. Tailored with famous Catalina construction features that mean season-after-season stamina!

Trunks: *beltless [illegible] Celanese and La[illegible] pouch support, ins[illegible] drawstring; royal, garnet, tan, gold, $4.*
Sweater: *Catalina's exclusive "Cable"; natural-color cotton knit, 3.50*

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

Featured by fine men's shops and department stores . . . For name of your nearest store, write . . .

CATALINA KNITTING MILLS 443 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles 13, California

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 75

a night when the city swelters, the guy could say to himself, "This is paradise now and worth twelve monthly installments of forty-four dollars per." But one isn't inclined to think about finances at such a time. In this case, as in probably the majority of cases of yachtsmen, much of the conditioning and repairing of the craft is done by the owner. This, of course, substantially reduces the fiscal draft required by a boat.

Also in this case, some of the summer use of the boat is in training of Coast Guard Temporary Reservists. The majority of competent yachtsmen throughout the country who, because of age, occupational deferment or physical disability, are not in full time Navy or Army service, form the nucleus of the Coast Guard Temporary Reserve. Those of the yachtsmen who have retained their boats freely provide the craft for practical classwork of Temporary Reservist groups. Considerable classroom and paper work and Coast Guard boat handling, under the direction and supervision of Coast Guard regulars, precedes this use of private craft. The purpose of the privately-owned boat lessons is to allow study of boat handling details in which Temporary Reservists consider themselves in need of more practice.

The Temporary Reserve was the outgrowth of the Coast Guard Auxiliary, organized under an Act of Congress (Feb. 19, 1941) for training what has become virtually a water-borne National Guard. A boat owner would sell a boatless boating enthusiast an interest in a heaving line for a nominal amount, which amount usually was held briefly in trust in the cash register of a convenient bar. After dispensing with the formalities and a few dippers of grog, the enthusiast became part owner of a boat and eligible to Auxiliary membership.

With the expansion now represented by the Temporary Reserve, the per cent of actual boat owners enlisted in the Coast Guard's part-time associates probably is less than ten. Estimates of yachting authorities in the Temporary Reserve indicate that of the ninety per cent non-owners enlisted in the reserve at least eighty-five per cent have incomes adequate to qualify them as whole or partnership owners of motor or sailing craft.

One does not sample motorboating in its most charming aspect while patroling water-front facilities in a Coast Guard picket boat. Duties essential to national security the T.R.'s are bound to find monotonous in the main.

With good reason, the T.R.'s figure they'll come out of this war quite competent to handle small boats. And it is certain that the confidence they have acquired, as well as the discoveries

Andover CLOTHES

Always a step ahead in the style parade

Andover Clothes Inc.
841 W. JACKSON BLVD. • CHICAGO 7, ILL.

Your COLLAR IS RUMPLED OR CURLY
like this
So get a SPIFFY
INVISIBLE UNDER COLLAR
SELF ADJUSTING SPRING
and make it look like this
ALWAYS WEAR A
Spiffy

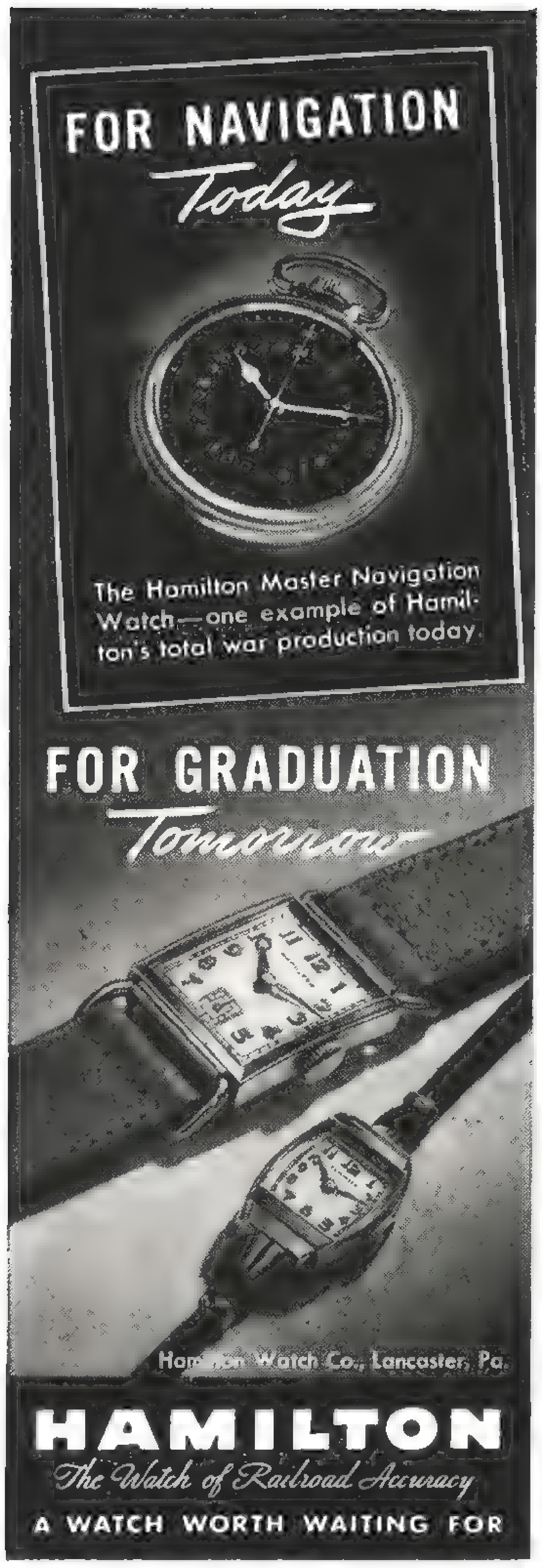
COLLAR STAY

- Gives you soft collar comfort with starched collar appearance.
- Eliminates starching and makes shirts last longer.
- Holds tie knot in place.
- Worn by millions of servicemen and civilians the world over.

ASK FOR SPIFFY

25¢ AT POST EXCHANGES and MEN'S SHOPS

CREST SPECIALTY CO.
663 Washington Chicago 6. Ill.



FOR NAVIGATION *Today*

The Hamilton Master Navigation Watch—one example of Hamilton's total war production today.

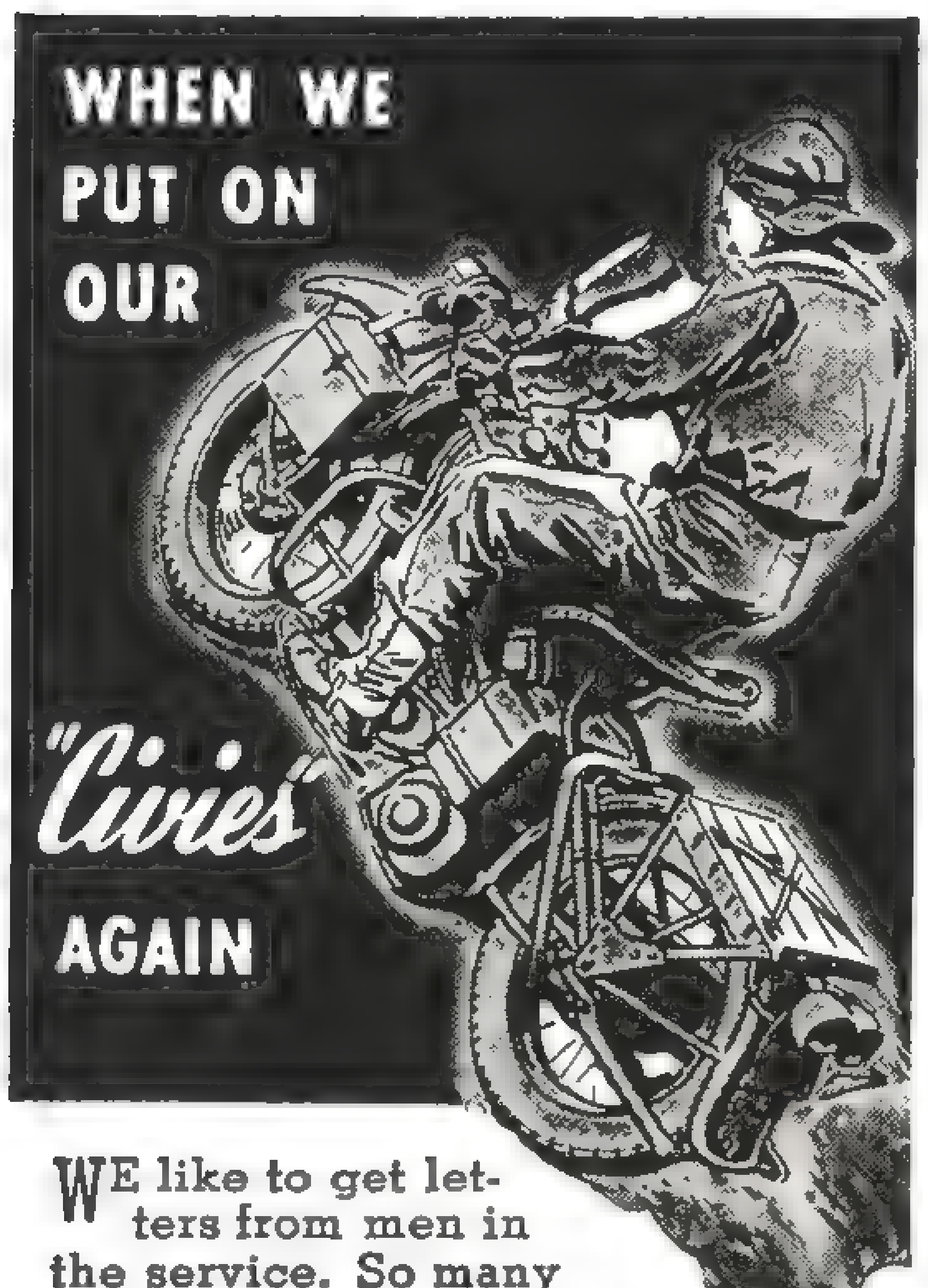
FOR GRADUATION *Tomorrow*

Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pa.

HAMILTON

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

A WATCH WORTH WAITING FOR



WHEN WE PUT ON OUR *"Civies"* AGAIN

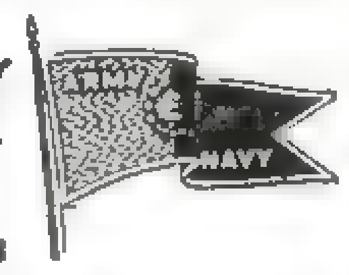
WE like to get letters from men in the service. So many of them are like this one from Sgt. R. C. M.

"When this war is over and we put on our civies again, I'm going to make an investment in the greatest sport in the world—motorcycling—on a Harley-Davidson."

Okay, Sarge — many a fellow longs for endurance runs, hillclimbs, race meets, tours and other fun-packed motorcycle events. And a dependable, powerful Harley-Davidson is always part of his daydreams. But don't put off that "investment"— BUY WAR BONDS NOW — and ride *your own* Harley-Davidson soon after Victory!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE filled with motorcycle pictures and stories



HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLES

of highly pleasurable phases of motorboating they have been making during some of their duties, will make T.R.'s receptive targets for the sales efforts of boatbuilders.

It should be considered that well over ten per cent of the sailor and soldier pay roll today is being put by the uniformed men into established channels of thrift. This Navy's and Army's men are going to have money when the fighting is over, whereas it is the recollection of most veterans of World War I that the only servicemen who had money at the conclusion of the previous war were the winners in the crap games preceding mustering out.

Furthermore, the young men in this war are bound to have acquired a wanderlust, regardless of how vehemently they now may declare that when they get home they are going to sleep the first six months and after that get no farther than sprinting distance from home cooking.

This war also has given more than a sight-seeing disposition and a venturesome spirit to many young females. They'll want to look around in dreamland with their chosen mates before they don garments that can be let out at the girth as the weeks go on. When the offspring arrive, there probably will be nurseries in the post-war cruisers.

There is sure to be a domestic navy of young couples now ready to sell themselves on the idea of a cabin cruiser. Particularly is the idea attractive if the bride has had a good record in a war plant and the young man of boating inclinations realizes how extremely lucky he'd be to marry a comely female motor mac.

Other sports are confident they'll grow gigantically after the last gun's fired in the current fracas, but when you consider the post-war development that looks logical for motorboating, there is strong reason for expecting it to lead all sports in per cent of expansion. Only the untimely growth of barnacles on brains in the various departments of the motorboating business can maroon many thousands who, during this war, have regained the American heritage of seamanship. #

Wear A BUDDY POPPY

VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES

BUDDY POPPY

★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 PROOF

Through all the devastating wars, business peaks and depressions since 1765, the name ★★★ Hennessy has been synonymous with Cognac Brandy at its best.

Though no shipments of ★★★ Hennessy Cognac have been made from France to the United States since May, 1940, it is possible that your local dealer may still have a bottle of genuine ★★★ Hennessy Cognac for you.

It is suggested that the incomparable flavour, bouquet and "clean taste" of ★★★ Hennessy be reserved for special occasions that merit nothing less than this fine Cognac.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

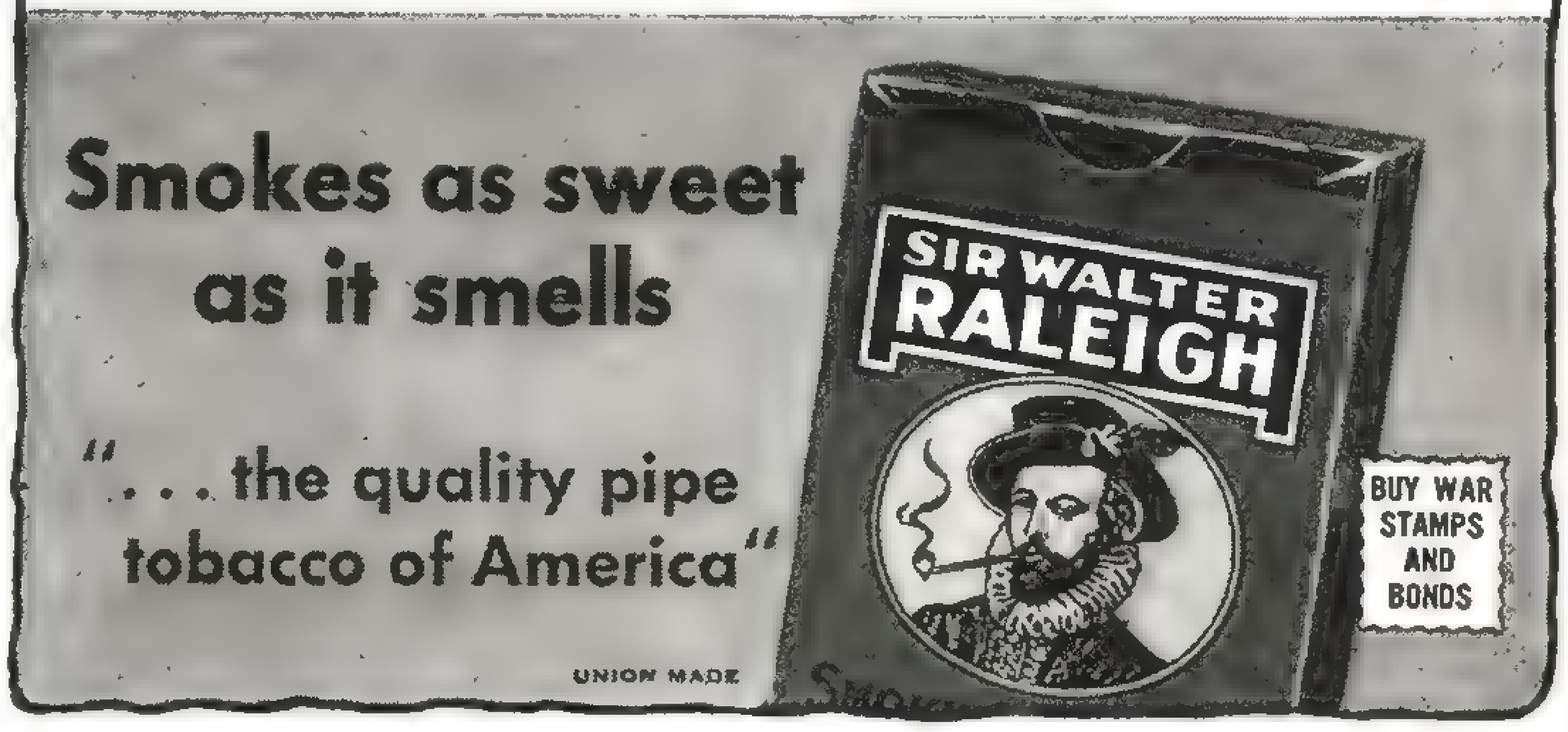
Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & CO, Est. 1765

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

HENNESSY
JAS HENNESSY & CO
COGNAC

Rich Decker

"Has he a pal? Well, he keeps talking about a friend named Sir Walter Raleigh"



Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

RENAULT

Extra Dry American Champagne
EXTRA-DRY
Renault
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
EXTRA DRY

From the cool, dark cellars
of the House of Renault, where the
fine art of producing champagne
has been practiced for nearly
three-quarters of a century, comes
this masterpiece of the vintner's
art—Renault "Extra-Dry".
Naturally fermented in the bottle.
Write for a free copy of our
24-page Wine Recipe Book.
Address Dept. 31, L. N. Renault &
Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J.
Distributed through
McKesson & Robbins, Inc.,
New York.

Buy War Bonds

Enjoy Renault—the Wine without Fault

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

JUNE 1944

Abels, Robert.................. 22
Adler Shoes for Men............ 8
Allen Edmonds.................. 181
Alligator Co., The............. 107
American Airlines, Inc.......II Cover
American Optical Co. (Calobar). 150
American Safety Razor Corp. (Gem)........................ 152
Andover Clothes, Inc........... 178
Angostura-Wupperman Corp..... 164
Arch Preserver Shoes (E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.)........... 168
Arlington Mills................ 137
Arrid.......................... 148
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.)................ 103
Arrow Importing Co., Inc. (Aryostar)................... 176
Axel, Ltd., Leon A. (Free-for-All). 120

Bacardi........................ 115
Bailey Hat Co., Inc., Geo. S..... 177
Bell Watch Co.................. 8
Bielzoff Products Co., D. J. (Red Horse)................ 173
Biltmore Pipe Co............... 16
Blatz Brewing Co............... 176
Bloch Freres................... 172
Botany Worsted Mills ("500" Fabric).............. 20
Bristol-Myers (Mum)........... 143
British Walkers (J. P. Smith Shoe Co.).................. 113
Broom & Newman................ 26
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. (King)..................... 118
Buchsbaum & Co., S. (Style King) 164

Calobar (American Optical Co.).. 150
Camels (R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.)..............IV Cover
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix Royale)..................... 30
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. (Water, Ginger Ale).......... 119
Catalina Knitting Mills......... 178
Charms & Cain.................. 30
Chicago Daily News, The....... 23
Claristine (Leroux & Co., Inc.)... 182
Club Cocktails (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.)................ 136
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow)..................... 103
Colt Shoes for Men............. 22
Columbia Walescraft Co......... 16
Comptome Co. (Oculens)....... 22
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc... 30
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey).......... 151
Coronet Brandy (Schenley Distillers Corp.)................. 158
Coty, Inc....................... 35
Crest Specialty Co. (Spiffy)..... 178
Croton Watch Co............... 165
Curtis, Helene.................. 130
Cutter Crossette Co............ 16

Dan River Mills:
  Rivercool................... 121
  Spunray.................... 117
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's Rum)............... 24
Dewar's (Schenley Imp. Corp.).. 125
Disney Hats................... 167
Distinctive Creations, Inc....... 8
Dobbs Hats................III Cover
David D. Doniger & Co., Inc. (McGregor)................. 12
Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.).. 122
DuBouchett Royale (Many, Blanc & Co., Inc.)........... 168
Dutch Masters.................. 147

Eagle Clothes.................. 175
Electrovox Co., Inc............. 16
Eunice Novelties............... 8

Fat Men's Shop, Inc............ 22
Fellman, Ltd. 16
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.)... 178

Beauty at its Best
LINDA DARNELL
20th CENTURY-FOX STAR
Appearing in
"BUFFALO BILL"
WELSBRO WATCHES

In women, beauty is at its best, when it goes hand in hand with charm and sparkling personality.

In a watch, beauty is at its best when it goes hand in hand with dependable accuracy. Welsbro Watches give you the utmost in both.

At better jewelers everywhere.

WEISSMAN WATCH CO., 20 WEST 47th ST., N. Y. C.

YOAKUM YARNS

by "RAWHIDE TANNER"

"CUTTER AND HIS SHADDER"

Yeah, it gets kinda hot in some parts of Texas in the Summer. And I used to have a horse that was mighty sensitive to the heat. "Cutter," I called him. A plumb good horse, but he didn't like heat. When the thermometer got up to 110, it wasn't no use puttin' a saddle on Cutter; he wouldn't budge, even if you roweled him 'till he looked like a panther had clawed him. He'd just hunt the nearest hunk of shade and plant hisself, and there he'd stay.

But one day in August when we was movin' a herd, Cutter almost got bested. I was ridin' my big roan, and Cutter was follerin'. Well, about mid-mornin' it started gettin' hot. Then it got hotter. By three o'clock I had to quit chewin' tobaccer; I was spittin' brown steam. So we called a halt at a little mud puddle of a water hole.

It was then I noticed Cutter. He was heavin' like a bellows, twistin' his neck in every direction, lookin' for shade. But there wasn't none, not a single tree that'd throw a shadder for poor old Cutter. He looked so put-out I started to laugh. Then I seen him squintin' at the ground, where his own shadder was a-lyin'. He eyed it kinda calculatin' for a minute, then, very careful, he h'isted his hind foot and plugged it down on the edge of his shadder.

Before I could figger what he was up to he come down with his fore foot on another part of his shadder. Then he started workin' around that shadder, stompin' it like an Injun peggin' down a skin to dry. And, by gatlin's, before I knew it, that horse had pinned his shadder to the ground tight as a drum and was layin' in it, peaceful as you please, as safe from the sun as a parson under an umbereller!

And danged if that shadder didn't stay there when we left! I used to see it often when I'd be ridin' that way. I could take you and show you Cutter's shadder right now, 'cept a squaw come along a few years later and ripped it up and used it to patch a blanket..

☆ ☆ ☆

The spinning of a good old Texas yarn is part of the heritage of frontier days. This same heritage lives again in the native artistry of TexTan Leathergoods, designed and hand-crafted down in Yoakum, Texas, in the land of leather. Military needs are using increasing amounts of prime leather, so some TexTan merchandise will be scarce for the duration. But we are making all we can. It will be well worth your while to seek the dealer who has these distinctive, Texas-made leathergoods.

SADDLE CRAFT
TEXAS RANGER

Copyright 1944 by TexTan

TexTan OF YOAKUM, TEXAS

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Flagg Bros. 174
Florists' Telegraph Delivery Assn. 166
Foster Bros. Sportswear Co. 176
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. (Regal) 132
Frankfort Distillers Corp. (Four Roses) 11
Free-for-All (Leon A. Axel, Ltd.). 120
Freeman Shoe Corp. 153

Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) ... 178
Galvin Mfg. Co. (Motorola) 31
Gem (American Safety Razor Corp.) 152
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O. .. 181
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern) 19
Globe Novelty House (Royal London) 18
Glover Co., H. B. 156
Goebel Brewing Co. 157
Gooderham & Worts Ltd. (William Penn) 150
Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd. 149
Grabow, Dr. (M. Linkman & Co.) 15
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe) 8

Haig & Haig (Somerset Imp., Ltd.) 165
Haldeman-Julius Co. 22
Hamilton Watch Co. 179
Hanan & Son 126
Harley-Davidson Motor Co. 179
Harper, I. W. (Bernheim Dist. Co.) 14
Hart Schaffner & Marx 105
Hartmann Trunk Co. 154
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 175
Havana Club Rum (R. C. Williams & Co., Inc.) 163
Hennessy (Schieffelin & Co.) 179
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F. (Club Cocktails) 136
Hickok Accessories 123

Hodgman Rubber Co. 22
Holeproof Hosiery Co. 158
Hollis Co. (Klipette) 22
Hollywood Polish Co. 8
Home Equipment Co. (Thermo-Crock) 22
Hull Mfg. Co. 16

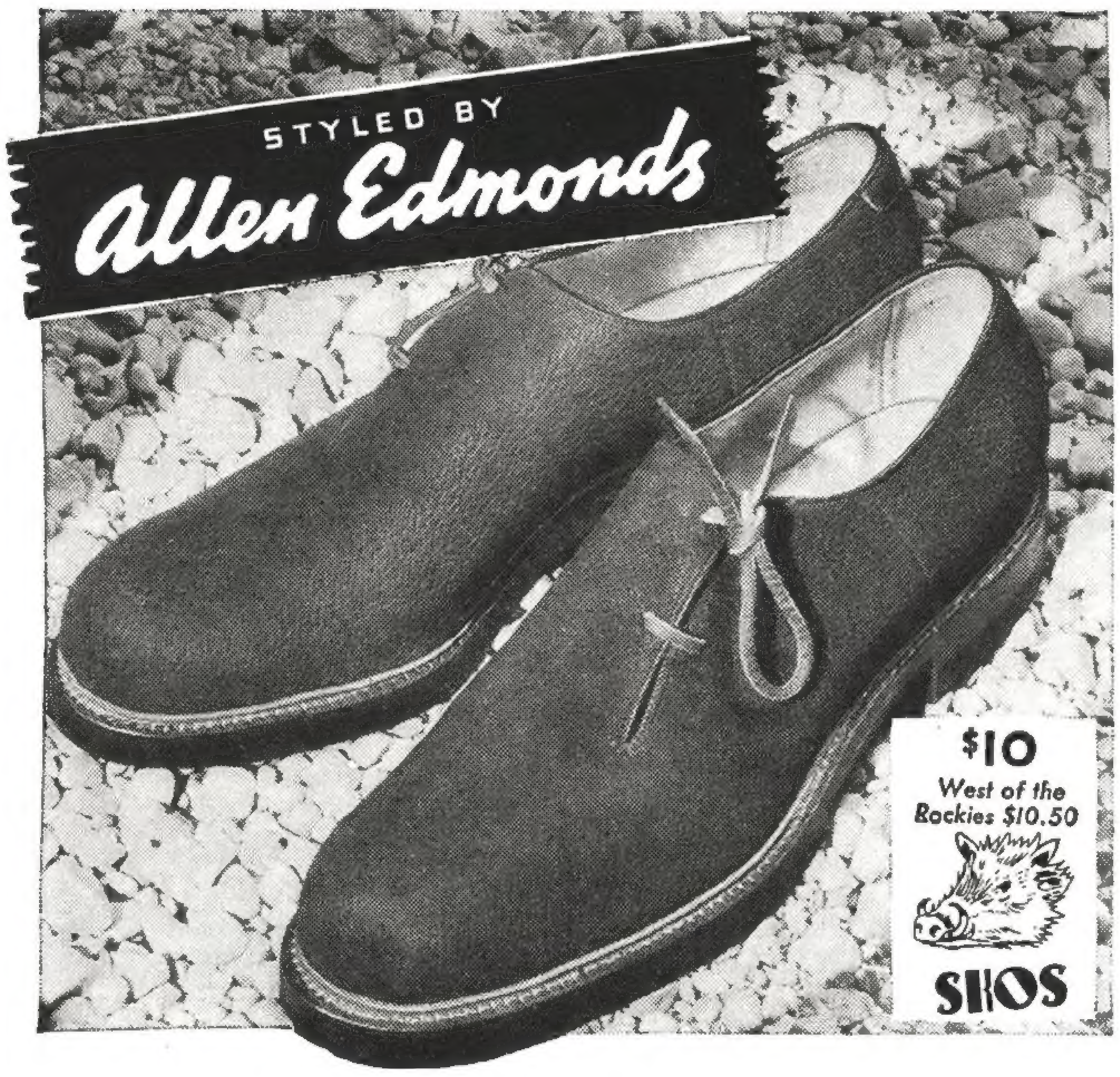
Iodent 22

Jacobson & Sons, Inc., F. (Jayson) 139
Jantzen Knitting Mills 28
Jensen Inc., Georg 18
Jobey (Norwalk Pipe Co.) 172
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) 151
Johnston & Murphy 146

Keepsake Diamonds (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.) 177
Keith Co., Geo. E. (Walk-Over) .. 149
Kelly's, Jimmy 24
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.) 1
King (Brown-Forman Dist. Corp.) 118
Kinsey Distilling Corp. 142
Klikits (Rau Fastener Co.) 174
Knight Leather Products Co., Inc. 29
Knox Hats 27

Laird & Co. 24
Lamb Knit Goods Co., The 18
Leon & Eddie's 30
Leroux & Co., Inc. (Claristine) .. 182
Lexol (The Martin Dennis Co.) .. 8
Lifebuoy Shaving Cream 153
Linguaphone Institute 18
Linkman & Co., M. (Dr. Grabow) 15

Macfadden Foundation 22
Magazine Repeating Razor Co. (Schick) 156
Manhattan Ties 147

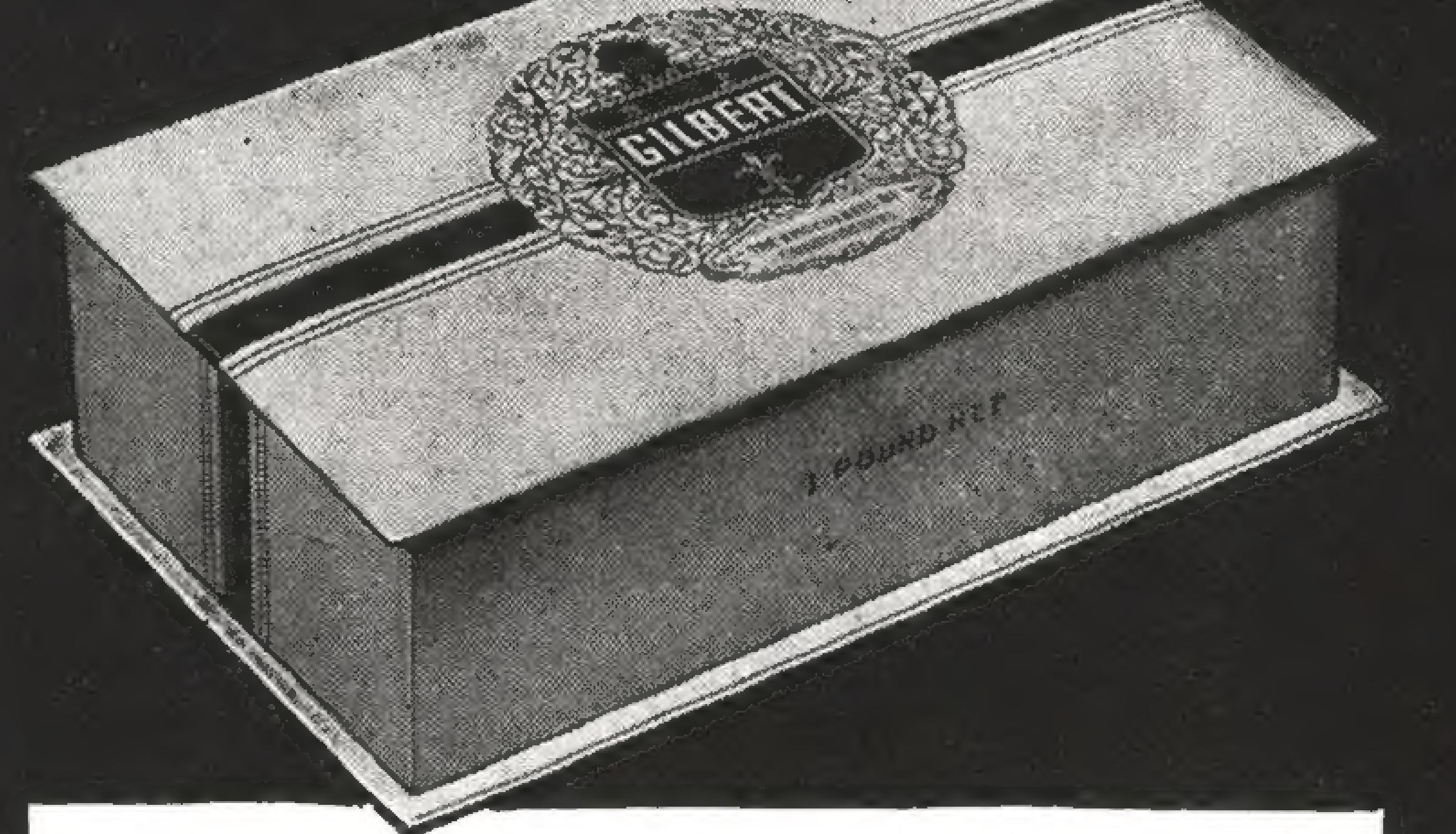


A Dashing Design from Norway Worked Out in WILD BOARHIDE!

Rugged! Comfortable! Smart!

Three unbeatables! 1. Turf Tan Wild *Boarhide* for long wearing, shape-retaining quality; 2. Osteo-path-ik *Nailess* Construction for amazing "U-Turn" Flexibility—no breaking in; 3. Allen Edmonds *styling* for fashion-wise smartness. You can't *beat* 'em...so *try* 'em!

See classified phone directory "Osteo-path-ik" for dealer, or order direct including ration coupon. Write for free booklet, *"The Shoe of Tomorrow!"* Dept. EJE,
ALLEN EDMONDS, Belgium, Wis.



You'll say, "There are no finer chocolates." Expertly created from rich cream, eggs, dairy butter, cane sugar, choice fruits and nuts, each delicious piece is covered with the finest chocolate, in modern, immaculate kitchens. Famous for quality and taste originality, you will enjoy these superb chocolates. Ask your dealer or write direct to... John O. Gilbert Chocolate Co., Jackson, Michigan.

GILBERT
Chocolates
THE CHOCOLATES OF CONNOISSEURS

Simply Elegant!

Wrisley's
BATH SUPERBE

BEST LOVED OF FINE BATH SOAPS FOUR CAKES 1.00

NO THANKS—
I LIKE TO WALK

After all, swell dames are plentiful—but with shoes it's different. Besides it's such nice going in Weyenberg Shoes. You know it the first day you step into them. Because of good leathers and fine workmanship, they *hold* their style and grow old gracefully. GOOD shoes pay dividends these days. See your Weyenberg dealer—or write us for his name.
WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THE BRIARWOOD
Model 6088
Ventilated for Summer Comfort

THE PREP
Model 173
Russet Calf
Hand Stained

Weyenberg
SHOES FOR MEN
$5.50 TO $8.25

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

- Many, Blanc & Co., Inc. (DuBouchett Royale) 168
- Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.) 143
- Marlin Blades 8
- Martin Co., The Glenn L. 21
- McGregor (David D. Doniger & Co., Inc.) 12
- McKesson & Robbins (Soretone) 152
- Merito Wines (National Distillers Products Corp.) 166
- Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc. 151
- Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  - Country Doctor 8
  - Marlboro Cigarettes 143
  - Philip Morris 110
- Motorola (Galvin Mfg. Co.) 31
- Movado Watch Agency, Inc. 145
- Moyer Mfg. Co. (Seven Seas Slacks) 163
- Mum (Bristol-Myers) 143

- National Briar Pipe Co. 18
- National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  - Merito Wines 166
  - Old Angus 146
  - Old Crow 134
  - Ron Merito 145
- National Magic Co. 8
- Nettleton Co., A. E. 157
- New Ocean House 30
- Norwalk Pipe Co. (Jobey) 172
- Nunn-Bush 108

- Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.) 146
- Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.) 134
- Old Fitzgerald (Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc.) 170
- Omega Watches 169

- Pal Razor Blades 176
- Paris (A. Stein & Co.) 114
- Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc:
  - Booth's House of Lords 30
  - Harvey's 175
  - Reserve 155
  - Vat 69 112
- Parker Pen Co., The (Quink) 3
- Penn, William (Gooderham & Worts Ltd.) 150
- Pennstate Cigar Corp. (Wedgewood Panatelas) 16
- Peper Tobacco, Christian (London Dock) 24
- Pepsi-Cola Co. 109
- Personna Blade Co., Inc. 174
- Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 9
- Phoenix Hosiery Co. 154
- Piedmont Shirt Co. (Wings) 124
- Pioneer Belts 138
- Plaza, The 24
- Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake Diamonds) 177
- Pulvex Flea Powder 16

- Quink (The Parker Pen Co.) 3

- Rabsons 24
- Rainfair, Inc. 7
- Raleigh, Sir Walter 179
- Rau Fastener Co. (Klikits) 174
- Red Horse (D. J. Bielzoff Products Co.) 173
- Regal (Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co.) 132
- Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals) 155
- Renault & Sons, Inc., L. N. 180
- Reynolds Tob. Co., R. J. (Camels) IV Cover
- Riondo Rum (Somerset Imp., Ltd.) 25
- Rivercool (Dan River Mills) 121
- Rolex Watches 170
- Rolfs "Identifier" Billfold 111
- Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corp.) 145
- Ronrico Corp. (McKesson & Robbins, Inc.) 30
- Ronson Lighters 168
- Rothschild Bros. Hat Co. (Wright) 171
- Rough Rider Mfg. Co. 135
- Ry-Krisp 172

- Sachs Pipes 22
- Samsonite (Shwayder Bros., Inc.) 144
- Saylor's Chocolates, Inc., Miss 18
- Scandals (Robert Reis & Co.) 155
- Schenley Reserve (Schenley Distillers Corp.) 106
- Schick (Magazine Repeating Razor Co.) 156
- Schieffelin & Co:
  - Don Q Rum 122
  - Hennessy 179
- Schlitz Brewing Co., Jos. 127
- Schnefel Bros. Corp. (La Cross) 8
- Seagram-Distillers Corp. (7 Crown) 33
- Sellers Co., Ltd. (Van Merritt Beer) 24
- Seven Seas Slacks (Moyer Mfg. Co.) 163
- Shedd-Bartush Foods, Inc. (Old Style Sauce) 18
- Shwayder Bros., Inc. (Samsonite) 144
- Smith Shoe Co., J. P. (British Walkers) 113
- Somerset Importers, Ltd:
  - Haig & Haig 165
  - Riondo Rum 25
- Soretone (McKesson & Robbins) 152
- Spiffy (Crest Specialty Co.) 178
- Spunray (Dan River Mills) 117
- Stein & Co., A. (Paris) 114
- Stern, Inc., L. & H. (Sterncrest) 170
- Stetson Shoe, The 171
- Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald) 170
- Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. 16
- Stromberg-Carlson Co. 4
- Style King (S. Buchsbaum & Co.) 164
- Sugar Mfrs'. Assn. (of Jamaica) Ltd., The 30
- Swank, Inc. 131

- Taylor Corp., E. E. 173
- TexTan 180
- Textron, Inc. 141
- Three Feathers (Schenley Distillers) 36
- Timely Clothes 129

- Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 9
- Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 112

- Walk-Over (Geo. E. Keith Co.) 149
- Waterman Co., L. E. 34
- Webster Cigars 13
- Weissman Watch Co. (Welsbro) 180
- Wembley, Inc. 144
- Westminster Socks 148
- Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. 182
- Whittemore's Shoe Polish 22
- Wildroot Co., Inc. 169
- Williams & Co., Inc., R. C. (Havana Club Rum) 163
- Wings (Piedmont Shirt Co.) 124
- Wood & Sons, Inc., J. R. 167
- Wright (Rothschild Bros. Hat Co.) 171
- Wright & Co., Inc., E. T. (Arch Preserver Shoes) 168
- Wrisley's Bath Superbe 181
- Wyler Watch Agency 177

- Yale, George 16
- Yello-Bole 133

- Zenith Radio Corp. 17
- Zippo Mfg. Co. 175

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

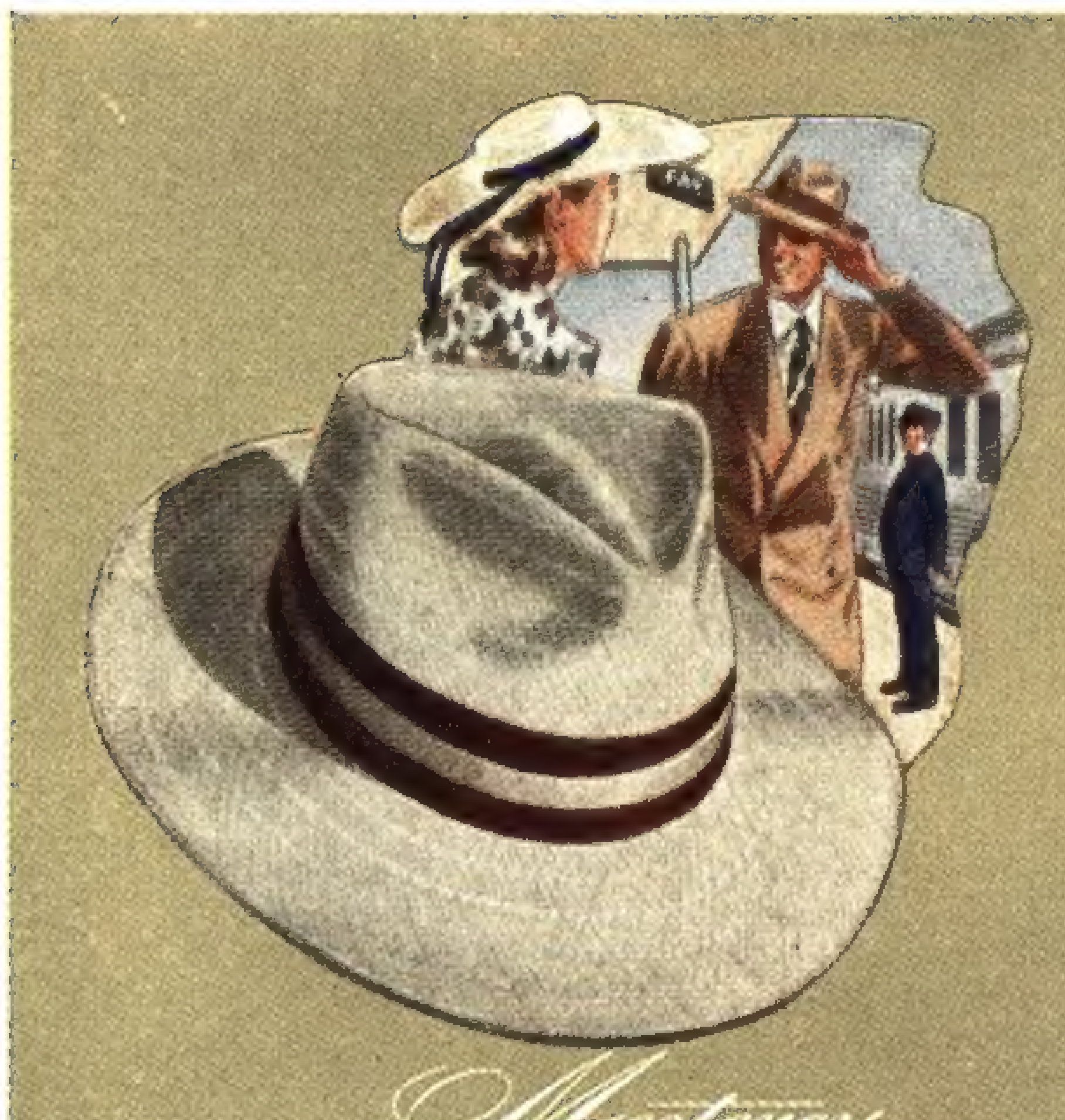
From an Ancient treasured formula

LEROUX
From an Ancient treasured formula
Claristine
LIQUEUR
MADE & BOTTLED BY
LEROUX & Co
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Claristine

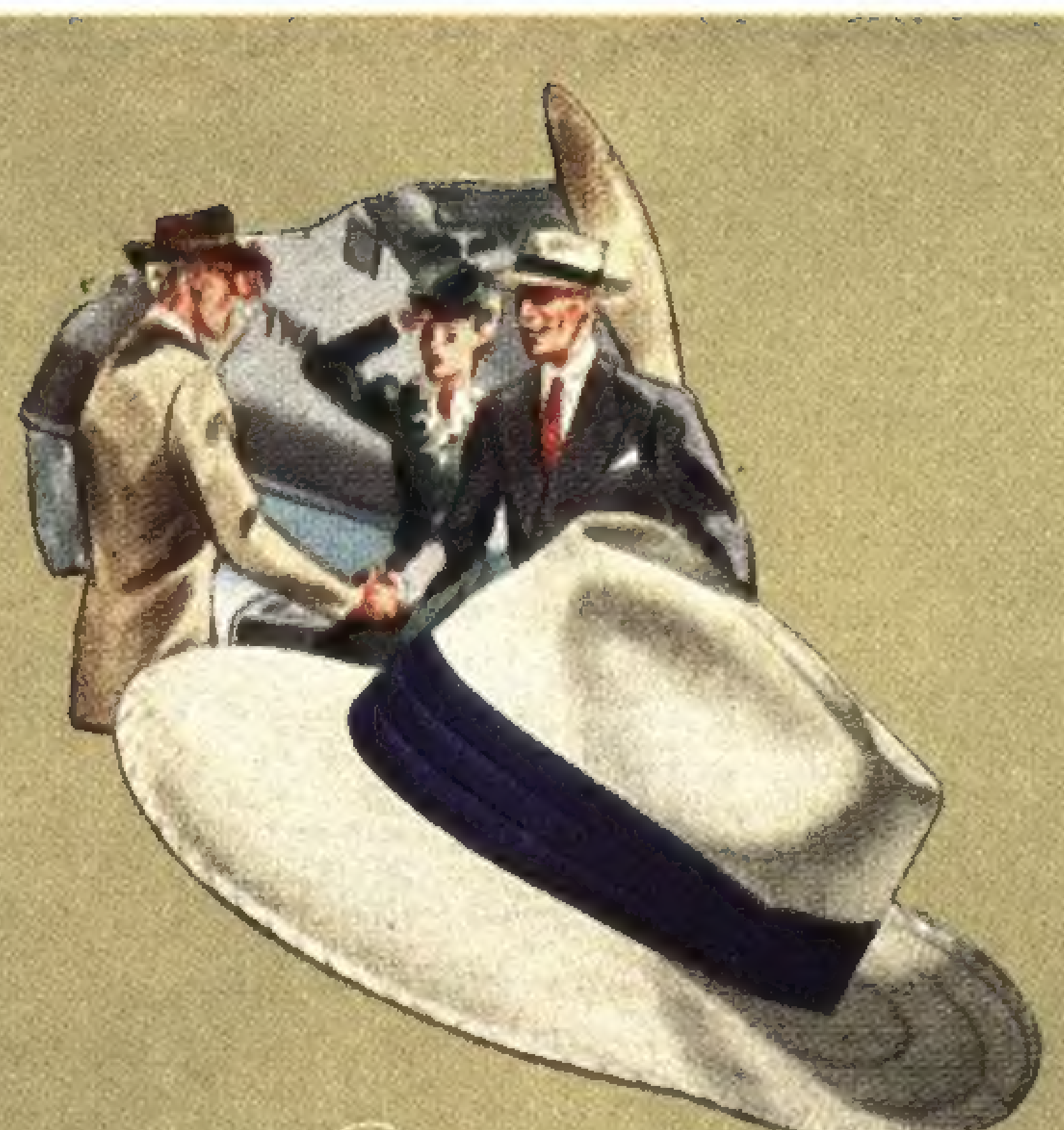
SIP WITH YOUR COFFEE
FOR THE B & C COCKTAIL

LEROUX & CO., Inc.
Philadelphia • New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937.
86 proof



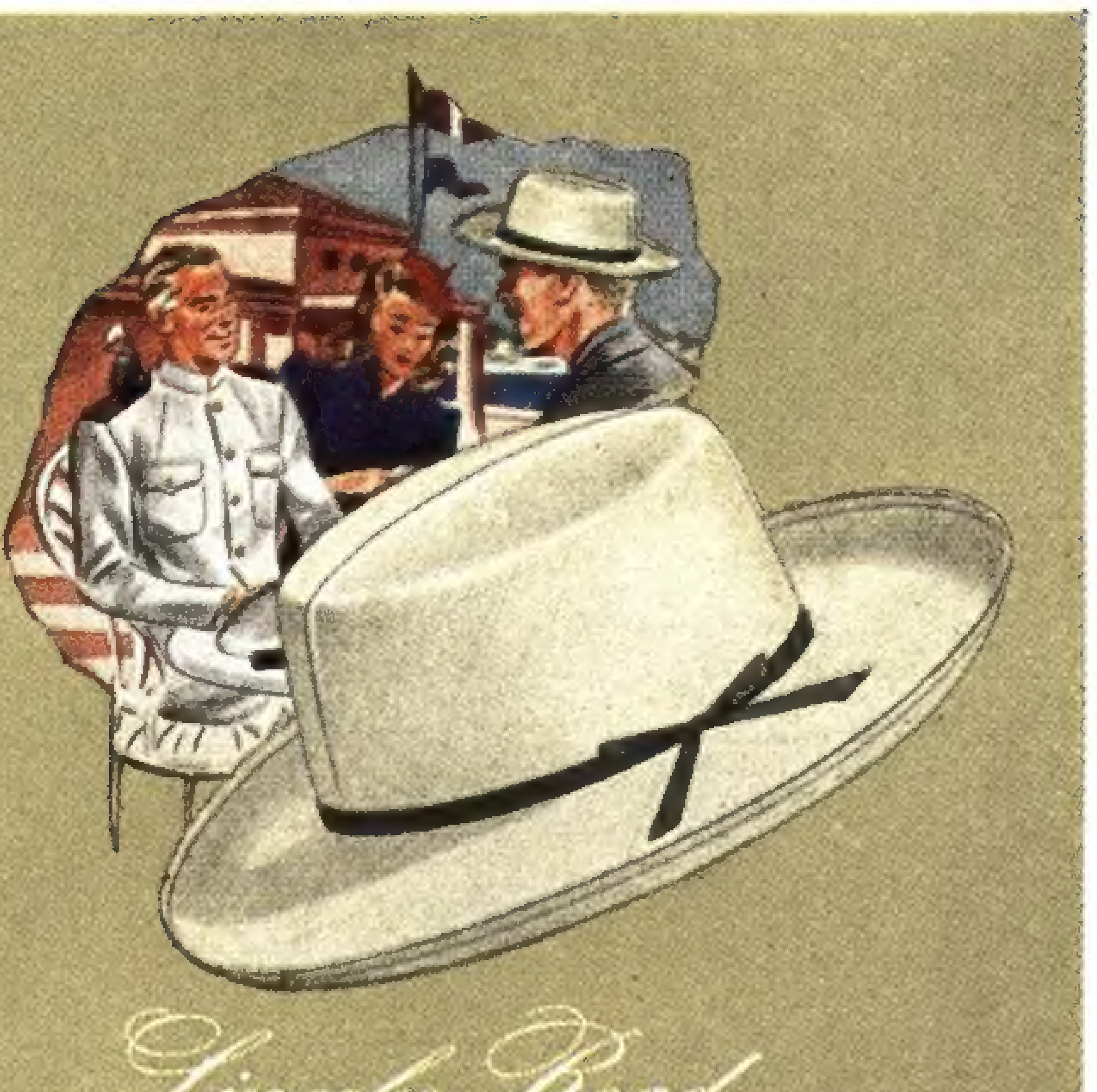
Monterey

Fancy-weave Panama with smart Gold Coast band. $7.50



Wilshire

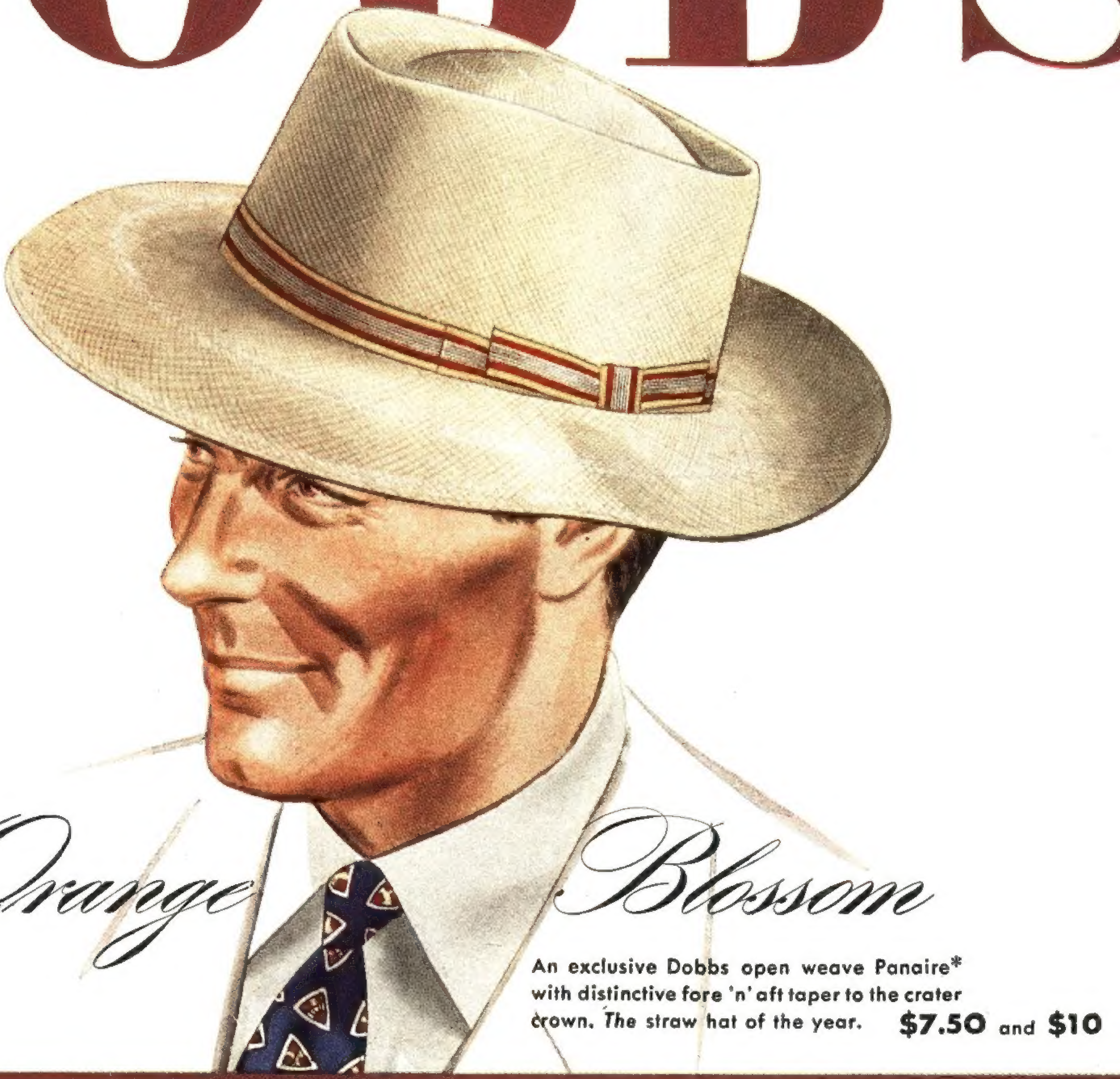
Woven from finest fibres. $10 and Up
A rich Panaire* with smart harness stitching.



Lincoln Road

Rich, natural Panama. $10 to $20
Wide brim El Rancho type worn off the face.

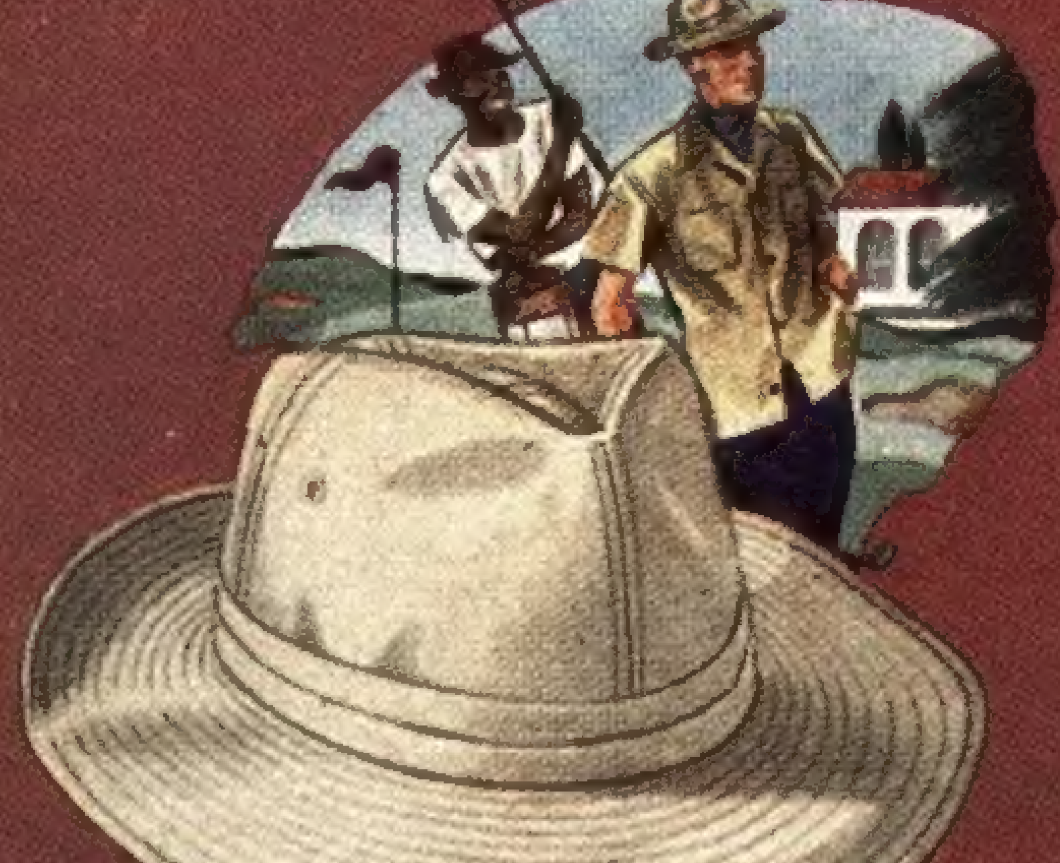
DOBBS



Orange Blossom

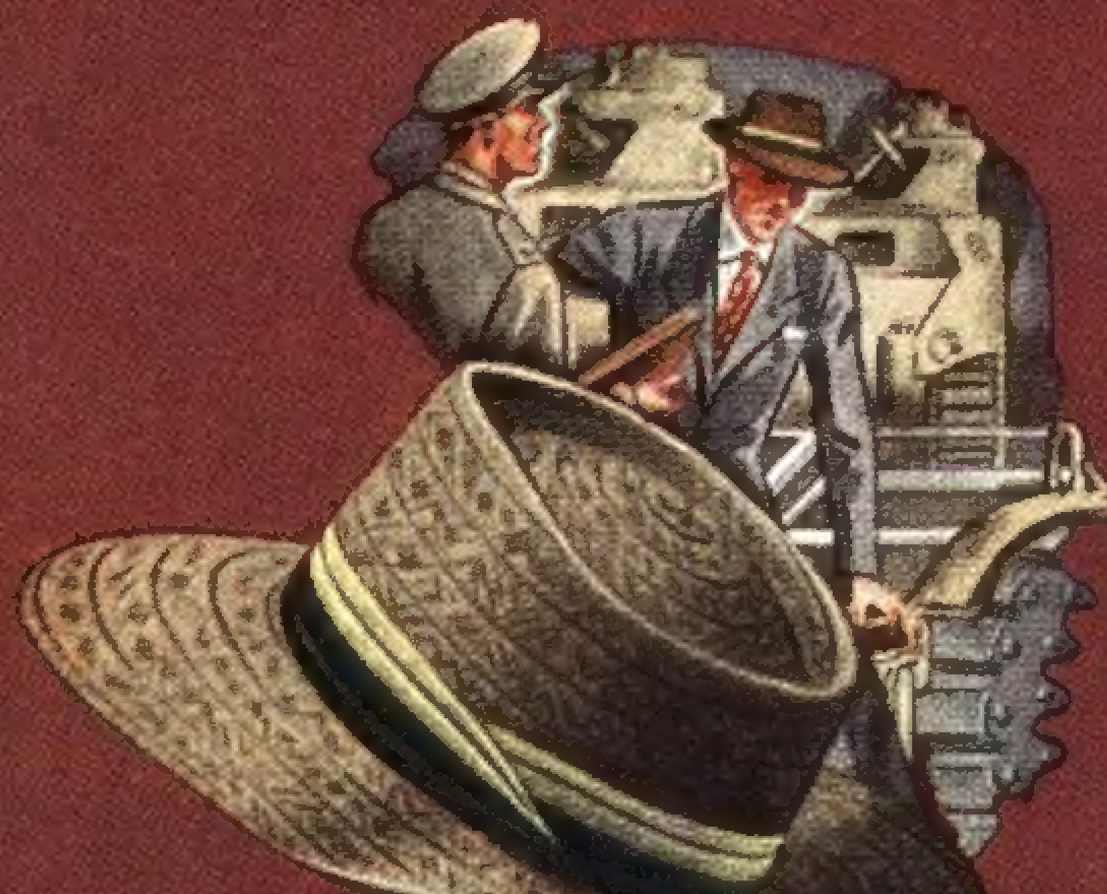
An exclusive Dobbs open weave Panaire* with distinctive fore 'n' aft taper to the crater crown. *The straw hat of the year.* **$7.50 and $10**

*Reg. Trademark



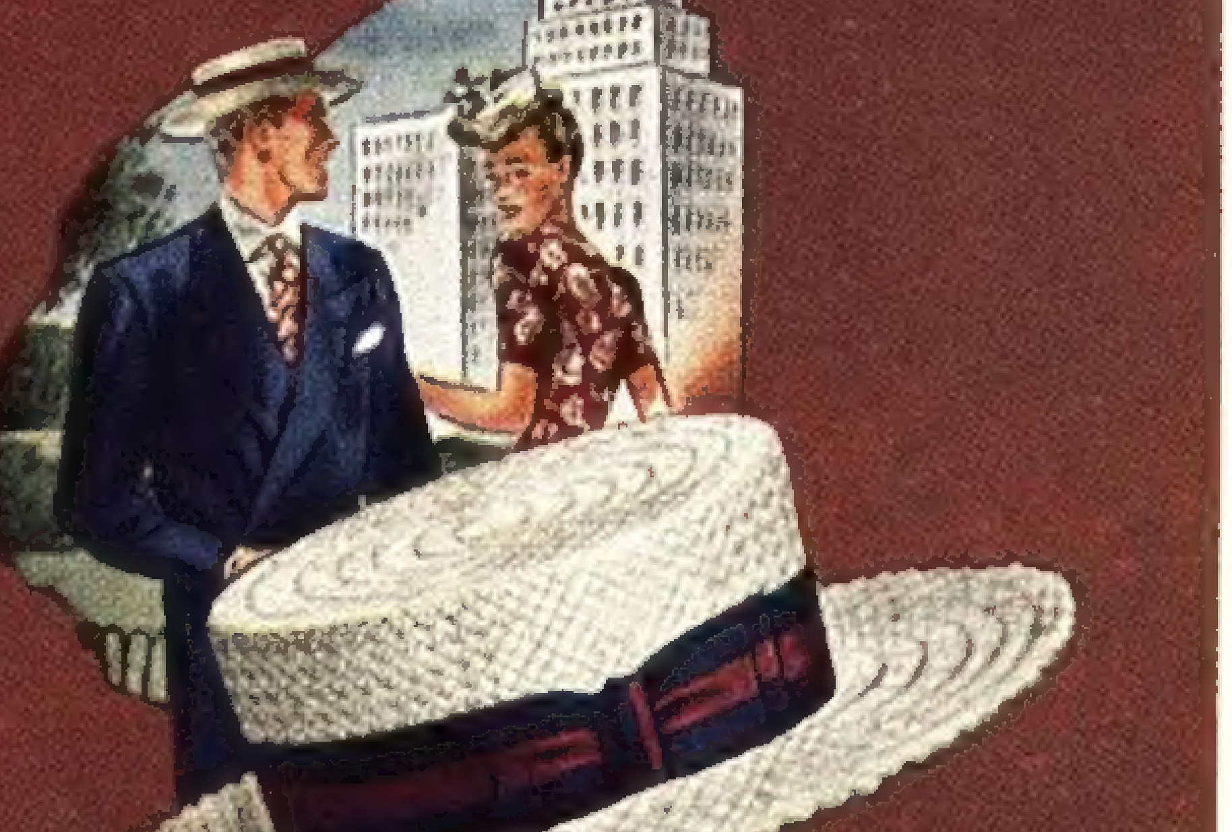
Weston

Popular Poplin for town and country wear. $3.50



Coconut

Exclusive gothic taper crown. $5
Beautiful balance and true proportion.



Boater

New smart straw of unusually distinctive braid. Scientifically built for extra comfort. $4 and $5

DOBBS HATS • *New York's Leading Hatters* • *Retail Store: Park Avenue at 53rd Street* • *Available at Fine Stores*

PRINTED BY
HE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION

Doctor of Medicine...and Morale

He wears the same uniform...He shares
the same risks as the man with the gun.

*Right this very minute you might find
him in a foxhole under fire at the side
of a fallen doughboy...*

*Jumping with the paratroopers...riding with a
bomber crew through enemy fighters and flak...*

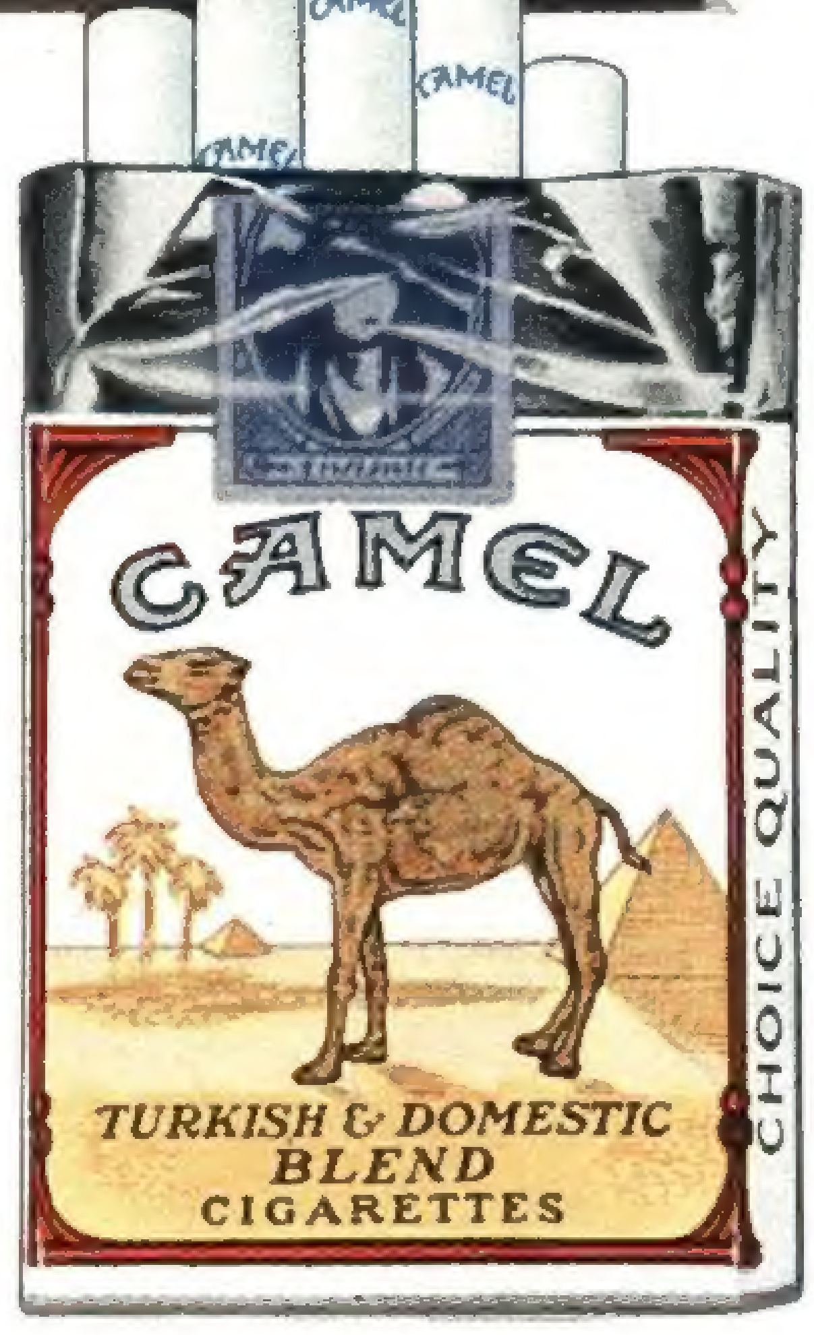
*Or sweating it out in a dressing station
in a steaming jungle...*

Yes, the medical man in the service today
is a fighting man through and through,
except he fights without a gun.

They call him "*Doc.*" But he's more
than physician and surgeon:
he's a trusted friend to every
fighting man.

And doctor that he is... doctor of
medicine and morale...he well knows
the comfort and cheer there is in
a few moments' relaxation with a good
cigarette... like Camel. For Camels,
with the fresh, full flavor of costlier
tobaccos expertly blended and
the soothing mildness of slow
burning, are the favorite cigarette
with men in *all* the services.*

SLEEP? *WHAT'S THAT?* "Two hours sleep in 72"—"Thirty-six hours of surgery and treatment under fire"...the records of the more than 50,000 medical men in the Armed Services speak for themselves: They've got what it takes!



BUY
WAR BONDS
STAMPS

First in the Service

***With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camels

COSTLIER TOBACCOS